FEB. 1,
1936

Liberty

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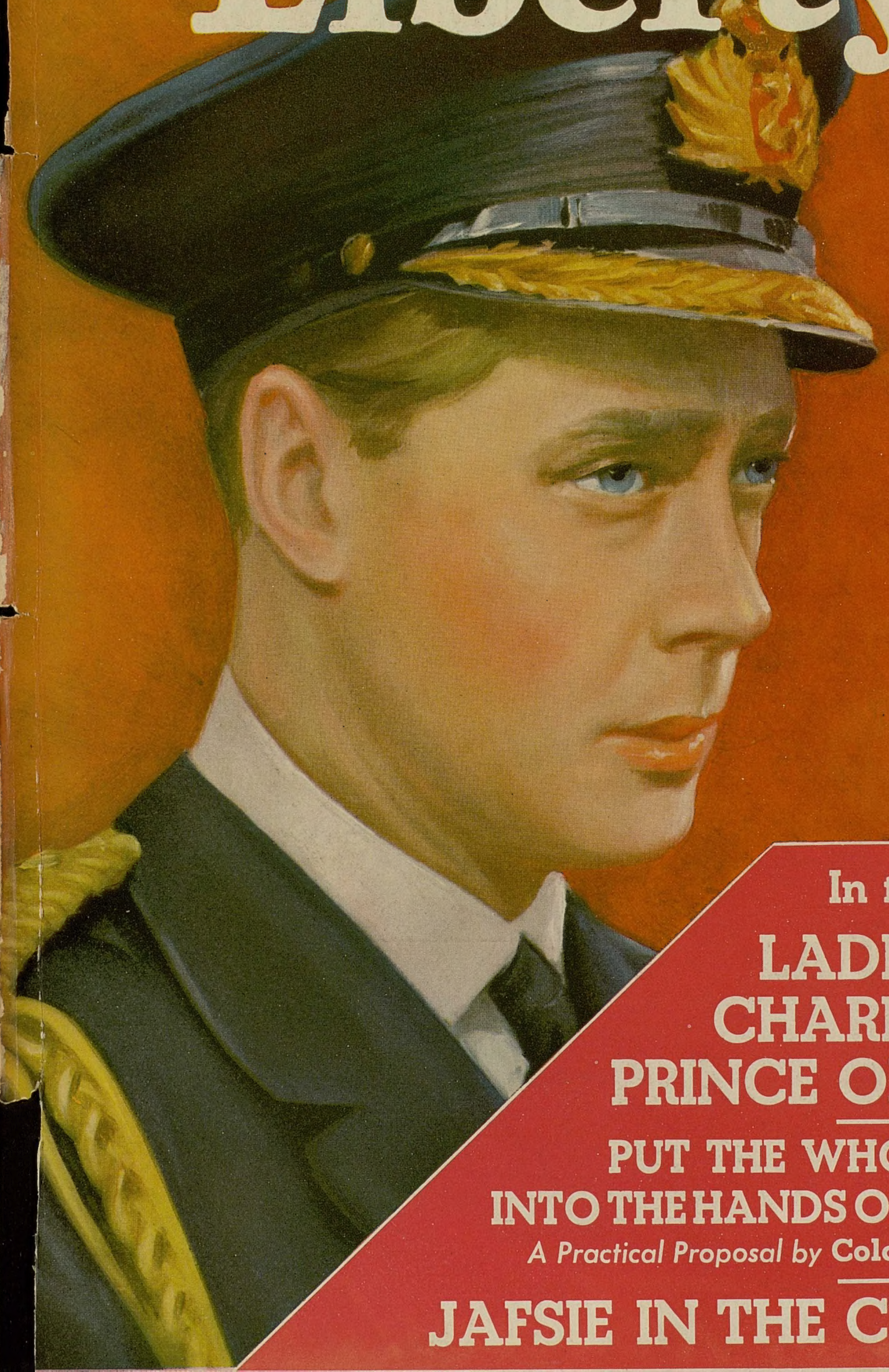


In this Issue—

LADIES WHO CHARMED THE PRINCE OF WALES

PUT THE WHOLE WORLD INTO THE HANDS OF RECEIVERS

A Practical Proposal by **Colonel E. M. HOUSE**

JAFSIE IN THE CEMETERY

A "Magic Brain" and "Magic Eye"..Yes!

—but RCA Victor radios offer even more!

Greater power . . . more stations . . . silent tuning . . . RCA Metal Tubes and many other features!

The *most* for your money! Naturally that's what the wise buyer wants . . . and that's what RCA Victor sets offer!

These brilliant new radios bring you the wonders of "Magic Brain" reception . . . the pleasures of "Magic Eye" tuning . . . the advantages of RCA Metal Tubes . . . and *more!*

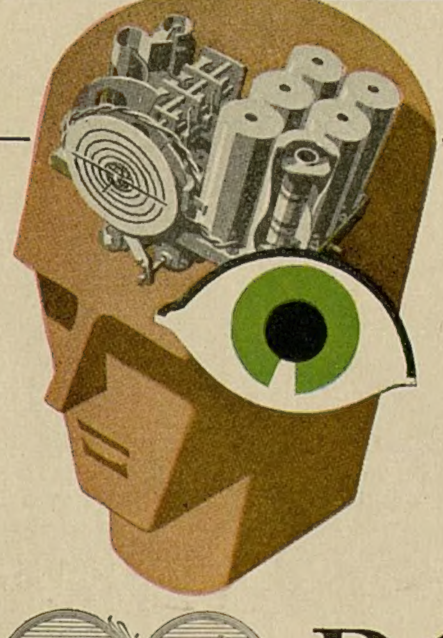
You enjoy 5 to 20 times greater sensitivity on short waves, plus a wider tuning range, on some models, than many other sets offer! Extra stations, new simplified dials . . . more tubes . . . charming cabinets, scientifically built to enhance tone, and other features, too many to list!

The famous "Magic Brain" delivers amazing reception! True "Studio Tone"—virtually as clear as the tone at the broadcast station. Programs here and from across the seas come with new brilliance and fidelity. And, guarding the colorful tonal quality against much interference is the ingenious "armoured watchman" tube!

The miraculous "Magic Eye" brings *silent* tuning in addition to easier and more accurate tuning! See your RCA Victor dealer. RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America.

RCA Victor Console Model C11-1—An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with "Magic Eye." 3 tuning bands. "Selector" dial. Exquisite cabinet. Price $150.00.

RCA Victor Table Model T6-1. A 6-tube superheterodyne with tuning range from 540 to 18.000 k.c., covering long and short waves. Lovely cabinet. . . . Price $49.95.



How "Magic Eye" ***brings you perfect tuning***

Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye." Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes . . . more sharply than any human ear could.

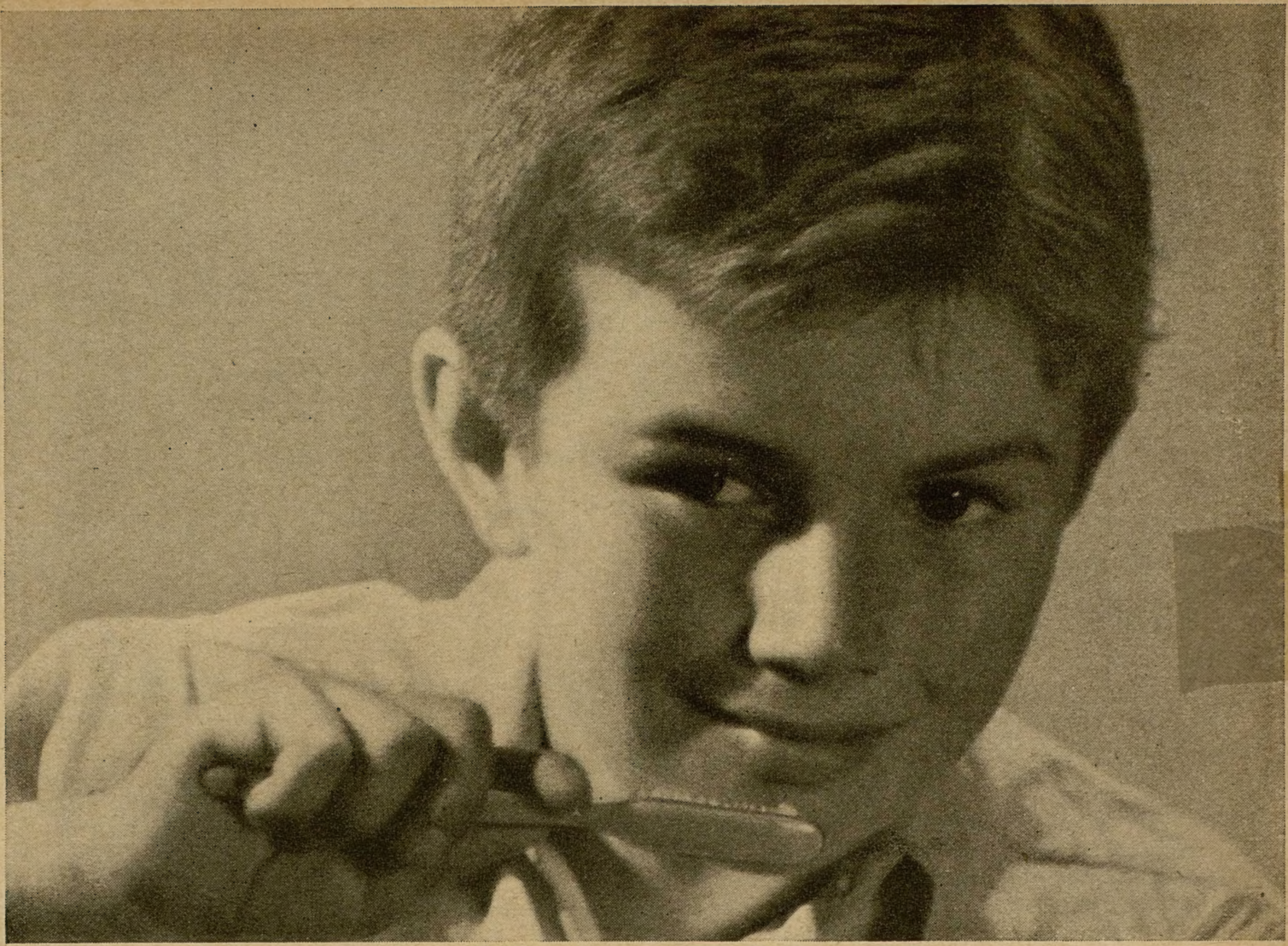
• • •

Prices (*subject to change without notice*) from $19.95 up f.o.b., Camden, N. J., including home, automobile, farm radios and radio-phonographs. You can now buy these sets on C.I.T. Corp. easy payment plan. Any set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes.

RCA HIS MASTER'S VOICE

RCA VICTOR

Hear 'The Magic Key,' WJZ and NBC stations. Sunday, 2-3 p.m. E.S.T.



A Future President of the U. S. A. must never take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

PREVENTION . . . that's the key word of the most modern dental practice. Prevention of tooth troubles. Prevention of gum diseases. And particularly—prevention of "pink tooth brush."

For "pink tooth brush" is a warning of unhealthy gums that you cannot afford to ignore. It signals that your gums are tender, sensitive. It tells you that you should take immediate action . . . now . . . today . . . to avoid more serious consequences.

"Pink tooth brush" is no respecter of persons—at any age. Because our modern, soft-food diet does not give teeth and gums the hard, vigorous exercise they *need* to keep them healthy. That is why your family—all of them—should begin today to follow modern dental teachings. Change to "massage with Ipana"—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums.

Rub a little Ipana directly, and thoroughly, into the gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Gums feel livelier, healthier. And within 30 days you can actually see that this modern method is bringing you closer to complete oral health.

Use Ipana and massage—and you take an important step toward the prevention of the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. Of course, see your dentist twice a year, at least. But try and show him white, sound teeth—firm, healthy gums—with the help of Ipana and massage.

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5238

● Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

FEBRUARY 1, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
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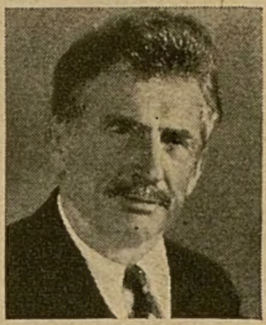
THANK GOD for the UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT



BERNARR MACFADDEN

ANOTHER one of the alphabetical bureaus in Washington has been put to sleep. The AAA with its dream-boy management has been given a fitting quietus.

Economic law is as definitely fixed as the movements of the sun, moon, and stars. It cannot be diverted without ultimate disastrous results.

Secretary Wallace, with his hog-killing, crop-destroying, cotton-plowing-under procedure, may have thought he was sent by the Almighty to supplant natural law. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." While we would not apply this appellation to Mr. Wallace, he can be reasonably referred to as a wild experimentalist.

The present administration started out with the announcement that it intended to experiment, and you cannot indulge in the unusual without making many mistakes. However, if out of five or ten experiments one proved to be profitable and desirable the effort might be considered well worth while.

But the AAA procedure has been a costly divertissement to this nation. It has destroyed the larger part of our export business, and the losses will probably increase year by year.

The United States was formerly the world's largest cotton market. The latest report of our cotton exports shows a loss of three million bales, comparing 1935 with 1934, which at ten cents a pound means a $150,000,000 loss to our cotton farmers. We have lost 70 per cent of our cotton business in Germany, 50 per cent in France, and 40 per cent in England.

Experimentation is desirable in virtually every line of business, and it should be worth while in governmental activities. But experiments in business usually begin with tests of a minor character. To indulge in fanciful experiments in which an entire nation becomes a testing station is foolish beyond description.

The decisions of the United States Supreme Court on the NRA and the AAA especially will give substantial citizens of this country an unlimited amount of satisfaction.

We now know definitely that this government is stable and dependable. It cannot be diverted or sent on a rampage by wild socialistic experimentation. The billions that have been spent by these diversions from what we consider to be stable governmental principles will have to be paid by the taxpayers.

But the country is safe in the hands of the United States Supreme Court, and the feeling of security that we as citizens of this country have obtained from that knowledge is worth the price we will have paid for it.

The marvelous achievements of this nation are due to the governmental principles that have guided us from the beginning. Why discard a system that has so effectively proved its value?

The realization that we have a final Court of Appeals composed of men of long years of legal training, and with seasoned, astute judgment, is a source of unlimited satisfaction to the citizens of this country.

Bernarr Macfadden

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THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE GABLE BREAK-UP

THEY met in New York when Clark was a struggling young leading man and Rhea Langham was a much courted and fashionable young Park Avenue divorcee, with a son and daughter in their teens. She was almost as beautiful as Florence Vidor and very much of the same type. Clark was a virile, intense, ambitious young man who needed a good deal of polishing on the rough edges.

They fell in love and married.

And then, after they were married, after they were happy together, after they had adjusted themselves to a life of hard work and struggle with the hope that in time Clark Gable would be a successful actor, the wheels of the gods turned and—success descended in a rain of light.

Rhea found herself married to the man every woman in America was in love with, the dream-prince of the feminine world.

And then, not long ago, you saw in the papers that this charming couple whom the world believed were married for good and all, were divorced.

What is the real story behind this break-up? What is the true reason for the dissolution of this apparently ideal union?

In Photoplay for February Adela Rogers St. John, charming and well informed writer on matters pertaining to Hollywood, tells the true story of the Gable debacle. Read it by all means. Absorbingly interesting, deeply moving, frankly and fearlessly honest, it will tell you what you want to know about the Gable divorce.

YOU WILL JUST LOVE PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

From America's fashion center, Hollywood, is brought to the Photoplay reader fashion selections by Kathleen Howard, internationally known stylist. These creations are from the famous designers who originate the glamorous costumes for the celebrities of the screen. Photoplay interprets the fashions in a bewitching manner. See them in the fashion section every month.

RHEA AND CLARK GABLE

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Don't Argue with Donat • This Time It's No Modern Marriage • Now—It's Horses • Those Mad Marx Hares—as revealed by the Fifth Marx Brother • The Private Life of a Talking Picture • Dolores Costello—Gallant Lady • The Secret Behind Laughton's Acting • She's One in a Million • In Sickness and in Health • Brief Reviews of Current Pictures • Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood • Photoplay's Own Fashions • Luncheon at Dolores Del Rio's • Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop • Addresses of the Stars • All Hollywood's Playing This Game.

FEBRUARY ISSUE OUT NOW!

PHOTOPLAY

MRS. DUDLEY WARD

LADY FURNESS

Ladies WHO CHARMED

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

OF course there have been ladies. Why shouldn't there be?

The fact that a man happens to be Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick and Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Prince and Great Steward of Scotland, doesn't make him any different as a man from other normal, healthy, attractive masculine individuals.

In fact, the finest of the many fine things about the Prince of Wales is that he is *not* different.

And who could begrudge the Prince his good times with pretty girls here, there, and yon? They are about the only deviations he allows himself from a life which is about as exacting as ever fell to the lot of human male. And it isn't his fault that he has to have his good times in front of cameras and microphones.

By the same token, nobody can fail to agree with the late Will Rogers that " for a young man who has had the world's attention showered on him like he has, and come through the way he has, it is really remarkable."

The world's attention is right, but the feminine world's attention is righter. Think of all the princesses, society

BEATRICE GOTTLIEB

VALERIE JONES

BEATRICE LILLIE

MRS. SIMPSON

LENORE CAHILL

BETH LEARY

THE PRINCE OF WALES

The Story of What Dame Rumor Has Done to Some Royal Friendships—Is Another of Them Now on the Rocks of Gossip?

matrons, debutantes, and actresses whose names have been coupled in the press with that of the Bachelor Prince!

Take the princesses of royal and near-royal blood. There are said to be fifteen hundred trying to get themselves married to about seventy-five princes, of whom only Edward of England has even a Chinese laundryman's chance of sitting *and staying* on a working throne. H. R. H. has done his duty by a good many of them: Ingrid and Astrid and Marthe of Sweden, Marguerite of Denmark, Juliana of Holland, Marie-José of Belgium, Beatriz of Spain, Yolanda and Mafalda of Italy, Ileana of Rumania, Marina of Greece; and has had the satisfaction of seeing most of them married off, one to one of his brothers, the others to his friends.

When it became obvious that he did not have the slightest intention of marrying any of these Continental young ladies, the rumormongers switched their attention to home-grown daughters of the local nobility. The change was greatly appreciated by H. R. H. Some of these English and Scottish girls were, as he expressed it, "good kids" and "good sports." One or two even brought forth the adjective which he habitually applies to his favorite women friends: they were "snappy."

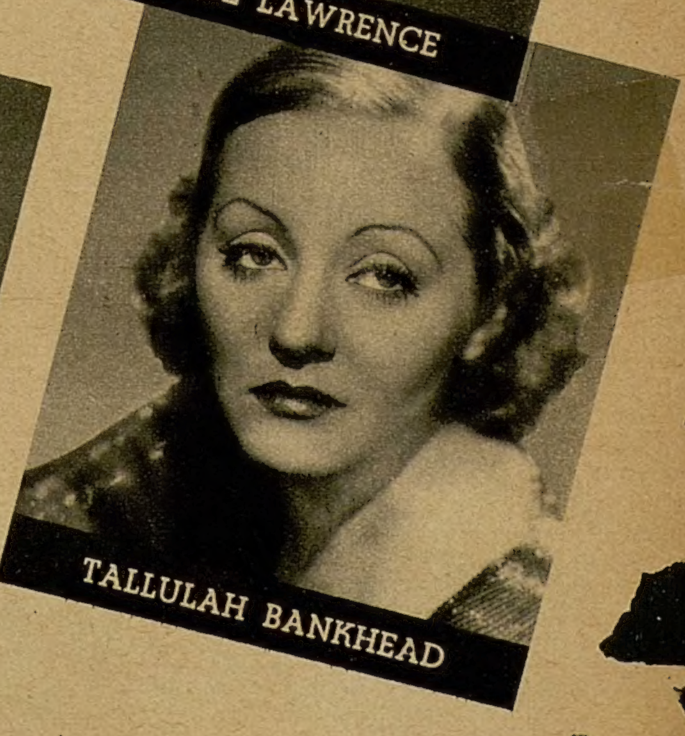
Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who afterward married the Duke of York, and Lady Mary Cambridge, one of her bridesmaids, and Lady

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

PRINCESS INGRID

PRINCESS ILEANA


TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Alexandra Curzon came definitely in the first two categories; whereas Edwina Ashley, thirty-million-dollar heiress of Sir Ernest Cassel, was indubitably snappy. But, so far as marriage was concerned, the nobility didn't take with Edward of Wales any better than royalty had done.

" Mother," he laughed, in that affectionate manner he always maintains toward the Queen, " would like me to 'buy British.' "

But he didn't.

There is nothing in his history to show that he is unduly intrigued by women of the theater. Gertrude Lawrence, who was recently on the verge of marrying into the royal family of the cinema, is a favorite of H. R. H.'s both on and off the stage. He sees everything in which she appears. Beatrice Lillie is another. He went to see her fifteen times in that show where she dressed up as Britannia and sang that absurd March, March number. The gossips made a lot of it; but that didn't bother the Prince.

" Love her? " he said. " Of course I love her."

And then, as the boys were about to break for Fleet Street with the biggest news story of the year, he added, with his famous crooked smile working overtime:

" She reminds me so much of my grandmother, Queen Alexandra! "

After the theater the Prince likes to go somewhere to dance. In London it is usually the Embassy. In Paris it was Jed Kiley's. In New York it was the Lido. But his behavior in all these places has, at all times, been unexceptionable.

ELEANOR NICHOLS

Naturally " Digger," as he is known to his intimates, has met a good many society girls—mostly Americans—who were not on either the royalty or nobility list at Buckingham Palace. But there was nothing unusual, certainly nothing to be criticized, in these meetings. They were the same girls he might have met, and often did, at private parties both in London and New York.

Black-tressed Beth Leary taught him backgammon. Smiling Beatrice Gottlieb taught him golf—at least she taught him that a good woman golfer can beat a fair-to-middling man golfer. Mrs. Freddy Cruger would have taught him, if he had needed teaching, to dance; for he said her footwork was " divine."

None of these casual acquaintances, however, tried to teach the Prince of Wales to marry!

Neither did Tallulah Bankhead, once of the London stage, nor Corinne Griffith, once of the American screen. And the same thing is undoubtedly true of Miss Peggy Simmonds, daughter of Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun of Washington, who was touted in the press as the object of the Prince's " serious intentions."

THE Prince always has liked American girls. As for the English girls with whom his position at home permits him to associate, they often pass his standards of good-sportiness and snappiness, but they are seldom at their best with him. To them, although he insists on their calling him David or Digger, he is always His Royal Highness, the heir to the throne, the son of their king.

The Prince is more American than many Americans. He is probably the only man who has been born on either side of the Atlantic since the Boston Tea Party who might conceivably stand an outside chance of uniting the old country and the new.

It is this kinship with American ideals that leads him to seek and enjoy the companionship of the American girl. But that doesn't mean that he is in love with every specimen he meets, or that he intends—or would be permitted—to marry any one of them.

There is still no American princess at the Court of [illegible] James's, and in all probability, within the lifetime of any one now alive, there never will be.

The misunderstanding on this point—and that there has been a misunderstanding in some maternal quarters cannot be denied—is due not to the Prince but to the press. The girls who have been so highly publicized as dancing partners of the Prince of Wales have been just that—and nothing more.

He is an exceptional dancer. He has perfected himself in the thing which he loves to do. Before his South American trip, he danced mostly fox trots; after it he preferred to tango. He has always been a devotee of jazz. Among his favorite Americans are Paul Whiteman and Fred Astaire. And he has become a partner whose skill is far beyond that of the average woman he meets.

Naturally, when he finds a girl whose step fits his, he dances with her all evening. Then—although their pleasure has been of the most open and obviously casual sort—he and she wake up late the next day to find that he has made her famous. She is not only the girl who danced with the Prince of Wales but she is hailed as the future mistress of Buckingham Palace.

LENORE CAHILL of St. Louis was the first American girl to achieve fleeting prominence in this simple way. Miss Cahill and the Prince met on the boat coming to New York, and he danced with her several times on the voyage. That was all there was to it—but the news of his supposed " infatuation " was promptly wirelessed around the waiting world.

Then there was little Valerie Jones, a Canadian girl who danced so well with him at the Ottawa Country Club that his hostess invited her on a yachting cruise through the Thousand Islands; and there was Eleanor Nichols, the blue-eyed, chestnut-haired daughter of Commander Nichols, U. S. N., with whom he danced under a tropical moon at Panama; and Virginia Briscoe, seventeen-year-old daughter of the Oklahoma oil man, with whom he danced in Budapest; and Veronica Purviance, formerly of Kansas City and now of Montevideo; and Blanche Warwick of Paw Paw, Michigan; and—but what's the use?

That there were, and still are, so many of these supposedly favored young women should indicate to fair-minded observers that no one of them could be very important in the life of the Prince. In the few instances where he has permitted his attentions to a pretty woman to go beyond the occasional casual meeting, the flaming tongues of even uglier and more unfounded gossip have quickly assailed both him and her.

In each case this deplorable result has meant the end of an often delightful friendship—and that is just what happened in the case of Mrs. Dudley Ward.

In Mrs. Ward the Prince seemed to have found his ideal dancing partner. She was not only " snappy," she was clever. She made him laugh. Moreover, she had the physical stamina to keep up with him.

Now, as it happened, Dudley Ward was one of the Prince's very best friends, and still is. H. R. H. went to prize fights with Dudley with just as much gusto as he did to night clubs with Mrs. Dudley.

The arrangement worked beautifully for years. Then the Mrs. Ward part suddenly stopped—because London busybodies would " talk." That was the real reason why the night-club table which used to be reserved for the Prince and his erstwhile favorite partner remained eloquently vacant.

Another friendship broken up in the same way was that with Thelma, Lady Furness. In America, Lady Furness is known chiefly as the " other Morgan twin "—the twin sister of Gloria Morgan, who married Reggie Vanderbilt and gave birth to that much litigated poor little rich girl, Gloria Vanderbilt. In Europe Thelma stands—and also dances—on her own shapely feet.

It was her skill in dancing which led H. R. H. to be seen frequently with the lovely Thelma. She was seen quite as frequently dancing with the son of the Aga Khan, the Indian potentate who is much richer than his sovereign.

As for Mrs. Simpson, widely heralded in the sensational press as Lady Furness's " successor," the great gossip-loving public first became conscious of her existence in the late summer of 1934, after Riviera dispatches had stated that the Prince of Wales, on vacation at Cannes, was having " such fun " that he had sent back an airplane which he had ordered to take him to Paris; and then solemnly added: " To the delight of hundreds of onlookers last night, the Prince danced the rhumba with an American woman identified as a Mrs. Simpson."

That same year, at Biarritz, when Mrs. Simpson and her aunt stepped off the Sud Express, H. R. H. was on the platform to greet them and insisted on seeing personally to their luggage. To our American minds this would seem to be a simple act of courtesy, but to certain sections of the British press it was epochal. As one observer well expressed it:

" *A* Mrs. Simpson had become *the* Mrs. Simpson."

VIRGINIA BRISCOE

Worried British dowagers hustled to look up her ancestry, and found it disconcertingly good. She was born Wallis Warfield of Baltimore. Her mother was a Montague. Her father, after whom she was named, was a brother of S. Davies Warfield, for many years president of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and she was related more distantly to former Governor Warfield of Maryland.

As a young girl, Wallis Warfield married Lieutenant, now Commander, E. Winfield Spencer, U. S. N. The marriage ended in divorce in Warrenton, Virginia, in the early '20s. In 1926 she married her present husband, Ernest A. Simpson, who was graduated from Harvard in the year 1919.

Until comparatively recently the Simpsons made their home in New York. Latterly they have been living in London at 5, Bryanston Court, Bryanston Square.

A lot of rot has been printed about the enmity between Lady Furness and Mrs. Simpson. As a matter of fact, the two girls have long been close friends—and it was through the former that the Prince met the latter. In fact, until Lady Furness came to America, the trio was frequently seen in dancing places both in London and on the Continent. It was entirely natural that when Lady Furness went away the Prince should continue to go dancing with Mrs. Simpson. It was natural, too, that if she was to be in Biarritz during the season and H. R. H. was to be there too—as he so often is—they should see a good deal of each other in the busy life of the gay resort.

But reporters with space to fill wrote at length of motor trips to St. Tropez to dance to the music of Ted Delmuth's band—harmless diversions, surely—and of the equally harmless reception at which Mrs. Simpson and her aunt hostessed for the heir to the throne, and to which straight-laced British notables were invited.

As a result, gossiping tongues were soon wagging and rolling. The Prince's old nemesis, publicity, was pursuing him again—and is still pursuing him.

RETURNING once more to Cannes last fall, H. R. H. decided one sunny morning to visit his cousin, Lord Mountbatten, commander of H. M. S. Wishart. He was wearing a typical Riviera costume of gray linen trousers, rope-soled sandals, and brick-red shirt. Not until he stepped aboard the Wishart did he remember that he would be expected to salute the quarterdeck, and to do so he should wear a hat.

The situation seems silly enough to us, and it evidently did to the Prince, for when some one produced a white linen hat he pushed it aside. Mrs. Simpson, who was in Cannes at the time and was accompanying him on the visit, fully realized the possible offense to British naval tradition, and even went so far as to remonstrate with her host. But the Prince stood his ground.

So the news cameras clicked on a hatless salute—and one more black mark was scored, apparently undeservedly, against beautiful Wallis Simpson as an " influence " on the future King of England.

And now comes what is probably the most unfair of all the unfair publicity which has attended this perfectly open and natural friendship.

London gossips are all in a dither over a little pamphlet —alleged to be autobiographical—entitled What Charmed the Prince.

The pamphlet has had a brisk sale. Jealous beauties and their mamas read that one " should ask questions hesitatingly, girlishly, charmingly," and that throughout most of the day one should " languidly take it easy, saving up strength for the ' concentration moments ' when the man is around." Above all, one should acquire " a honeyish Baltimore drawl."

It was this last advice which sent news hawks scurrying to the home of the Baltimore-born Mrs. Simpson, where her husband said indignantly:

" Of course my wife didn't write it! "

Of course she didn't. Nobody who knows Mrs. Simpson thinks she did. But since *somebody* did, it begins to look as if still another charming friendship is going on the rocks of gossip.

AT first glance these recurring troubles of the Prince and the ladies with whom he chooses to dance may seem to harm no one, except, of course, him and them. They probably aren't important enough to affect the peace of nations. But it is not too much to say that if the misrepresentation of his conduct and mode of life is allowed to continue, it might conceivably affect the social deportment of a good many of the world's sons and daughters.

In England the Prince is much more than the son of the King.

He is the national idol—and properly so, for no man alive today has worked so hard or so successfully to sell the British Empire to the world and to itself. As the national idol, he is naturally the national model. Everything he does, everything he says, even everything he wears, is taken up and done, said, or worn again by Englishmen throughout the world.

And this slavish copying of the Prince is not confined to Englishmen.

Although now in his early forties, Edward of Wales is still the idol, and therefore the model, not only of the men of his own decade, but of the younger men of the two decades which follow—quite regardless of geography, nationality, or race.

When he was in this country the last time, the picture papers caught him walking on Long Island wearing a favorite old hat with the brim turned down all around. At the polo game next day, one observer estimated that ten thousand young men appeared with their hatbrims worn the same way.

Most of the brims on those American hats were too broad to be turned down. Their owners would probably never have seen the game at all if the Prince himself had not come to their rescue by arriving in a neat new fedora with the brim *turned up*.

Silly? Yes, but significant.

In common fairness, therefore, to the Prince, and with due consideration to the influence which he wields, isn't it about time for him to be held up to view not as an irresponsible philanderer—which he isn't—but as a sincere, hard-working, public-spirited citizen who is doing a big job and doing it well?

THE END

PILOT WINFIELD

DORINE DOBSON

A Tensely Dramatic Tale of the Airways—of Hearts Fighting Fear, and the Hazards of Courage and Love

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PLANE NO. 247: It stood at the end of the canopied runway leading from the waiting room and ticket office of the Center Airport, its twin motors idling, their metal props turning over slowly like bright fans stirring the level sunlight. The single gigantic wing holding the motor nacelles had the appearance of being in flight even with the ship motionless.

PILOT CRAIGE WINFIELD: He sat in the left-hand seat of the two padded metal chairs in the cockpit. The wheel before him was shoved forward to the instrument board and he was gazing out the open side window, his elbow resting on the ledge. He was tall and lean with a dark somber quiet face. The blue double-breasted uniform he wore emphasized the wide hard line of his shoulders. The stiff-visored cap sat precisely on his black close-cropped hair. His nose was thin and sharp. Around his eyes were permanent wrinkles from squinting into sun and wind. He was thirty-nine and senior pilot on the Eastern division of the transcontinental air route.

He stared impassively at the far corner of the terminal building where a man and a girl, wearing uniforms of dark blue, stood talking. His face did not change, but he felt something tighten in his chest, a slow painful constriction, not hate or rage or jealousy or envy, merely pain, as though the muscles of his heart, beyond control of his will, were contracting. Presently, by an effort, he turned his head away.

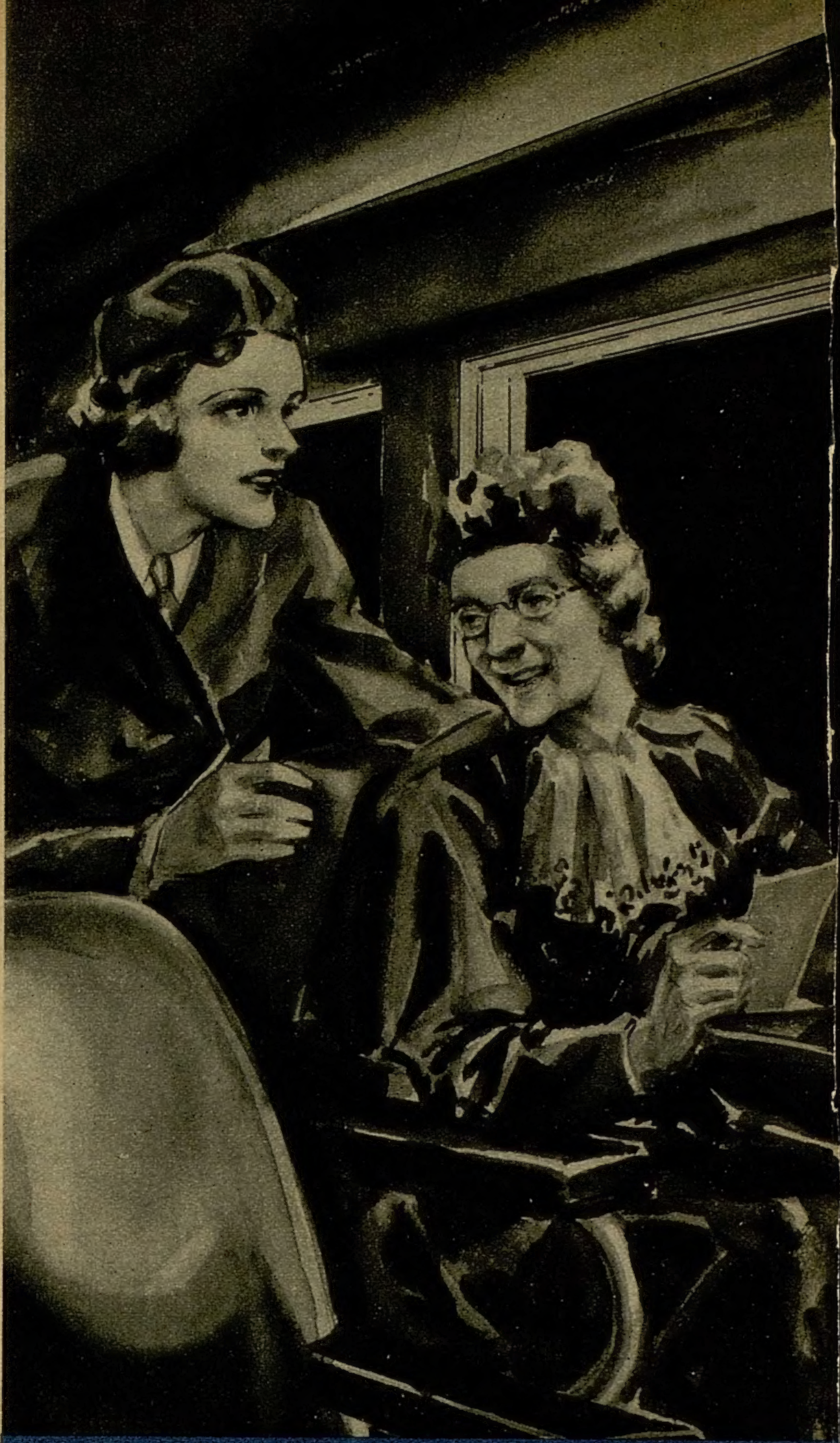
CO-PILOT BOYD RANDELL:

" Pat," he said, " I can't stand this much longer. I love you. You know damn well how much I love you."

The girl smiled faintly.

" Yes," she said, " I know. At least, I think I do."

" There's no thinking about it," he said violently. " I've got to have an answer. I can't go on this way day after day, waiting for you to make up your mind."



THE DOOR FROM THE COCKPIT OPENED

He was young and graceful; motionless, his body had the alert virile look of a deer at the moment before it leaps. Red hair shone under the jaunty tilt of his cap. His face was pale, a thin passionate face with eyes that held a brilliant reckless burning.

" Damn it! " he cried. " Do you love me? "

" I don't know."

" Are you in love with Craige? "

" I don't know that either."

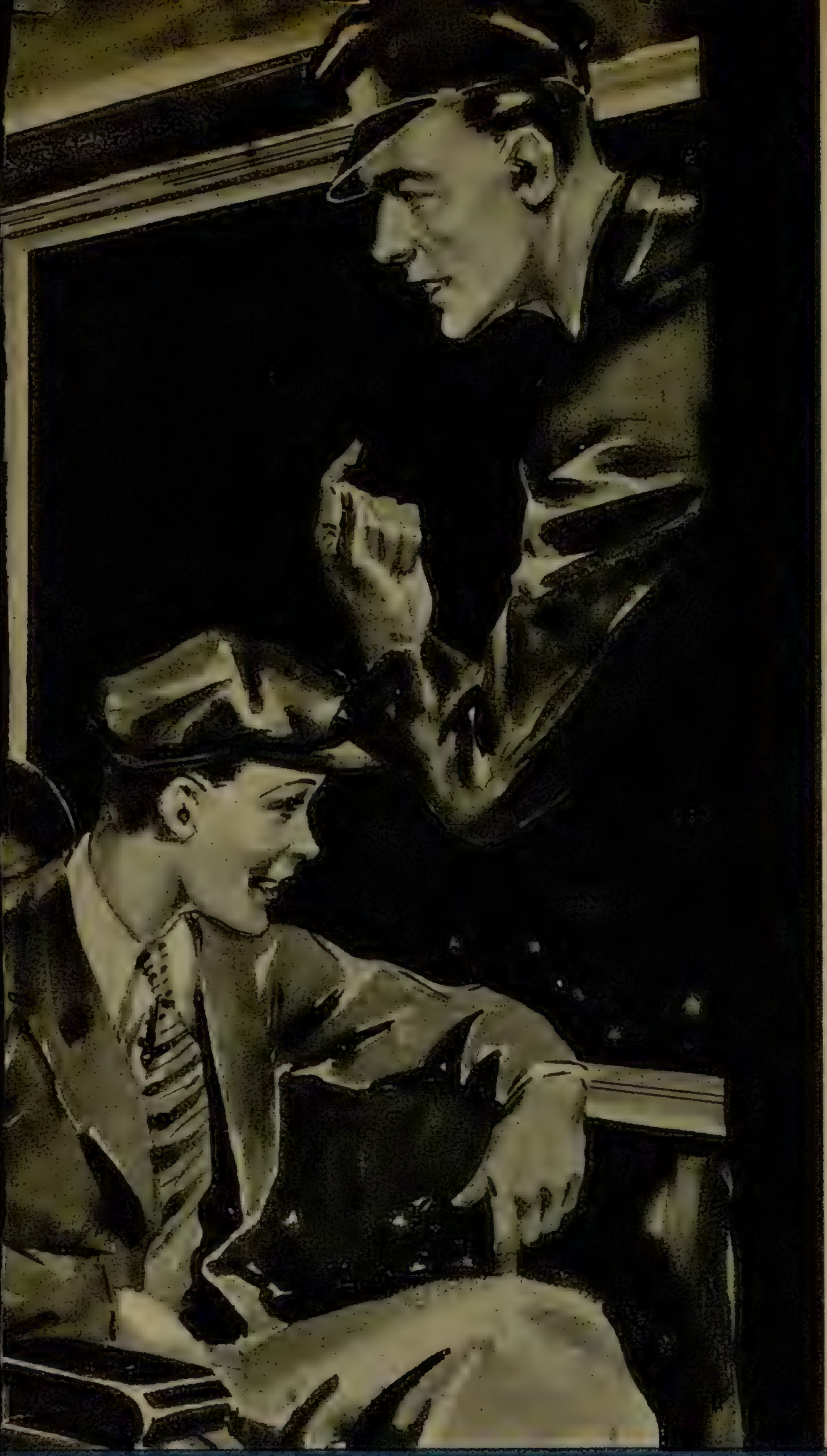
" The hell with you," he said.

Patricia put her hand on his arm.

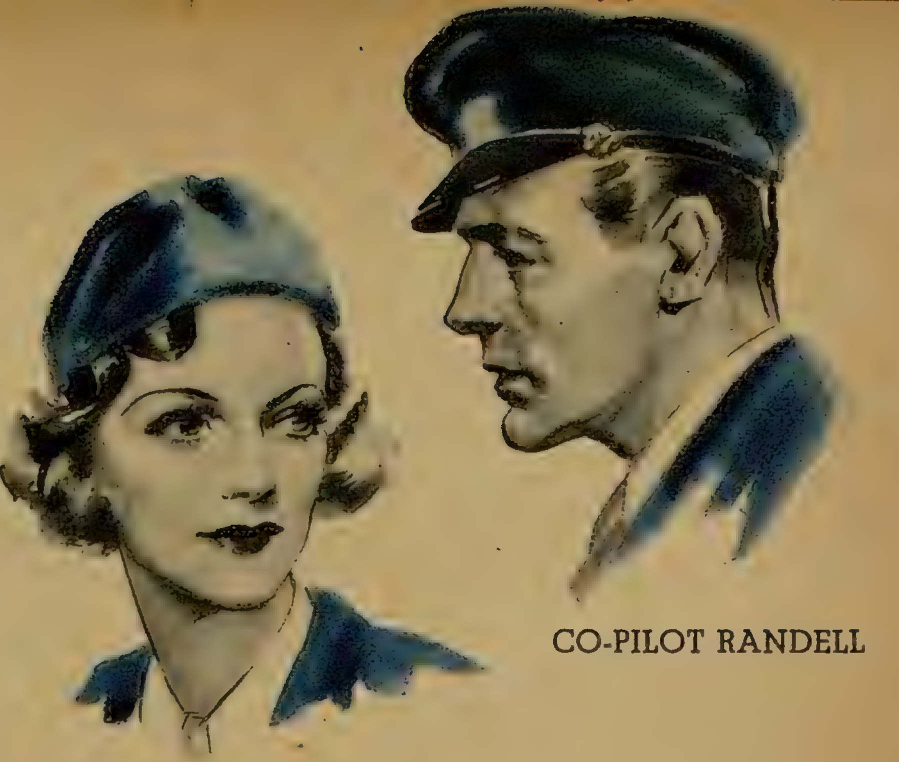
" Don't be that way," she said. " I'm sorry. I'm trying to be fair—to you, to Craige—to me."

" Are you? " he said bitterly. " I'm beginning to think

FLIGHT IN



AND SHE SAW BOYD BECKONING TO HER.



CO-PILOT RANDELL

STEWARDESS DALE

DARKNESS

by EDWARD SHENTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

you're enjoying it. Watching us, trip after trip, sitting up there together. Playing us against each other, testing your power—like a damn female."

The girl stepped back, her glance calm and judicial.

" All right," she said, " if that's what you think."

Instantly his anger vanished. He caught both her hands in his.

" I'm sorry," he pleaded. " But, honest, Pat, it's getting too much for me. If you can't decide, I'm going to ask for a transfer. You know what I think of Craige," he went on harshly. " What he's done for me. What I owe him. Well "—a strange look, almost of horror, came over his features—" I'm—I'm beginning to hate him," he said.

The girl stood for a moment, her head averted.

" You mustn't," she said at last. " I'll decide. Today—at the end of the run. You'd better go. Craige will be expecting you."

STEWARDESS PATRICIA DALE: After Boyd had gone she hurried into the terminal. She hoped that her face did not betray the tumult within her. An important part of her job was to appear cheerful and casual and smiling. Timid people drew confidence from the calm glance of her gray eyes, the full smiling line of her mouth, her little round courageous chin, her firm sunburned hands.

She went out the runway and stood by the portable steps leading up to the open door in the fuselage. By tilting her head she could see into the pilots' cockpit. She caught a glimpse of Boyd's red hair as he bent toward the dash, and Craige's shoulder, rigid and muscular under the blue cloth.

A man wearing a well cut gray suit, gray Homburg hat, and carrying a cane came through the double doors of the waiting room followed by a porter with one of the new pale-tan air-weight suitcases. The man nodded at Patricia and touched the narrow brim of his hat.

" Seat Four," he said in a clipped voice.

" Second on the right," Patricia said.

He smiled slightly.

" I know," he answered.

SEAT NO. 4—CARL ASHLEY EDMINSTON: He tipped the porter, took a beautiful pigskin wallet from an inside pocket, drew out a letter and began to read on the second page:

> . . . waiting for you at the airport Wednesday. Oh, honey, you just can't believe what your letter did to me. Talk about a gal [the man wrinkled his nose slightly but continued reading] being wild with joy. And forever, darling. For-

ever and ever. Never again to have that awful moment when you go away from me.

I suppose you are a little upset, but don't be. After all, it isn't as though your wife will want for anything. It may be a shock when she first finds out, but she'll get over it. They all do. Besides, she has the children. What I say is, if a person don't take happiness where they find it, it's their own fault. And *will* I make you happy? Well, you ought to know.

Well, I'll have to stop this. Mona and Jack Parker and Sam just dropped in, all pretty well lit and wanting to go places and do things. I got to trail along and keep an eye on Mona. I'll mail this on the way. Oh, sweetie, I'm so crazy about you I'll just about eat you alive.

Love and love and love.

Yours,

Madge.

EDWARD SHENTON

leads a rather complete life—he's a writer, an artist, and an editor. In addition he teaches pictorial expression, is married, and has a son three years old. He saw service in France, later studied in Europe, and wrote his first novel. His short stories have appeared for some time in most of the leading magazines.

Seat No. 5—Mrs. Martha Walker: Edminston looked up as the stewardess helped a little old lady into the plane. She wore a black bonnet such as he hadn't seen in years, and carried a reticule.

"This is your seat," Patricia said. "Now I'll just snap this belt like this, see. Have you ever been up before?"

"No," said the little old lady. "No, never."

"You'll love it," said Patricia. "I'll bet I have you for a regular passenger from now on."

The old lady smiled and patted the girl's hand.

"You needn't give me any of your soft soap," she said. "I'm too old to be scared by an airplane ride."

They both laughed, and Edminston caught himself smiling in sympathy. He glanced absently at the stewardess and thought, "She looks a little like Joan." Then he frowned, put away the letter, and sat staring at his gloved hands. Under his eyes were sunken patches of dull skin.

"You couldn't guess," the old lady said, "why I'm in this contraption."

"No," said Patricia, "I couldn't."

"I'm going to see my grandson. It's like this: My daughter's husband is a Presbyterian missionary. We're all Presbyterians—"

"I'm sorry," Patricia said. "Here come some more passengers. Will you tell me later? I'm crazy to hear all about it."

She went toward the door of the plane.

Seat No. 7—William W. Andrews:

"O. K., sister, O. K.," he said, panting a little. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his round ruddy face and bald head, glancing admiringly at the interior of the cabin.

"Nifty bus," he said. "First time up for me."

"For me, too," said the old lady.

"Well, well," said Mr. Andrews heartily. "Shake. Let's hope it's not the last, eh, sister?"

Patricia smiled.

"This is my hundred and twelfth trip," she said.

"You don't say!" He whistled. "Well, that makes me feel better. I'm just going to little old Chi. Got a new job there. Swell job. When I landed it I said, 'Lissen, W. W. That job's *good*, see. You want to make a fine impression! *Fly* out,' I said. 'Show 'em you're r'arin' to go.'"

"I'm going clear to California," Mrs. Walker said proudly.

"You don't say so. Well, well, that's getting around. You going all the way, mister?"

"Only to Cleveland," Edminston said in his clipped tired voice.

Seat No. 3—Roger Donaldson, Jr.: The tall man with the carefully trimmed mustache patted the boy on the shoulder and smiled at Patricia.

"Take care of him," he said.

"I'll be all right," the boy said.

"Of course you will."

They stood by the steps up to the plane. When the boy did not know it, his father looked at him as though he could not see enough of him.

"What shall I say to—to mother?" the boy asked.

His father drew a deep breath.

"Oh, the usual thing. Everybody well. . . . Now, hop in. Have a good time and I'll see you in six months."

The boy caught his father's hand.

"Gee, dad," he said.

The man smiled.

"So long, old chap," he said. "When you get back, we'll buy that boat and go cruising next summer."

"That will be swell."

"Hop in."

"Good-by, dad."

"'By, Rog."

Patricia put the boy into the seat ahead of the old lady.

"Here's a future pilot," she said.

"Is this your first flight, too?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, no," Roger said politely. "The seventh."

"Dear me!"

Craige opened the door between the pilots' cockpit and the main cabin.

"How many more?" he asked Patricia.

"Only two, I think."

She could feel his eyes upon her, seeking her face, but she kept her head averted. The door closed.

Patricia hurried back through the plane, frowning.

Her wrist watch marked one minute to eight.

Seats Nos. 8 and 9—Dorine Dobson and Bernie Ruben: The girl carried an enormous bouquet of roses. She posed on the steps.

"Let's have a little something to pep up the front page," one photographer called.

The girl tossed her incredibly blonde hair and smiled with amazing ruby lips. She lifted her dress and asked:

"How's that?"

"Could be better."

"Well, what about that?"

"Swell. Hold it."

The cameras clicked.

"Any last word, Miss Dobson?"

"Well, I can only say," she said in a shrill young voice, "that I'm the happiest girl in the world."

She entered the plane and sank gasping into the chair. A little man with a face the color of an old orange, wearing a derby and holding a stub of unlighted cigar between his bloodless lips, sat down across from her.

The steps were taken away, the door closed. Craige saw the signalman on the tower giving him the "All clear" flag. He revved up the motors slowly, eased the brakes, and let the huge ship roll out on to the concrete runway. There he opened the motors wide, listened a moment, and throttled down.

"All O. K.," Boyd said without looking at him.

Craige nodded. He took off easily, going up in a long smooth climb.

"Wheels up," Craige said.

Boyd worked the retracting gear.

"Wheels up," he repeated.

Patricia waited at the rear of the cabin until the tension of the take-off had abated. Then she went from chair to chair, patting pillows into place, adjusting the tiny lights, answering questions. The boy was talking in his polite well bred voice to Mrs. Walker.

". . . to see my mother," he said.

"That will be real nice," the old lady said.

"I hate it!"

"Dear me." Her voice sounded shocked.

"They're divorced, my mother and father," the boy went on. "I have to spend six months with each one. I have a swell time with

(Continued on page fourteen)

"I Nursed Engines at the South Pole—

I KNOW PLYMOUTH IS A GREAT COLD WEATHER CAR"

"WE HAD TO START our engines when it was 40° to 57° below zero."

PAUL SWAN'S JOB WAS to keep six airplanes operating at the South Pole.

SUPERIOR ENGINEERING sold Engineer Paul Swan his new 1936 Plymouth. "As an engineer," he says, "I know about the continuous research back of this great car...and I can see the results...things that everybody wants."

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH PAUL SWAN, ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE ON SECOND BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1933-1935

HIS JOB WITH the expedition at the South Pole prepared Engineer Paul Swan to appreciate a Plymouth engine. It starts easily n cold weather . . . one sure sign of a great allweather car.

"We had to start engines when it was so cold you could *hear* your breath . . . it actually froze, and crackled like escaping steam."

Today, Mr. Swan owns a big 1936 Plymouth.

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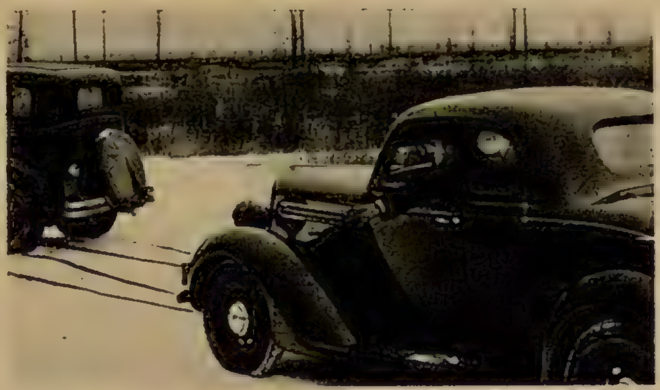
"Superior engineering throughout sold me on Plymouth . . . the safety of genuine hydraulic brakes and a Safety-Steel body . . . operating economy . . . and all the rest of Plymouth's famous time-tested engineering advantages."

Drive "All Three" . . . compare them . . . and you'll see what Mr. Swan means. Ask any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to let you drive a beautiful, new, 1936 Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



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NO OTHER CHARGES

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AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page twelve)

dad. We ride and go fishing and hunting. He's going to get a boat we can live on."

"That ought to be fun."

"It's different with my mother. We just go around in a car to hotels and places. In about a month she gets tired of me and I have to stay with a tutor the rest of the time."

Patricia saw the girl with the incredible hair and lips motioning to her.

"Could I have a glass of water, please?" the girl asked. Her voice was no longer young and excited. She spoke with a weary sophistication, marred slightly by an accent.

"Certainly."

The girl took the paper cup and sipped daintily. She looked at Patricia through her thick false lashes and said:

"Wasn't that send-off a riot? Imagine all that fuss just because poor little me is going to Hollywood."

"Are you really?" said Patricia.

"Oh, yes. I won a beauty contest. The prize was a contract with Pyramid Pictures. I have to have a screen test, of course, but everybody tells me it will be a mere formality. This"—she motioned to the man in the derby hat—"is Mr. Ruben of Pyramid Pictures."

Patricia went into the little galley to prepare sandwiches and tea. She tried to fasten her attention on the passengers and not let her mind dwell on the two men sitting side by side beyond the closed door at the end of the cabin.

It had been so much fun at the start, when they were merely friends. She recalled the day at the conclusion of her first run with them. Boyd had come back grinning, his red hair tousled by the wind.

"Two superpilots want to take a superstewardess over to New York for a superdinner and a show," he had said.

It had been a grand evening. She had sensed at once the bond between the two men and respected it. She had known all about Craige, of course. His record was part of the brilliant history of air transportation. And she soon discovered that Boyd looked upon him as a kind of god.

"Why," he had said, "he's so damn fine that maybe he'll make a good pilot out of me some day."

"You are good," Patricia had said. "All the boys say so."

"I'm a fair ham flyer. I can take 'em up and set 'em down. But Craige," he shook his head in awe. "He just says, 'Come up, baby,' and there we are in Cleveland."

CARL ASHLEY EDMINSTON

THIS had been the beginning of many good times together, the three of them, carefree and debonair. Then came the night when Boyd had kissed her. A new sweet rapture in which she had come alive as she had never been alive before. The days were moments, the weeks minutes. It seemed strange to her now that Craige had not noticed the change in her, but apparently he hadn't. Otherwise she knew he would never have asked her to marry him. And after he did, the uncertainty began. She did not know; she still could not tell. And two hours at the most remained before she must do as she had promised.

Below, the earth was a blur of woods and fields and the first lumps of timbered mountain. Boyd leaned over and spoke into Craige's ear: "Some fog down there."

Craige looked out the open window. Tiny drifts of fog, like smoke or gray dust, trailed in the black clefts of the valleys. He switched on the radiophone and said: "Winfield calling Center. Winfield calling Center. Hello, Center. Winfield in Number Two Forty-seven. Weather at Bellefonte and Cleveland."

He listened attentively, his mind automatically substituting the words for the code.

"Ground fog all the way over the mountains," he said to Boyd. "Cleveland clear. Fog coming in back at Center."

He pulled the wheel gently back until the altitude needle rested at five thousand feet.

Patricia put tea and a sandwich on the adjustable shelf-table before Mrs. Walker.

"Now, what about that grandson?" she said.

The old lady beamed delightedly. "It's this way: My grandson is a year old. I've never seen him." She looked apologetically at Patricia. "These times, you know. It's a long trip and costs a lot of money."

"I know," the girl said.

"Then I got a letter from my daughter. Her husband is being sent to China and she's going along—baby and all," she added proudly. "There wasn't time to go by train. I'm getting old. They'll be out there three years. So I—I sold some things and here I am."

"Wonderful!" said Patricia. "I think you're simply wonderful."

"Would you like to see his picture?"

"Love to," said Patricia.

MRS. WALKER searched in the reticule. She took out a tiny leather case that opened and disclosed a photograph of a baby. She held it toward the girl, but Patricia's eyes seemed to be trying to penetrate the cabin wall and the wing beyond.

"What's the matter?" asked the old lady in surprise. The lids came down over Patricia's eyes.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. He's a lovely baby."

The door from the pilots' cockpit opened and she saw Boyd beckoning to her. She went to him. He thrust a slip of paper into her hand. His strong fingers clasped hers, pressed, released. The door closed.

Patricia smiled automatically at Edminston's inquiring face, patted Roger on the shoulder as she passed, noted that Mr. Andrews was deep in the contents of a briefcase, the incredible blonde girl busy inspecting her make-up in a huge mirror, and Mr. Ruben asleep, with his derby resting on the bridge of his nose. She entered the galley and opened the note.

> Port motor quit. Going back to airport. Craige says can make it. Fog all around. Don't let 'em panic. Love you.
> BOYD.

Patricia held the note before her until her fingers no longer trembled. So it had happened at last. She remembered what "Hank" Roberts, that veteran of war flying, barnstorming, stunting, and racing, had said to her when she had told him of her desire to be a stewardess on an air liner. "Sure, flying's safe. As safe as anything. Only don't stay in it too long. If you do, sure as hell, some day you're gonna find yourself in a jam."

This was the day; this the "jam."

In the dull radiance of the control cockpit Craige's face appeared more secret and inscrutable than ever. He was listening intently to the voice of the radio-man seventy miles away.

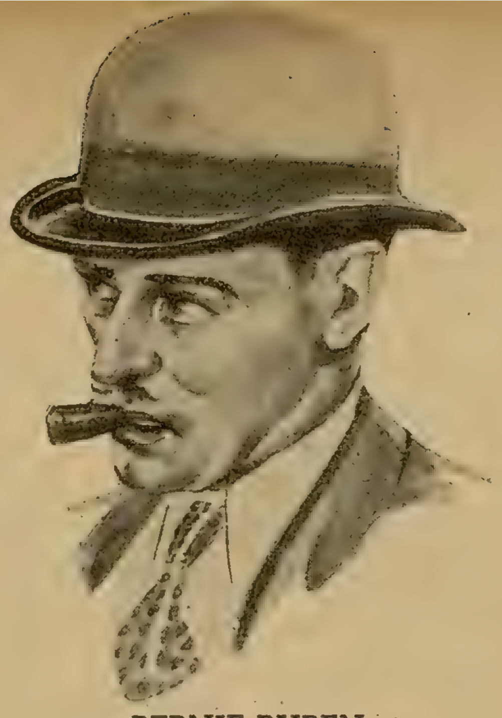
"O. K.," he said at last. "I'll keep in touch with you." He spoke to Boyd without turning his head.

"Still a couple hundred feet ceiling there. Top of the fog around two thousand."

Boyd nodded. The plane vibrated to the uneven pull of the single motor thundering full out. It kept veering to the left.

"Put some weight on that right rudder," Craige said.

WILLIAM W. ANDREWS



BERNIE RUBEN

They were riding the radio beam back to the airport. Boyd watched the dial where the beam was made visible. The lines crossed exactly. He'd never been in a forced landing, it occurred to him with some surprise. Sliding back the window, he peered down into the night. In the faint starlight the fog below was merely a grayer streak in the uniform dark. Craige was talking into the phone strapped to his chest.

"O. K.," he said. "Down to a hundred," he told Boyd.

"How long?" the boy asked him.

"Thirty minutes. We're doing ninety."

A sudden nervous tremor shook Boyd. He pressed his shoulders stiffly against the seat. The trembling passed but he felt empty and cold. The palms of his hands began to sweat. They were numb and moist, as though he had been holding ice in them. He was silent a long time, struggling to suppress the question that thrust against his closed lips.

"Craige," he said hoarsely, "if there's—no ceiling, can we get down with one motor?"

The older pilot turned his dark impassive face. He did not answer, only smiled unexpectedly and laid a firm hand on the boy's arm.

"I'm—I'm thinking of Pat!" Boyd cried.

"So am I," said Craige. "Also of that kid back there, and all the rest of them."

"The hell with them," Boyd said bitterly. "If we crack up—if she's— Oh, God, Craige!"

"Take over," Craige said harshly.

"What?"

"Take over. Fly the ship."

BOYD reached shaking hands out to the wheel. The plane bucked suddenly, skidding away to the left. Craige, his face rigid and tight, looked at the boy, touched his shoulder, and took hold of the controls. Boyd leaned forward and put his head in his hands. Craige fought the ship slowly back on to the course.

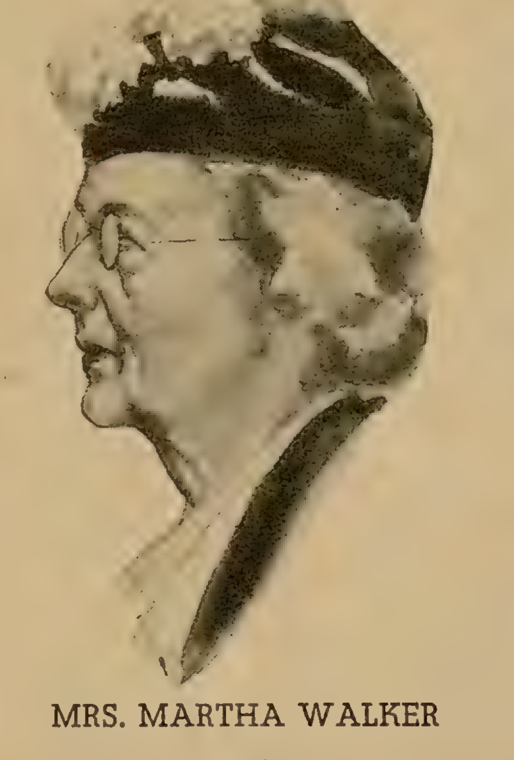
"What?" he said into the phone. "Ten feet? O. K. We'll be in soon. Twenty minutes. Have everything"—he paused, swallowing the dryness from his throat—"ready."

"You mustn't be alarmed," Patricia said. "There's been a little trouble with one of the motors. The pilot decided to return rather than go on, with the mountains ahead."

She smiled brightly and held out a tray of tiny cakes to Edminston. He looked at her steadily, selected a cake, and said in his clipped voice:

"A motor's failed?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter really," Patricia said. "These planes are built to fly just as well with one motor."



MRS. MARTHA WALKER

The boy Roger asked:

"You mean we're going back to Center Airport?"

"Yes," said Patricia. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not," Roger said. "Boy, I'm glad!"

Andrews did not speak. His bald head shone suddenly with beads of perspiration. He wiped it with his handkerchief and ran the handkerchief around his collar.

Dorine Dobson screamed. The sound was unexpected and terrible. They sat stricken; the blood stopped in their constricted veins. Patricia could feel her body shuddering and chilling beyond her control. She could not move. She watched in a kind of horrible enchantment the slow widening of the girl's carmine lips for a second scream.

Bernie Ruben pushed back his derby. He leaned across the aisle and struck the girl with the flat of his hand. The blow cracked like a stick breaking.

"Shut up," he said. "This is swell publicity."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated the old lady.

Miss Dobson lay back in her chair whimpering. Blood trickled from her lip. She dabbed futilely at it with her gloves. Patricia, released, hurried to the lavatory, dipped a towel in water, and bathed the girl's mouth.

"It's all right," she said. "There's no danger."

"I'll be killed," the girl mumbled. "I'll be killed. I'll never get to Hollywood. . . . I'll never be a star. . . . I'll be killed. . . . I'll be—"

Bernie Ruben leaned over her, his hand upraised. She stopped abruptly. She closed her eyes, and tears stained with mascara ran down her cheeks.

"I know how to handle 'em," Mr. Ruben said to no one in particular.

Patricia glanced at her watch. They ought to be halfway back. The plane swung sharply, steadied, and went on. She caught the edge of a chair and stood gazing along the cabin. She saw Edminston take a wallet from his pocket, withdraw a letter, tear it into bits, slide back the window, and cast the fragments into the pit of the night. She saw the boy Roger, his hands cupped about his face, trying to penetrate the emptiness beyond the plane. From the curve of his cheek, she knew he was smiling. She saw the old lady take the leather case that held the picture of her grandson out of the reticule and tuck it carefully into the bosom of her dress.

The partition between the cabin and the control cockpit seemed to vanish, and she saw clearly the jaunty tilt of Boyd's cap on his red hair, the lean graceful arch of his bent body, and the wide hard confident sweep of Craige's shoulders below his erect head. Suddenly she had an impression of all of them borne safely through the night in the hollow of the pilot's hand.

ON THE FIELD: The little group of mechanics stood at the corner of the hangar, their figures blurred, voices muted by the fog.

"Gee, it's right down on the ground."

"Them floods ain't no good a-tall."

A bell clanged, muffled and distant.

"There comes the ambulance."

"By God, I can't stand it!"

"Shut up."

FIGURES hurried by, appearing and vanishing, dark forms without character. Far away, in some indefinite region, a sound began.

"Here he comes!"

The sound passed overhead, clear now and unmistakable—the full-throated roar of a motor wide open. It faded, and an audible sigh arose from the group. They did not speak, standing rigid, their bodies inclined in the direction where the sound had gone. Presently they heard it returning, lower this time, louder. It held a triumphant menacing note that made the tense muscles of the men throb with vague and horrible anticipation. A hoarse voice said:

"If anybody can do it, Craige can."

"Yeah, that's right."

"Boy, he's one swell pilot."

"Remember the time . . ."

"Shush! Lissen."

The sound was approaching again. It had changed. It was no longer an invisible thundering but a slow lazy purring, metallic and descending.

"He's comin' in!"

"Look!"

They strained their eyes upward. A patch of gray seemed to darken for a fraction of time, so short their minds could not register its meaning.

There was a thin high wailing that knifed into their hearts.

With one accord they began to run, their minds straining ahead, listening, every sense suspended except the one that awaited the rending of metal, the screams, the bursting explosion of gasoline.

Out of the fog came excited shouting and a siren shrieking.

“He made it!”

The cry, like a flight of ecstatic birds, winged to the last reaches of the field.

“He's down! He made it!” . . .

The passengers from plane No. 247 stood in the waiting room with officials of the air line hovering solicitously about them.

“This fog will clear,” the field manager said. “We'll have another plane out tonight. Or any who desire can have their fare refunded. Flying is perfectly safe, and this experience, while it is regrettable, only goes to prove it.”

“Not to me,” Miss Dobson said. She restored her crimson lips and beaded lashes. “I want my money back.”

“Don't be a mug,” said Bernie Ruben. “This is ten thousand bucks' worth of publicity. You gotta fly.”

“I will not!” cried the girl.

“A swell actress you'll make,” Mr. Ruben said in disgust. “Lissen, kid. You need guts to get by in Hollywood. It's tough out there.”

Miss Dobson glanced at him scornfully.

“I've got what it takes,” she said. “So don't go yelling at *me*. Only, I'm going to be alive when I get there, see?” She turned to Patricia. “If you ever get to Hollywood, dear, look me up on the Pyramid lot.”

Mr. Ruben snorted and followed her toward the exit.

“Hey, wait!” called Andrews. “I'm taking a train, too. No use setting too high a standard on a job right at the start.”

A clerk came out of an inner office carrying a slip of paper.

“Is that boy Donaldson here? Oh, hello. Your father phoned with a message. He ought to be— Here he is now.”

Roger saw the tall figure of his father approaching. He ran to meet him, his face glowing with pleasure.

“Dad. The motor failed. We came back and landed on one. In the fog. Dad, that pilot's swell.”

Mr. Donaldson put both his hands on the boy's shoulders.

“I've some news, too. Your mother wired. She's decided to—marry again. She thinks you'd better stay here with me.”

“Oh, boy!” cried Roger. “Oh, say, dad, is that right?”

They went toward the door. The man's voice floated back: “There's a month of good weather left. We could buy that boat now . . .”

Craige came in through the door from the field. Edminston went up to him and held out his hand.

“I've got a lot to thank you for,” he said.

“Don't mention it,” Craige said, smiling. “That's my job. Are you going on with us?”

Edminston shook his head. He, too, was smiling.

“I'm going back,” he said.

“Well,” Patricia said to the little old lady, “that leaves us, doesn't it? What will you do?”

“Me?” said Mrs. Walker in surprise. “Why, I'm going in the next plane.”

“Where's Boyd?” Craige asked Patricia.

“I don't know,” she answered. “He came in and walked right by. He—he didn't speak to me.” Her eyes were suddenly blurred by tears. Craige stood looking at her and then turned abruptly. He pushed open the door marked PILOTS—PRIVATE—KEEP OUT, and saw the boy standing before the single window. He was dressed in civilian clothes and his uniform was a crumpled heap on one of the iron cots.

“What the hell?” said Craige. “Get that uniform on. The fog's thinning. We're going pretty soon.”

Boyd shook his head. He did not look around.

“Not me,” he said. “I'm through.”

Craige walked over and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. Boyd began to tremble. He flung out his hand and said bitterly:

“Don't you see? I lost my nerve.”

“Sure,” said Craige. “What of it?”

“What of it? Why, I'm not fit—”

“Listen,” said Craige slowly. “Did you ever hear about surgeons not being able to operate on their wives—the—the person they loved?”

“Well—” said Boyd and stopped.

“Get your things on,” Craige said.

Plane No. 163 took off in a long swinging climb up through patches of fog into the starlit darkness of the heavens. Below, the pale sea of the ground floods went out, leaving only the lighted cross of the wind vane, the red and white dots of field signals, and the slow-wheeling beacon.

The diffused radiance from the instrument board shone up over Craige's dark impassive face. He felt quiet now; empty of pain and conflict. The plane was ascending swiftly, and as the dim earth fell away the vast serenity of space flowed into him as it always did, so that he and his ship became part of it. The illimitable distances of the night lay about him in splendor, neither friendly nor in enmity, but detached, passionless, and eternal. He leaned over and tapped Boyd on the shoulder.

“Pat wants to see you,” he said.

Boyd looked around in surprise. Craige jerked his head toward the rear of the plane.

The boy opened the door and entered the cabin. He saw Patricia sitting in the last seat, staring at the dark glass of the window, her hands resting on her lap. Her face was pale and he knew she had been crying. She glanced up, put her finger to her lips and pointed. The little old lady was asleep, her face calm and trusting. In her hand she held the leather photograph case.

Boyd went quietly past her and along the aisle. Patricia did not rise. She put up her arms and drew his face down to her.

THE END

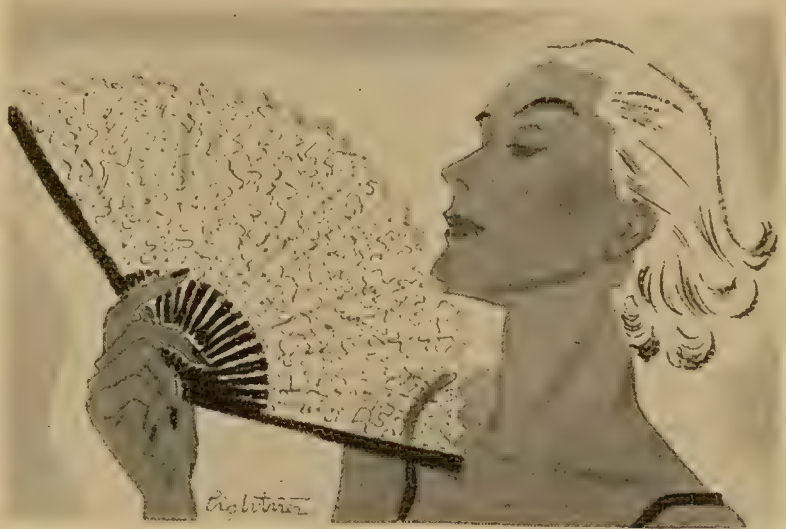
FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Lace is the style, madam. The President of the French Republic as well as American Ambassador Straus will be among those attending a lace ball at the Hotel George V on February 7, four days before the lace ball in New York at the Waldorf.

From lingerie to evening wear—good-by to those Bolshevik utilitarian undergarments (or none at all) of the boyish era, and welcome to lure and froufrou.

Fans, also of lace, offer convenient shadows to indiscreetly revelatory veilings. Even stockings show incrustations of Valenciennes—frankly speaking, quite unnecessary; but then, when was utility ever fashion's guide?

—DORAMILLER.

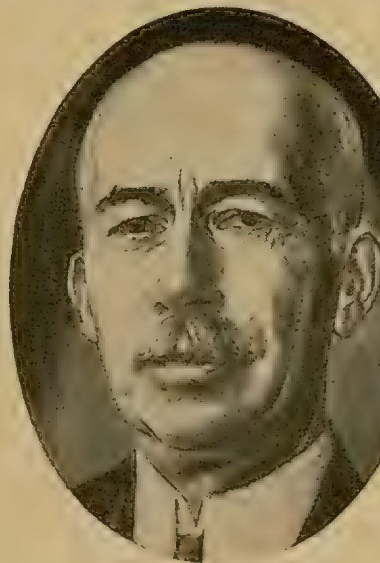


NEEDED—A WORLD RECEIVER

A Practical Proposal for Easing and Equalizing the Burden of the War Debts

by Colonel E. M. HOUSE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



THE war debts are one of those problems which do not admit of a perfect solution. In the confusion of the postwar depression almost all great nations have defaulted upon some of their debts. Even my own country has gone back on its promise to meet certain obligations in gold.

In consequence, we are now faced by universal insolvency. The entire capitalistic framework upon which modern society rests is tottering. The only logical way to meet the problem of international debts squarely and fairly would be to install a receiver for the world. His first objective would be to prepare the balance sheet for each individual debtor country, to assay its resources, to examine its balance of trade, its tariffs, its currency.

The work would not be as complicated as it seems. The receiver, not being bound by the motives of politicians, could get straight at the true facts. He would determine what each debtor was able to pay. He would deal with all creditors impartially and burden no country with an obligation beyond its ability to pay.

Of those countries which refused the readjustments proposed I would exact the full payment of their debt. To those countries which accepted the measures proposed I would grant every possible easement. But no creditor would be preferred over another. The United States would not ask for more than other creditors, but under no circumstances should she receive less.

I realize that all this is impossible in the present stage of the world. We must therefore search for some other way to meet the problem; but met it must be, else it will be impossible to lift from the world the pall of the postwar depression.

The scales are now falling from American eyes. I myself have urged leniency. I am less inclined toward it now. Our debtors have behaved so badly that it is difficult to retain one's patience.

Moreover, some of them, on their own showing, have succeeded in balancing their budgets while we are still floundering in an ocean of debt. When installments from them are due, it is extremely unlikely that any country, with the heroic exception of Finland, will make a determined effort to pay us.

Our debtors insist on speaking of the debts which they owe us as "war debts." There are those in this country who assert that the actual war debts were virtually written off in debt-funding agreements, and that the moneys now owing to us are postwar debts.

There are in every country statesmen who insist that payment should be made to re-establish the financial integrity of the nations concerned. There are some in England and France who advocate payment or at least an equitable adjustment. But at the same time there are important voices in the United States which insist that payment in full, even if possible, would not be advisable. Only recently a former government official told a questioner:

"If the foreign governments had paid their debts, it probably would have intensified the chaos in international trade, diminished our own profitable ability to produce, and possibly increased the burden of the American taxpayer."

It is probable that some debts cannot be liquidated, and that all debts must be scaled down. However, it is manifestly not fair to make the United States foot all the expenses of the World War. The way things are working out at present, we have paid not only a large part of the war expenses of the Allies but the lion's share of the German reparations as well.

If we are not paid, we shall suffer severely, but we shall recover from the strain. The structure of world credit, however, will never recover. What nation will ever again trust the plighted word of another? The war debts and their inevitable default have bedeviled not only international good faith but international good will. In 1919 American sentiment was much more friendly to our associates in the war than now. Our people would have accepted a much larger scaling down than they would now.

On the other hand, the feeling among our associates has grown hostile to us because of what they consider our "ungenerous" attitude.

I do not now, and never have, advocated the complete cancellation of all the war debts. Several of our debtors make a poor mouth when it comes to meeting their obligations but have no difficulty in finding all the money they want for ever-increasing armaments. There is money for political propaganda and money for wild adventures, but no money for Uncle Sam!

If our debtors resolutely refuse to pay, all we can do is to lock their I O Us away. There is no way in which we can collect our money at present. If we begin trade reprisals, no one can predict the ultimate result. If we should resort to war we would have to face a whole world in arms!

To come to an understanding, all concerned must re-examine the whole problem with generosity and with good will. Then, maybe, a compromise could be effected.

THE END

TROUBLE BEGINS AT 8:40

Why Do We Pick More Quarrels After Dinner Than at Noon?—Here Are Some Reasons, and a Warning

by

GERALDINE YORK

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TROUBLE keeps its appointments by the clock. Certain kinds of trouble are most likely to afflict us around certain hours of the day or night.

Lovers' quarrels and crimes of passion, blowups in marriage or in business, disrupting clashes of taste or of temperament, serious accidents and trivial mishaps—fate has its favorite hours for them all.

More people miss trains between 4 P.M. and 7 P.M. than at any other time. Inmates of asylums act their craziest between midnight and dawn. Lawyers say a large number of divorce cases may also be traced to conjugal tantrums touched off on the midnight-to-daybreak schedule. Scrappy kids have most of their fist fights in the late afternoon. Betrothed couples who fall out and fracture their engagements do so usually in the evening. Industrial workers get hurt at their jobs most often during the first hours or the last hours of their working week. Sunday morning is the big time for free-for-all family battles. Even some of nature's lesser creatures appear to have their dangerous hours. Bees, I am told, can be counted upon quite consistently to sting hardest around noon.

Why?

How does it happen that so many causes of our social strife and scrimmage should have specific time elements of their own?

Is the time element a matter of mysterious forces? Influence of the stars? Sun spots or cosmic rays?

Nothing of the sort.

No; but there are good sound natural reasons why we find ourselves beset by different troubles at different hours. Fatigue is one answer. Others may be loneliness, impatience, boredom—or indolence of the liver.

Laboratory research has brought to light a surprising amount of scientific knowledge concerning the when and why sources of trouble in the home, trouble at the office, trouble at the store and in the factory. We know that boys fight, bees sting, couples quarrel, and employees get hurt at their work most frequently when they are tired. We know that jealousy and indigestion often gang up on us for simultaneous attack.

And personal experience usually teaches us, sooner or later, to avoid doing certain things at certain hours. We learn to dodge various troubles by the clock.

A society woman of my acquaintance has made it her hard-and-fast rule never to talk on the telephone before breakfast. Since she stays abed ordinarily until about eleven o'clock, there always are incoming calls which she refuses to answer. I asked her why she does this.

"To rescue myself from my weak character," she said. "Before breakfast I have absolutely no backbone. I'll promise anybody anything. I'd be forever accepting invitations to parties I wouldn't like, and when I went to them I'd behave badly and make enemies. After breakfast I am equal to the chore of turning such invitations down. It saves me lots of trouble."

Not so dumb!

On the question of breakfast-table squabbling, doctors now claim they have discovered why the breakfast hour so often leads to stormy scenes in the kitchenette. They say it's because some people's livers wake up much later than the rest of their anatomy, while other people's livers tumble out of bed all bright and brisk.

Naturally enough, when the snappy livers sit down in the same breakfast nook with sleepy livers, the chances of a peaceful program are very slim indeed. For no cheerful morning chatterer with a lively liver should ever hope for harmony or sympathy from one of the lazy-livered tribe. The two just cannot mix congenially in the morning.

Trouble comes thick and fast for salesgirls in big department stores around four thirty or five o'clock in the afternoon. At this time women shoppers grow tired, nervous, petulant, inconsiderate. They forget that the girls behind the counters must be tired and nervous too. Straight to the complaint department they go with their grievances, real or imagined. A wise young lady who handles complaints at one of the largest stores has told me how she manages her late-afternoon faultfinders.

"First," she said, "I ask them to sit down and talk it over. Then I offer them a cigarette. I encourage them to relax. After a while they often withdraw their complaint. What they really wanted, in many cases, was just a little soothing."

Intelligent treatment! Usually a tired woman is not altogether a reasonable woman. To a somewhat lesser degree it is the same with men. At such times a few moments of relaxation can save plenty of trouble all around.

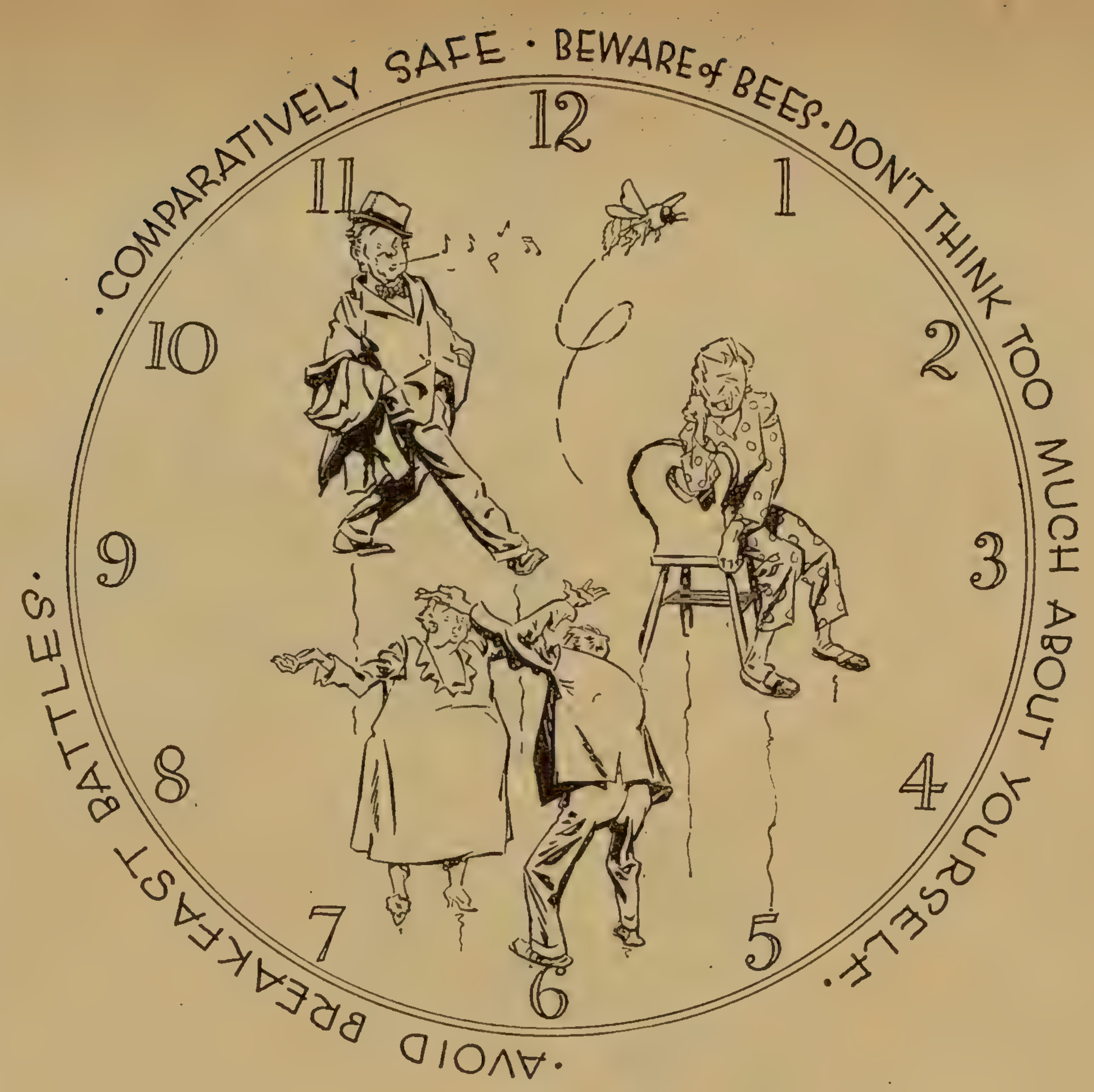
Probably this is why the English insist upon sipping their cup of tea every afternoon. Also it may be the reason why cocktails have won such wide favor in this country. The tea or cocktail recess provides a safety valve for our afternoon nerves. It helps take the five-o'clock chip off our shoulder.

Breakfast is not the only mealtime that brings us to grips with dangerous hours. Lunchtime and dinnertime also put us on perilous spots.

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, the famous zoologist, has pointed out to me that nearly all animals are bad-tempered just before they eat their meals. They, of course, are afraid some other animal may snatch their food and gobble it down.

We humans of today are seldom bothered by this primitive fear—yet the fact remains that we often get quarrelsome and snappish shortly before we eat. Few interruptions make us madder than those which disturb the regularity of our table habits.

Not long ago a friend of mine went to live in Russia with her husband, who is an American newspaper correspondent there. She struggled with the language but could not learn to speak it so that her Russian cook knew what she meant. This was particularly annoying at mealtimes. No matter what hour my friend planned to


·COMPARATIVELY SAFE · BEWARE of BEES · DON'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT YOURSELF· AVOID BREAKFAST BATTLES·
12
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The diagram refers to hours from 1 A. M. to 1 P. M. In the article you will find details of the dangers likely to assail you between 1 P. M. and midnight.

serve dinner, her Russian cook always prepared it for some other time. Visual instructions given by moving the hands of the clock did absolutely no good. Dinner, day after day, was either hours too early or hours too late. Finally the American wife exploded with rage. She could have put up with much worse inconveniences, but the daily ordeal of the jumping dinner hour was too great a strain. One day she threw her clock on the floor, smashed it to bits, packed her trunk, and started for home by the next boat. She has never gone back. Her husband is still there.

Fatigue or impatience accounts for most of the dangerous hours at industrial plants. I have seen an accident chart compiled by Dr. Thomas M. Lowry at the shops of a well known national manufacturer. Of 500 cases, more than 60 per cent occurred during the first working hours on Monday mornings. Another 25 per cent took place during the last working hours on Saturdays. The conclusion drawn was that workers were careless from fatigue when they started on Monday after a strenuous week end of sport or hotcha. And that after 11 A.M. on Saturday they became careless through impatience to quit work and get tired out again on their own time.

Now let's hold the stop watch on lovers' quarrels, busted engagements, etc. Proprietors of dancing and amusement places have informed me that violent scenes of jealousy—boys fighting over girls or vice versa—seldom flare up in their establishments until after 10 P.M. A number of women friends of mine who have gone through the experience of broken engagements—and whom I know well enough to ask them about it—tell me in every instance that their final fracas came between 9 P.M. and midnight. They couldn't say why, and neither can I.

But watch out, anyway, for the nine-to-twelve nocturnal troubles if you're in love!

Danger lurks in the deep night because we then think about ourselves and our troubles most intensively. Our distractions are fewest then. If we can't fall asleep we stay awake and review our tribulations.

Surgeons will tell you they are obliged to perform many appendicitis operations between midnight and dawn. Why? Because their patients, lying awake and alone through the creeping hours, finally worry themselves into panic and demand to be sliced at once.

The great Charles Darwin of evolution fame used to complain very bitterly about waking up in the middle of the night. If he awoke before dawn, he said, he could think of nothing except all the foolish things he had done at various times throughout his life.

Self-pity or self-blame can prey upon our minds with dire consequence during the small hours of the night. Doctors who specialize in morbid mental cases understand this and try to guard their patients against it. To physicians in charge of asylums it is well known that violent seizures occur most frequently around 3 or 4 A.M.

The best cure, I am told, for those who suffer from predaybreak blues, is to get up out of bed and *do* something. What you do makes little difference. Write letters, give yourself a manicure, or retrim a hat.

The point is to get your mind off yourself.

Dangers threaten us in some way all around the clock. They always have. Take a glance at history:

King Henry the Eighth used to cut off the beautiful heads of his undutiful wives in the early morning, between 6 and 7 A.M., while the dew was fresh on the grass; then he'd sit down to a hearty breakfast with an easy mind.

Napoleon's defeat at the battle of Waterloo became certain about 7.30 P.M.

It was late in the evening when Harry Thaw killed Stanford White.

Ivar Kreuger is said to have blown out his complicated brains just before dawn.

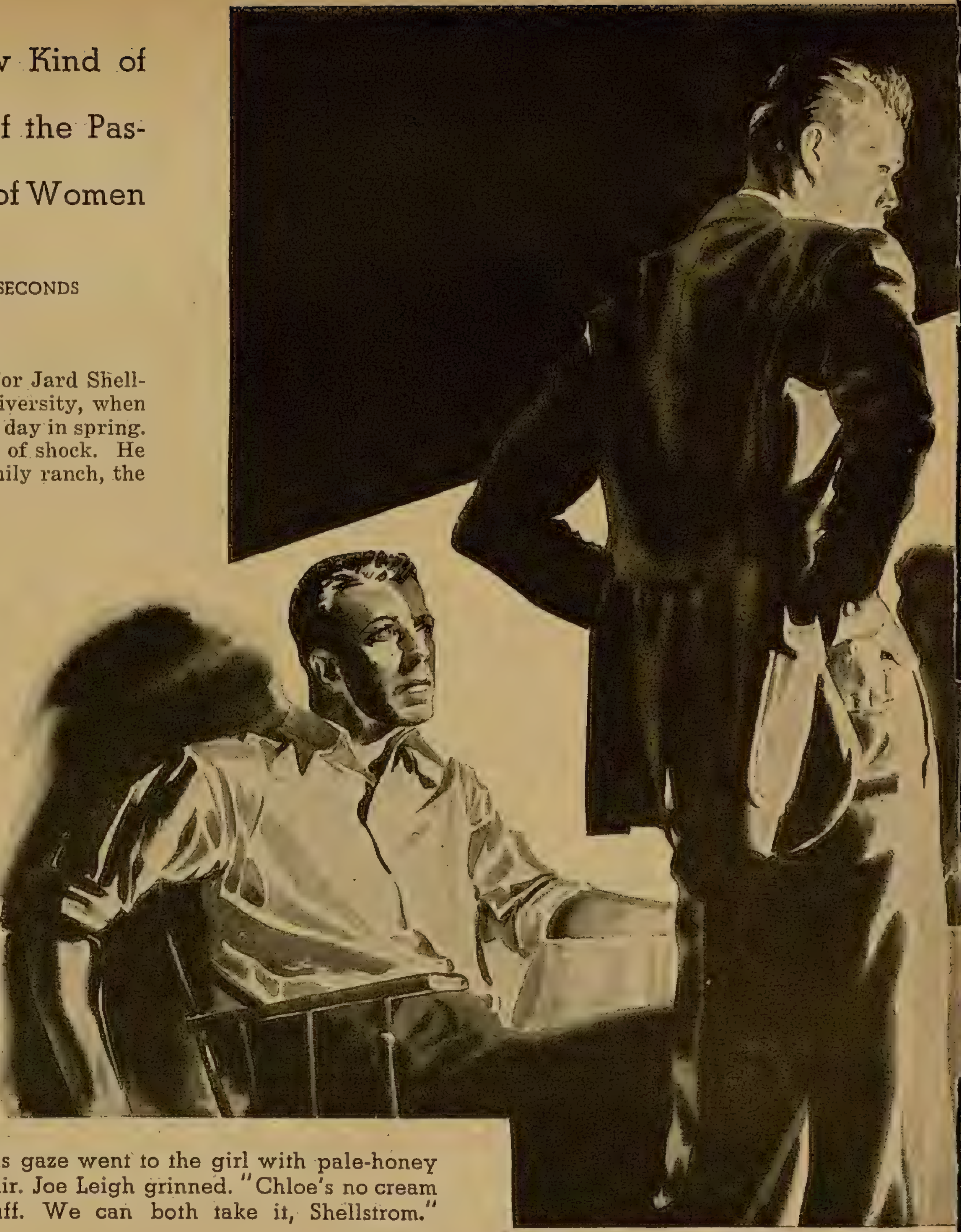
Perhaps we should keep a little timetable handy to help us dodge our dangerous hours. Suppose we try it like this: 1 to 5 A.M.: Don't think too much about yourself. 6 to 9 A.M.: Avoid breakfast battles. 10 A.M. to 12 M.: Comparatively safe. 12 M. to 1 P.M.: Beware of bees. 1 to 4 P.M.: Fairly safe again. 4 to 6 P.M.: Take a rest and avoid a row. 7 to 9 P.M.: Relax and digest. 9 P.M. to 12 midnight: Keep clear of jealousy.

Above all, *never* be a fatalist regarding time and trouble. I know a cook who once worked in a home for the feeble-minded. Some of the harmless ones were allowed to help in the kitchen. The cook dropped a pile of platters, smashing them to pieces. By chance it was 6 P.M. on the dot when this happened. One of the dimwitted helpers was a fatalist of the type I am warning you not to be. After that, at the same hour every day he would come to the cook and whisper:

"Six o'clock. Time to break the platters."

THE END

Out of the West: A New Kind of Novel—A Stirring Tale of the Passions of Men and the Love of Women



His gaze went to the girl with pale-honey hair. Joe Leigh grinned. "Chloe's no cream puff. We can both take it, Shellstrom."

STORMY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

A GHASTLY surprise is in store for Jard Shellstrom, a senior at Princeton University, when he returns to his room one sunny day in spring. He finds his mother there, seriously ill of shock. He had thought her in Oregon on the family ranch, the Halfmoon Cross. From her faltering lips he learns that his father has vanished mysteriously. "He must be dead," his mother gasps. "And you mustn't go back there!" A few minutes later she is dead.

Once, in her brief delirium, his mother had murmured the name of Oliver Calhoun, his father's hated neighbor. There had been a feud between the Calhouns and the Shellstroms for years. Jard is determined to know the truth. He packs up and drives to Oregon. Near the ranch he meets Mavis Calhoun, the black-haired daughter of his father's enemy. The feud means nothing to her. But she tells him that his father has been missing for more than a year. His mother had tried pathetically to keep this from him.

"You mustn't stay," Mavis warns him. "It would be suicide." In cryptic phrases, she hints to him of a vigilante group to which her father belongs. At the ranch Jard receives another warning, this time from Robert Van Wyck, a former professor who has taken to ranching.

Van Wyck rushes from Jard's house to Calhoun. In an hour, eleven grim men are conferring. "If he discovers what he *can* discover, we're goin' to hang," one of them mutters. They decide on a midnight meeting.

Meanwhile, Jard's attempts to regiment aid from his old friends are fruitless. Finally he reaches the Graham ranch. Jack Graham, the husky father, shamefully admits his alignment with Calhoun, but offers the services of his two sons, Nort and Phil, for protection. They go along with Jard to Halfmoon Cross. After dinner Jard decides to pay Calhoun a visit.

PART TWO—THE SECRET ELEVEN

JARD drove at a furious pace to the Calhoun place, parked his car in the driveway beside the house, walked briskly up the porch steps, and rang the doorbell with an impatient thumb. The porch globe flared to brilliance over his head and Calhoun himself opened the door.

"Good evening, Jard," he said with cold civility. "Come in."

"I will." Jard stepped into the hall. "I have a good deal to say to you, Oliver."

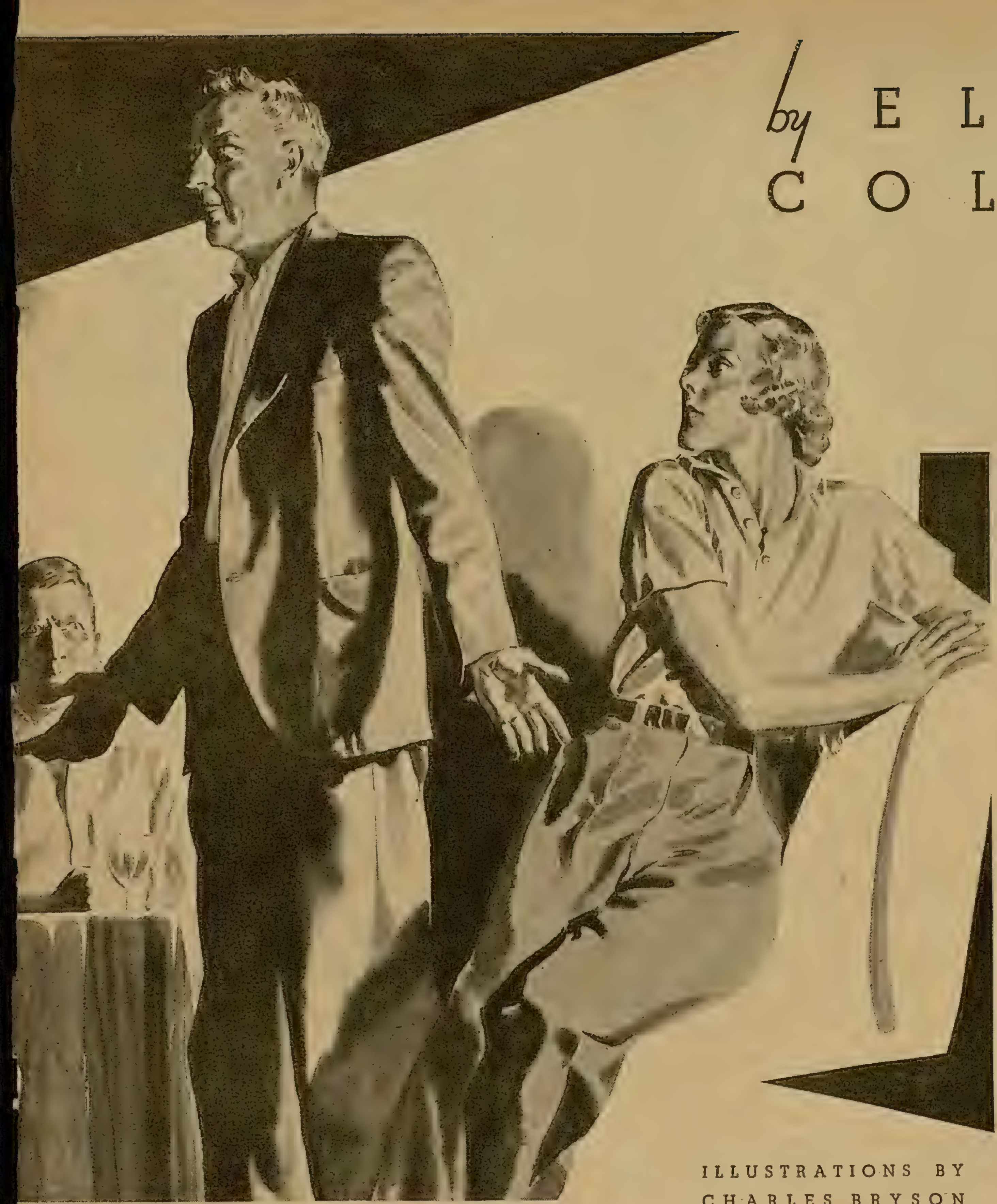
Calhoun nodded as he closed the door and led the way into the living room. He seated himself beside a small table directly under the heavy chandelier as Jard dropped into a chair facing the table a few feet away.

The probing stare of those opaque bright-blue eyes had disconcerted many a man, as they sought to disconcert Jard now.

"Just what did you have to say, Jard?" Calhoun asked in a dry mocking tone that words could ill describe.

"You know without my saying it," Jard answered, returning the blank stare with a dissecting gaze. "You're the one who had better do the talking."

"Yes?" A thin sneering smile accompanied the hard stare. "You aren't trying to be naïve, are you? I have nothing to say to Halvor Shellstrom's son, save that the quicker you leave this part of the country the better chance you will have of leaving it alive. But don't come



by ELI COLTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

HEARTS

here again! Take your hide out of this country if you want to keep it whole!"

"Just what did my father have on you that made you hate him so violently, Oliver?" Jard asked suddenly, and his eyes bored into Calhoun's face. Calhoun started and paled. "Oh, so the shot told, did it? You're a bad man, Oliver—so bad, in fact, that I wonder how you ever brought Mavis up single-handed—"

"We'll leave Mavis out of this!" Calhoun interrupted with harsh vehemence.

"We can't leave her out," retorted Jard. "She's part of the picture. You can't scare me, Oliver. You ought to know that. I'm Halvor Shellstrom's son."

A dangerous gleam burned through the hard stare. "I'm not trying to scare you. I'm simply telling you cold facts. Nobody wants the Halfmoon Cross, so don't go getting any ideas like that in your head. There isn't a man around here who'd have it as a gift. And we don't intend to see anybody else occupying it, either. I'll give you just three weeks to come to your senses and get out of here."

"You've been making threats, Oliver. You're making them now. Dangerous business!"

Calhoun laughed, a harsh sneering sound. "Do you think any man in this country would pay any attention to anything you could say?"

"I suspect not." Jard rose to his feet. "And just what would be the reaction if I should choose to be—we'll call it reasonable—and go?"

Calhoun rose also. "There simply wouldn't be any reaction. That would be the end of it. If you persist in being as bullheaded as Halvor was, you'll get out within that prescribed time anyway, only not quite so pleasantly. If I never see you again, I'll be happy to wish you luck."

"I'm not going—and I very likely will see you again." And Jard walked swiftly from the room and from the house. He drove home and told the Graham boys of the conversation.

"Dad had something on Calhoun!" he finished. "Has either of you ever heard anything about Calhoun's life before he came here?"

"I don't believe anybody ever has," said Nort.

"And when a man is that close-mouthed about what he's been and where he's been, it looks shady," Phil put in. "Hey—listen! Who's that, Jard?"

The three men sat listening intently. A man's voice hailed them from the yard.

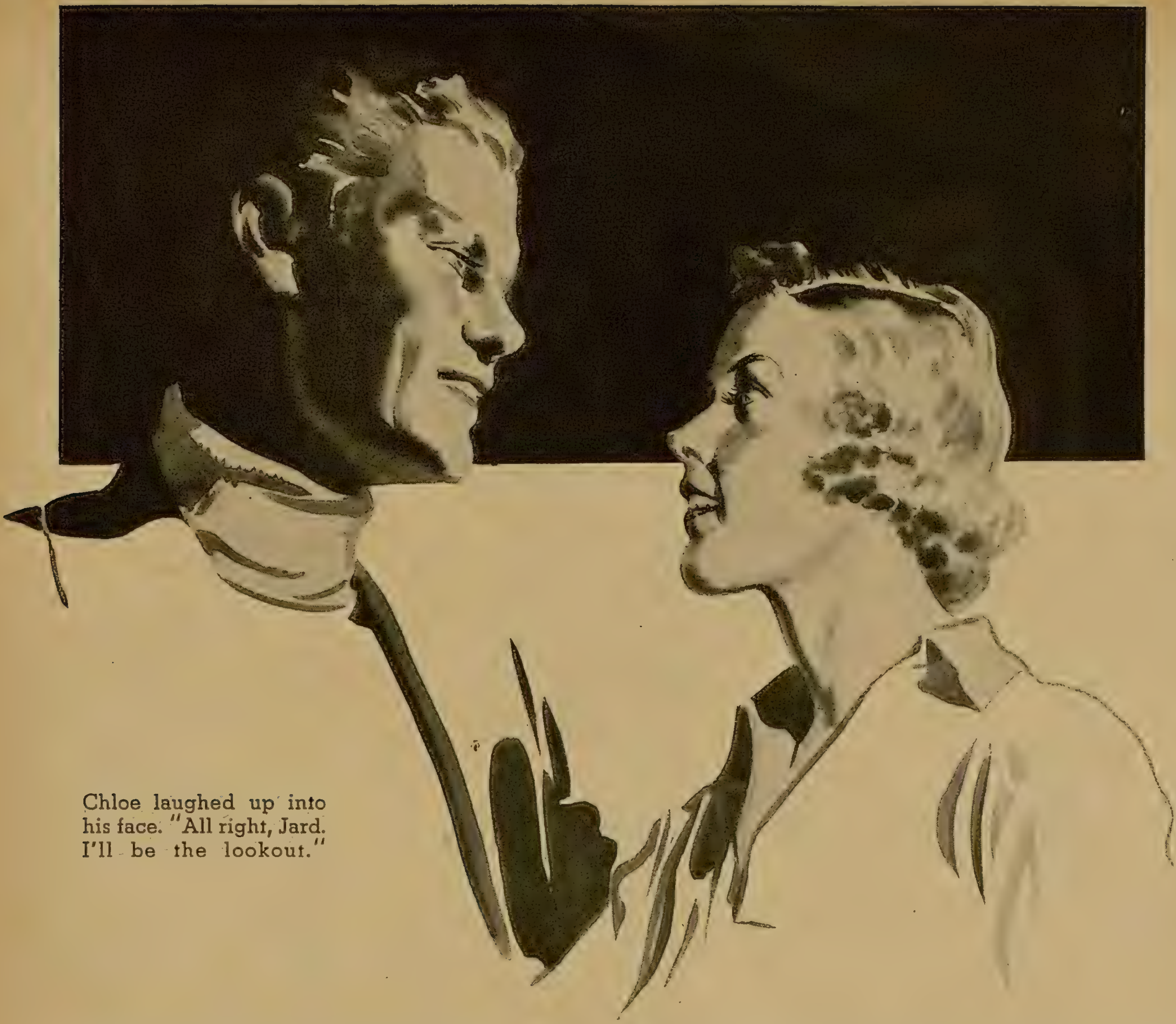
"Ahoy the house! Anybody in there?"

"Lie low and keep still!" Jard went into the hall, switched on the porch lights and threw open the door.

A few feet from the porch steps stood a young man and a girl in hiking garb. The man gave Jard an intent and scrutinizing stare.

"Good evening, mister," he greeted Jard easily. "We saw the flicker of light through the window, but the house looked so deserted I was afraid that bums or prowlers might be holed up there for the night. I didn't want to take chances on coming in with my sister till I found out who was in there. We're looking for supper and a place to stay overnight."

Jard stepped back and waved a gesture of invitation. "Come right in. I can give you both."



Chloe laughed up into his face. "All right, Jard. I'll be the lookout."

" I'm Chloe Leigh," the girl introduced herself. " This is my brother Joe. We're hitchhiking through the state, looking for work."

" Well, you stopped at the right place," Jard assured her. " Come on in. I have a couple of friends in here with me, and we dished up about six times as much supper as we could eat."

He took them into the living room and introduced them to Nort and Phil Graham. Nort volunteered to warm up the supper, and the rest seated themselves around the fireplace. Jard got his first good look at Chloe Leigh as she pulled her dust-stained sun hat from her head and leaned back to rest in a deep-cushioned old armchair.

Jard started, and veiled his gaze. It was as if some inner vision had come alive.

The girl's fair face was finely formed and richly colored. Her gray eyes were clear and direct, smudged in by almost black lashes under winged black brows. Her hair was the color of pale honey. She saw him looking at her, and smiled at him with open friendliness.

" You're being awfully kind, Mr. Shellstrom. Hitchhiking wouldn't be so bad if everybody was like you."

" I was wondering what two youngsters like you are *doing* hitchhiking over the country alone," Jard said candidly. " It's dangerous, with the unrest there is now everywhere. You can't be more than twenty years old."

" Twenty-five," corrected Joe Leigh. " That is, I am. Chloe's twenty-one." He tossed his head and flung back his thick blond hair. " We'd like to find a place to stick, fast enough! Our father was a very wealthy man once. The depression broke him financially, bodily, and mentally. He shot himself and mother. Everything was wiped out. There was barely enough we could scrape together to pay the double funeral expenses."

Phil Graham leaned forward in his chair. " Say, your father wasn't J. Hagdon Leigh, was he? "

" He was. Evidently you've read about it in the newspapers. He was getting old. He wasn't weak, but—oh, he simply couldn't take it. And Chloe and I couldn't stand the notoriety kicked up over the whole business, so we settled things and got out. We didn't have anything left but the clothes we stood in. We've still got 'em on. We both had to sell our cars to help pay for coffins and cemetery lots. So we just left it all behind us and started hitchhiking across the state. We've been working when and where we could. We're growing ragged, but we're growing tough too. Aren't we, old kid? "

Chloe smiled at him warmly. " We've had to."

" Supper's on the table! " cried Nort from the dining-room door. " Come and get it or I'll throw it out! "

WARMED and refreshed by a substantial meal, the two unexpected guests and the Graham boys adjourned to the living room again with their host.

" You alone here, Shellstrom? " Joe Leigh asked as he leaned against the mantel, puffing at a cigarette Nort Graham had given him.

" Quite." Jard looked up at him with a dry smile. " My parents are both dead. I have neither brothers nor sisters. At least, I have every reason to believe that my father is dead. I know that my mother is."

Leigh shifted from one foot to the other, embarrassed and distressed. " Beg pardon, Shellstrom," he said hastily. " I wasn't prying."

" Don't apologize," Jard returned with a quick smile. " The truth is that I don't know what became of my father. He disappeared from this place while I was East at college. The shock killed my mother. I've come home to try to get at the bottom of the affair."

He went on to describe in detail the situation that had greeted him on his return.

"Phew!" Leigh whistled, and looked across at Nort Graham with excited eyes. "Looks like you were letting yourself in for it, Shellstrom. Doesn't it, Graham?"

"Looks like it," Nort agreed. "He's got me and Phil to battle it out with him, though. Three fighters together."

"Well," said Joe, "why not *five* fighters together? You're in a dangerous position, Shellstrom!"

"Yes, I'm in a hot spot, Leigh. For that very reason I couldn't accept your impulsive offer." His gaze went to the girl with pale-honey hair. "The Halfmoon Cross is going to be no place for a woman during the next three weeks."

Joe Leigh grinned. "Chloe's no cream puff. We can both take it, Shellstrom."

"You brave buckoes are all going to be too busy to cook food and wash dishes." Chloe sat up in her chair and gazed directly into Jard's dubious face. "You're needing a housekeeper. Why, this was made to order for us two strays, Mr. Shellstrom. You aren't *insisting* that we go on, are you?"

Jard capitulated. "We'll let it ride that way: with the stipulation that if it grows too hot for you at any time, you make tracks. So far as I'm concerned—hold everything! Listen! There's somebody on the front porch."

THE five fell into instant silence, ears straining. There was a slight thud on the wide front veranda, then another—the thud of cautious footfalls. Jard rose swiftly and noiselessly, catfooted it into the hall, and slipped to the front door.

With one hand he reached for the porch-light switch. With the other hand he gripped the doorknob. He turned on the lights and swung open the door in the same lightning-swift movement.

Before the wide front windows stood a lean wiry man with broad shoulders and a strange face—a face that was long and lantern-jawed, wherein the eyes were deeply set and the nose humped, yet because of the curve of the mouth, the planes of the cheeks, and the brilliance of the large eyes, it was a face of almost savage beauty. It was a face, once seen, never forgot.

"Toby Thurm!" Jard said sharply. "What in hell are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," Thurm answered, with a shrug. "I was trying to make out who was in there with you. My business is slightly private, Jard."

Jard gestured to the open doorway. "Come on in."

Thurm shook his bare head so violently that his mass of curling black hair fell over his forehead. "You come on out and shut the door. I've got to talk to you."

Be sure the laxative YOU take is *mild* enough for even a little child

HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

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"Oh, you have?" Jard's jaw set pugnaciously. "Well, you can talk all you want to, Toby; but you're coming in!" He drew Thurm in with one sweeping jerk and shut the door behind. He switched off the porch lights and proceeded down the hall, the protesting Thurm dragged along with him. At the door of the living room he halted, and shoved Thurm into the center of the room. "Chloe and Joe, this is Toby Thurm. All right, Toby. Go ahead and spit it out."

Thurm turned a boring look on the two Graham boys. "What are you two doing here, Phil?"

"Well, if it's any of your damned business," Phil returned coolly, "we saw a light here and dropped in to see who was getting familiar with an empty house. We got to talking to Jard, and decided to stay. Dad doesn't know where we are, and you'd better keep your mouth shut unless you want your block knocked off!"

"Why should I care what you do?" Thurm shrugged his massive shoulders again. "I came to see Jard—alone."

"Well, you're not going to see me alone!" snapped Jard. "What was your idea in coming here, anyway?"

"Dad sent me." A dark frown shadowed Thurm's queerly beautiful face. "He wants to buy the Halfmoon Cross."

"He wants to *buy* it?" echoed Jard. "The hell you say!"

"Yeah." Thurm nodded, and a kind of feverish eagerness superseded his nervousness. "See here, Jard. Dad's offering a good price. Better take it and make a good deal for yourself."

"So they've decided this soon that they can't scare me out, have they?" Jard countered. "And they're trying to buy me off now. Well, you can go back and tell your father to report to Calhoun that it won't work, Toby. I'm not to be ordered out, scared out, or bought out."

Thurm laughed again. "I already told 'em that. But they made me come anyway. And Calhoun said it was the last chance he'd give you to show sense and get out quietly, too. He said if you turned down a reasonable offer for the ranch that the fight was on. You'd better keep the lights on and your back to the wall." He turned and walked toward the door. "I know a lot about this business. I know that Jack Graham is sitting on the fence; but there isn't another damn man in the country that's sitting there with him. Remember that, Jard. You keep your eyes peeled!" And he was gone.

"Well, I guess he isn't sitting on the fence, anyway," Nort commented with caustic humor. "Calhoun's got Toby tied and sewed up in a bag—has had for years. But he's a close-mouthed cuss, for all his meanness. He'll never say a word about Phil and me being here. He'll go right and call up Calhoun. That's what he'll do. I'd give my right ear to hear that conversation!"

But no man heard it. Thurm walked rapidly up the highway to the spot where his sun-tan streamlined sedan was waiting in the shadow of the poplar windbreak that Halvor Shellstrom had planted many years ago. He got into the sedan and drove at reckless speed to the old deserted house in the draw south of Graham's hayfield—the house in which Emery Halpole had secretly installed a telephone at Calhoun's behest.

THE old house was ghostlike and isolated. The draw was heavily wooded. The spot was perfectly designed by nature as a hidden and unmolested site for the successful accomplishment of things clandestine.

Thurm turned off the lights of his car, leaving it parked in the mouth of the draw under a spreading pine, walked on up to the house, slipped in, and went to the telephone with the certainty of movement possible only to a man who knows every inch of the way before him. He took down the receiver and called Calhoun.

"Hello, Oll," he said into the mouthpiece. . . . "Yeah. This is Toby. . . . . Yeah. I just came from there. He said no. Wouldn't listen to it for a minute. You'll have to take more strenuous measures than that, Oll."

"You fool!" Calhoun's voice grated over the wire. "We've got to fight shy of violence, save as a last resort. How many times do I have to remind you of that? We've got to get him out of there quietly if it's humanly possible. We have too much at stake to take risks, unless we're forced to resort to extremes out of sheer self-preservation and self-protection."

"Well, I'd say we have too much at stake to be too damned squeamish about violence, if nothing else'll work," Toby retorted. "Do I go on home now?"

"You might as well," Calhoun answered irritably. "I'll have a talk with Van Wyck and see what else we can concoct. I'll call you tomorrow."

"O. K. Good-by." Thurm hung up the receiver and departed from the unlighted and silent house. As he climbed into his sedan and settled under the steering wheel he muttered to himself darkly: "It's a damn good thing for me that *he* doesn't know what *I* know about *him.* God! If I was as rotten as that guy I'd wear a permanent coat of whitewash! So I'm supposed to go home, am I? Like hell I will!" He laughed sourly to himself as he stepped on the gas. "If that egg thinks he's going to pull something tonight that I don't know about, he's cuckoo!"

HE drove the sedan on up the draw, past the dark deserted house, crawling along at ten miles an hour in second gear. Perhaps a half mile beyond the house, the car lights picked out two rearing boulders, side by side. Thurm drove round them and stopped his car on the far side. Either of them was big enough to hide two sedans. He switched off the lights, crawled out of his car again, and went at a dogtrot back to the house. He slipped in and secreted himself in a room on the second floor—a room situated directly above the one where Calhoun's men came to hold their meetings.

He had been concealed there less than forty minutes when he heard cars creeping into the draw and men coming into the house below him. Within a very short time there were gathered below Calhoun and the ten men who had met at Calhoun's house the day of Jard's return. Their voices rose clearly to Toby's ears.

"How much did you offer him?" Van Wyck was asking.

"I told Toby not to make any definite offer unless there was some hope of making a deal with him," Calhoun answered. "We're all set, Zan. Blow out that candle. We don't dare make a light now any more than we ever did."

"He wouldn't listen to it, eh?" Halpole asked.

"Not for a minute, Toby said. I didn't have much hope that he would. I haven't much hope that he'll listen to anything, for that matter." Calhoun's voice sharpened. "But we have to try everything we can think of to get him out without disturbance before these three weeks are up. In just three weeks we're going to be set to blow things wide open. You all realize what he could do to us personally if he learned anything. Well, he's not going to have a chance to do it, that's all!"

"Hadn't we better take him now, before he gets somebody there to back him up?" Wark Hassalo suggested.

"Who could he get in this man's country that would back him?" sneered Calhoun. "Every man within fifty miles belongs to this immediate branch of the society."

"I don't think so," Hassalo objected mildly. "No man in this world is so ostracized in any community but he can find a friend or two. We'd better squelch him right now, before we get in too deep."

"We're already in too damned deep!" said Calhoun savagely. "He's helpless—unless he gets to prowling around and digs something up. Until such time as he really learns something, we'll do all we can to force him out. The minute he learns anything, he's done. We'll move, and move quickly. But I don't believe that will be necessary."

"Hardly," Van Wyck agreed, with brisk confidence. "The ranch is run-down and the machinery out of order. He has nothing there he can use but his roadster. We have him where he can get no supplies unless he goes clear to Pendleton for them. He deliberately walked into Holeo's store, and locked Holeo up in the back room while he took what he wanted, when Tom refused to sell him anything. But he didn't get much. What he has can't last him for more than two or three days. The man has to eat. What's the answer? He's going to be off to

Pendleton within the next few days to buy food. The instant he's out of the immediate territory, we burn that house to the ground!"

"Slick!" approved Halpole. "You use your head, Van."

"Don't give me credit," Van Wyck retorted sourly. "Oliver is the brains of this outfit. He has it all planned to the last detail. Give 'em the low-down on it, Oliver."

"That's about all there is to it. When he comes back and finds his house gutted by fire, his barns, outbuildings, and fields burned, there won't be anything to stay for. He'll get out then, fast enough. He won't be able to prove anything and we'll have plenty of alibis. So all of you keep your heads and go on about your business as if nothing was in the wind. I have Toby Thurm watching the place. The instant the house is left deserted again for a few hours, he'll let us know."

"Who's going to set the fires?" demanded Zan Brenner.

"Us," said Calhoun curtly. "We've got to keep all action regarding Jard Shellstrom between us eleven. Well, that's that for tonight. The minute I hear from Toby that Shellstrom's gone to Pendleton, I'll let you know."

They filed out of the house, while Thurm lay waiting for their departure. After they were gone he descended, got his sedan, and drove out of the draw, satisfied. Everything that had been said was old to him, but he had wanted to be sure of all their complotting and their intended moves.

"But what Calhoun doesn't know," Toby said to himself with a short laugh, "is that Jard has four other people there to back him right now. This isn't going to be so easy as Oll thinks it is—but that's his funeral. Damn it, I wish I could find out what they did with old man Shellstrom! It must have been pretty bad."

He drove by the Halfmoon Cross on the way home. There was still a light in the windows.

INSIDE the Shellstrom house, the five "guardians for the right" were making plans for defense as actively as Calhoun was making plans for offense.

"But even five fighters aren't enough!" Jard was saying. "And five aren't all there are going to be. We can't hope to find another man in this country who will side in with us. We have to go farther afield. So I'm going far enough afield to be sure of results."

"What's buzzing in your head, Jard?" Phil asked.

"Just this!" Shellstrom sat erect in his chair. "How many of you have ever seen a strike in operation?"

"All of us, I guess," answered Nort.

"Well, did you ever see any more capable a group of ugly fighters than a crowd of striking laborers armed with clubs and rocks and anything they could get their hands on?"

"I guess not!" Joe Leigh frowned. "But I don't exactly follow you."

Jard laughed and spread his hands in a wide and eloquent gesture. "Think of the countless men out of work right now—men who have been out of work for years, who'd do anything short of murder to find work and a livelihood. I don't dare to leave this house unguarded. No telling what those fools might do while I was gone. Somebody must be here all the time. That's where you come in, Joe. You're going to Portland and get me some men!"

"Righto!" Joe grinned. "Some of those men bumming around town looking for work are bound to have had ranch experience."

"Ranch hands aren't enough! There's a lot to be done here. Some of the buildings need repairing badly. There are cattle to round up and brand—yes, and hayfields and truckfields to be plowed and planted. But first there are trucks and tractors to be put into working order. We need a couple of good mechanics."

"Say, what do you think I've been doing all these years?" Phil Graham interrupted caustically. "All the time you've been at college Nort and I had to learn to keep the tractors and trucks going. We can put them in order. How many you got, Jard?"

"Three tractors and two big trucks."

"We can have 'em running in a couple of days. Got any gas?"

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"Dad's buried tank is about half full," Jard answered.

"Then you're okee-doke, old-timer." Phil grinned at him. "We'll take care of the trucks and tractors. Proceed with the plot."

"Joe goes to Portland tomorrow morning in my roadster," Jard returned with brisk efficiency. "He puts an ad in the Oregonian the minute he gets there. He holes up in a hotel, and picks his men as they come in—he'll have plenty to choose from. He's hiring mechanics, carpenters, ranch hands, and every kind of man that can be of use here, from cowboys to cooks."

"How many men will you want?" Joe demanded.

"Anything around a hundred and fifty. We're going to be prepared to fight. We are going to have the opposition outnumbered from the jump! I'll give you enough money to pay the men's fares to The Dalles and to buy them a couple of meals. They can gang up there in the jungles along the river. We'll pick them up and bring them in after night in the trucks. Nothing to it!"

"God!" breathed Nort Graham. "This looks like business!"

"Nothing else but!" Joe grinned cheerfully. "Lordy, but this man Calhoun is going to get a surprise!"

"Calhoun isn't going to know anything about it!" Jard's voice was sharp with warning. "We're going to move so quietly that he'll have to turn himself wrong side out to get one jump ahead of us. But we're fighting a man with brains—don't forget that! He'll checkmate us every step of the way if we leave him a loophole. We're going to have to be on our toes every minute if we win, and I'm not so sure we aren't fighting a losing battle, at that. Calhoun has an incredible hold on this country. I don't know how he got it or how far it goes, but I do know that we're going to have to fight like fools if we ever hope to come out topside. Well, Joe, do you start for Portland in the morning?"

"Before daybreak!" answered Joe promptly. "But—say, what am I going to tell these guys I hire?"

"Pick them carefully and tell them the truth," Jard answered. "But tell them guardedly! You can't bring them out here blind—they have to know what they're coming into, Joe. Tell them not to come in a bunch, whatever they do. Have them string along a few at a time. Nobody will know anything about it till after they're here."

"And after they're here nobody will find out just how many we have, either," Phil Graham cut in. "Damn it, Jard, there's going to be smoke around here!"

"Smoke suggests fire, and fire suggests hot water." Chloe got to her feet. "If there's any hot water, I'll wash the dishes and get the kitchen in order."

"There isn't any hot water." Nort Graham rose hastily. "But I'll turn on the electric heater and there soon will be."

Not one in a thousand KNOWS...

Where NOT to Be in a Thunderstorm

by E. G. CONKLIN

THE worst place on earth where any one could be during a thunderstorm (and it occasionally is the *last* place!) is under a tree—*except under a tree on a hill with a crowd of people!*

If you are out in the country and a thunderstorm comes up, you'll stand out in the rain if you value your life more than the marcel wave in your hair, ladies, or the press of your trousers, gentlemen. Not that there is much chance of your getting struck by lightning, whatever you do. Your chances of getting struck by an automobile are a thousand times, more or less, greater than they are of getting in the way of a bolt of lightning.

However, practical science has proved that if you want to avoid even the minimum danger of lightning, you should stay away from exposed high places, from crowds of people without any roof over them, and from single trees, wire fences, and telephone or power lines. Lightning shows somewhat more partiality for these objects than for others.

But it is really unnecessary to be scared by a thunderstorm. The chances are a million to one against your being killed or even injured by lightning—and of course it is lightning that kills, and not the thunder, which makes all the terrifying noise. Incidentally, what makes the noise of thunder is another fascinating fact; but it belongs in another story later to be told.

Inside of any all-metal structure, or even one that has a metal frame, like a steel steamship or a skyscraper (provided it has a good foundation of metal in moist soil), you are completely safe from lightning. Such steel structures act like lightning rods and conduct all of the electrical charge gently but firmly into the ground, where it ceases to have any venom.

So—be thrilled by a thunderstorm but don't be afraid of it!

Next—There Are FOUR Kinds of Zero!

"Oh, let the dishes go for tonight," Jard protested. "I move that we get to bed."

Chloe shook her head. "I'd rather get the kitchen work done tonight. Go turn on the heater, Nort. You can wipe the dishes if you want to."

"No he can't!" Jard contradicted. "I claim that privilege."

Chloe's gaze swung to him as he sat there, dark and brooding but with a half-smile on his face. Something lit in her eyes. "It's your house," she said softly. "I couldn't think of going contrary to your orders."

So Jard wiped the dishes; and he watched her as she worked, conversing lightly of various things, his eyes straying often to her honey-colored hair. When the dishes were done and the kitchen in order, they returned to the living room, where Joe and the Grahams sat deep in conversation.

"We're all turning in," Jard announced. "I'll show you to your rooms. We have to get some sleep and be up early. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day for all of us."

Jard showed the men to their quarters, and lastly he led Chloe to a room at the forward end of the hall.

"Where you can have the view out over the valley," he told her. "Where you can watch the endangered fort for hostile comers."

Chloe laughed up into his face. "All right, Jard. I'll be the lookout. Not the kind that cries 'Wolf! wolf!' when the big bad wolf isn't there."

Jard smiled back at her as they came to a halt before the door of the room that was to be hers. "I fear there will prove to be several big bad wolves in these woods before we get out of them. But, you'll notice—my house is built of stone."

"Yes?" said Chloe, her hand reaching for the knob of the door. "I *have* noticed it. And—I'm in it."

Jard started slightly and looked intently into her face, that face which was so fair and blonde, so like the face he had always conjured in his dreams. He bent toward her involuntarily. But between him and her delicate features the wild passionate beauty of Mavis Calhoun's countenance interposed like a vivid dream suddenly remembered, and he drew back.

"Yes, you're in it." His hand reached out to close over hers, and together their two hands turned the knob and threw back the door. He reached inside and switched on the lights. "This was the room I had when I was a kid. After I went away to college, mother and dad slept here. I hope you'll be comfortable."

"I'm quite sure I shall." Chloe smiled up into his face again.

He was the kind of man into whose face women *do* smile. Not being a fatuous fool, he had learned that fact years since and had learned to discount it. How was she to know that all his life he had dreamed of a woman with fair gold hair and gray eyes, with a fine and delicate face? He certainly wasn't going to tell her as precipitately as this. He merely smiled back.

"I'm sure of it myself."

A little imp of mischief gleamed in Chloe's eyes. "A man with your looks! The women *would* spoil you, wouldn't they? Jard! I've come in out of the night, despairing and homeless, to this. I think you'd better pinch me, so that I'll be certain I'm not dreaming." She laughed directly into his face—a tantalizing laugh.

He wasn't an ape, but his blood was blood and not milk. He caught her roughly into his arms and kissed her—nor did he realize that it was not quite as he had kissed Mavis Calhoun.

"You're not dreaming!" he said, and turned on his heel and strode down the hall to the room where Nort Graham was waiting for him.

But before he reached the room he heard a car purr to a low halt before the house, and he went swiftly down the stairs to investigate.

Mavis was coming up the walk.

Jard let himself out the door to meet her. She went straight to his arms as instinctively as they reached out to meet her and gather her close.

"Jard!" She shrank against him. "They've had two of their secret meetings since you came home. One yesterday afternoon at our house, and one tonight somewhere—I couldn't find out where. I was there when you came to see dad. I heard most of what was said. He didn't know it. I'm afraid of him, Jard—afraid of what he'll do to you!"

"He's not going to do anything to me!" Jard answered.

"But with you here all alone—I'm getting more afraid every hour."

"I'm not alone," Jard assured her. "I have four friends here with me right now—three men and a sister of one of the men."

"Oh!" Mavis pulled free of his embrace. "There's a woman in there? Jard! Some woman—from the East?"

"Hold on, Stormy Weather!" He caught her back into his arms again. "Don't go flying into a temper. She's nobody I ever knew before. Take it easy and I'll explain. I've got Nort and Phil Graham in there. Keep that to yourself! Two hitchhikers came by tonight, wanting a meal and a bed, a man and his sister, and I took them in. They're staying."

"WHAT'S she like?" Mavis gripped his arms with tense hands. "I don't want her here!"

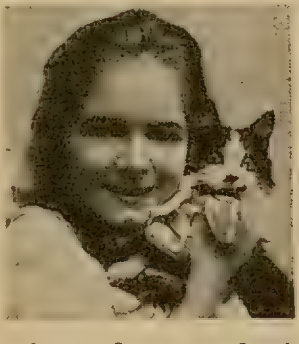
"Easy, Stormy! Easy!" Jard stopped her furious protest with his mouth against hers. "She's blonde and beautiful, and damned easy to look at withal. But what do you care? Don't you start fighting with me again! We're pals now, the old score wiped out. She's only staying here with her brother till I get this fracas settled. You scoot along home now."

"Jard, please!" She huddled close to him. "You've always been everything that was fine and beautiful to me. I've loved you so long. Let me stay a little while! It's pure charity, Jard! Let me stay!"

Mavis or Chloe? Here's a ticklish situation that looks like the perfect foundation for plenty of future emotional fireworks. How will this strange triangle fit itself into the weird pattern of mystery and hate and the secret of Halfmoon Cross? Follow new developments in next week's issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Born in Washington, D. C., October 10, 1901, she married a playwright. From this early photograph can you identify "Mary of Scotland"?

2—Is Oshkosh in Nebraska or Wisconsin?

3—What is the difference between hard cider, applejack, and apple brandy?

4—Who made $36,000 during 1934 by radio broadcasts, and turned the sum over to charity?

5—Is a kickshaw a conveyance, a toy, or a Chinese gratuity?

6—Who is the fifth Marx brother?

7—When does the fiscal year of the United States government end?

8—Which requires more food, a boy of fifteen or a man of twenty-five?

9—Is the average award of alimony in the United States $5, $15, $50, or $62.80 a week?

10—When is an elephant considered grown up?

11—Which word is spelled correctly: perenially, daguerrotype, scend, exhiliartion?

12—Does a doctor usually live longer than his patients?

13—What are the setae of a feline?

14—Why are Daisy Greene, Marjorie Relyea, Vaugn Tex-Smith, Margaret Walker, Agnes Wayburn, Marie L. Wilson grouped together?

15—Is Kidderminster a kind of carpet, a German term for a midwife, or a young Swiss goat?

16—Who was really the inventor of the steamboat?

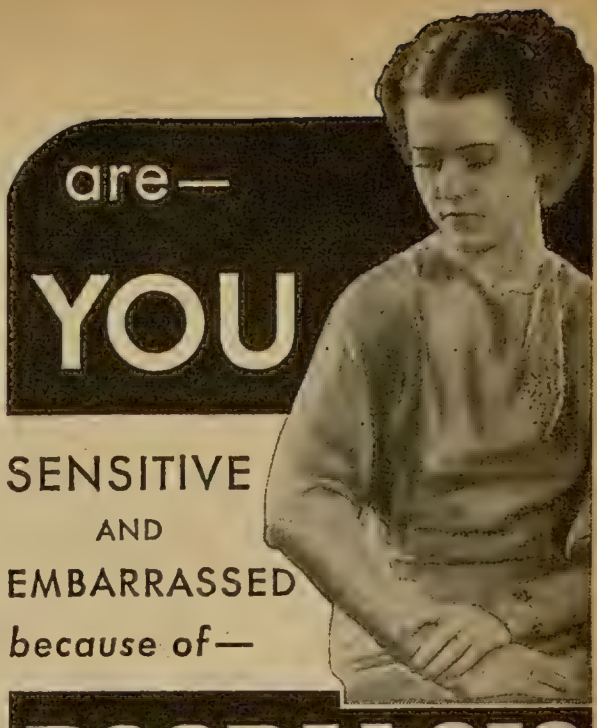
17—In which branch of Congress of the United States must a tariff measure originate?

18—What did the ancient Greeks use in place of napkins?

19—Which of the following occupied prison cells: John Galsworthy, Nathaniel Hawthorne, O. Henry, Oscar Wilde?

20—Who wrote this message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours"?

(Answers will be found on page 43)



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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Blithely Enlarges Her Knowledge of the So-Called Human Race

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Hollywood, Cal.
Socko O'Brien,
Community Hospital,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Socko:

If youre still in the hospital, I'm glad. At least, I know where you are.

Listen, silly, I told you that I had moved into a dizzy theatrical rooming house to save money, and now that I'm all set I'll tell you more about it. The kick-off was, it nearly broke my heart to check out of that cute little two-room apartment I had over on Highland Avenue, *but*, when a girls *not* working and the sheriff *is*, theres nothing left for her to do but haul hips to a cheaper joint.

Honest, I wish you could get a cargo of this Watson troup I'm living with. I wrote you something about them in my last letter, but on the level, kid, you aint heard nothing! However, first I'll try and describe my new room to you.

Its a small hall bedroom about the size of a waffle iron. The walls are papered with giddy sprays of poppies and from the look of the papering, the egg must have had a crockery eye. A pair of torn lace curtains dangle over the single window that overlooks a chink employment agency. As for the bed, its one of those break-away, collapsable affairs that hangs on a door. You have to be a fiddler crab to get in it.

Opposite the window stands a red painted chiffonier minus a leg. An empty milk bottle takes the place of the other pin. Over the chiffonier is draped a Turkish towel with "Liverpool Line" woven into it. Against one of the walls is an overstuffed chair that George Wash must have slept in in Valleys Forge, its that antique. Theres a badly cracked mirror in a gold frame. On the frame is a little brass plate with the inscription: "Custar's Last Fight,"—and from the look of it, I guess it was.

As Mrs. Watson remarked: "It's not very 'ansome, Miss, but you cant expect Bucking'am Palace for three dollars a week."

But I should worry, kid. *Garbo* slept in *worse* when she started out and before *I* get through, I'll have these cinema executives visiting me in Beverly, dont think I wont!

Now for the Watson's:—

The landlady and "Professor" Watson are wows! As near as I can dope out, theyre just a pair of cockney comics who'd have you believe they bounced from English aristocracy. Boy, and the way they toss around the King's english is a riot.

F'instance, Mrs. Watson told me she was born in a "beautiful castle in Billingsgate," which,—according to her,—is the Newport of London. If you ask me, I think she's got it scrambled with some walk-up on the Liverpool water-front. She's all the time blowing about "how she used to be surrounded with butlers and maids" and when she puts on the feed bag, she dunks her steak in the java and scratches her neck with the fork.

Oh, and the way she raves about her husband is a scream. According to her, her hubby was not only a "Professor of languages at Oxford," but he's supposed to have "vast 'oldings in the 'Ide Park Pump and Burlap Works, Ltd." The pay-off is, he soles his own shoes. Laf that off! To hear her beef, you'd think he'd flown the Atlantic *without* sandwitches.

"Thats 'im," she said, "when 'e was an actor," and showed me a photo of the professor in a pompus pose wearing a floor-walkers coat and a pair of Gladstone's. Under the picture it said: "William Wellington Watson, as the Vicar of Wakefield, Druary Lane, London."

"'E's a very versatile man, Mr. Watson is," she went on—cracking her knuckles by way of amusement. "'Is father was a barrister in the 'Ouse of Parliament and 'is father before 'im was a very worthy gentleman. Really, 'is lineage dates back to the Jukes and Lords. We've 'ad some great larks together, 'im and me."

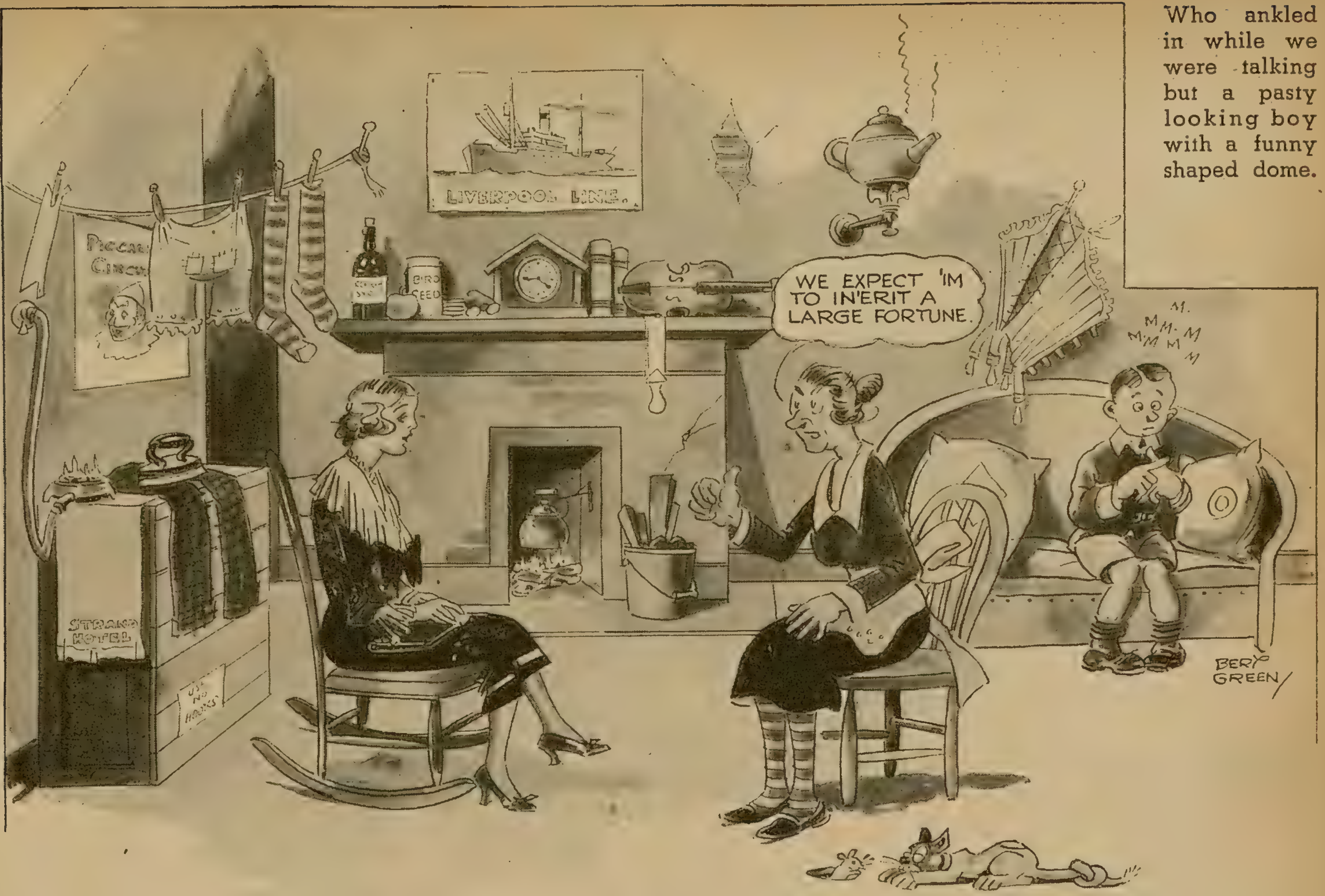
Thats the way she talks, Socko. A trick line, what?

To add to the merriment, who ankled in while we were talking but a pasty looking boy about fourteen with a funny shaped dome. He wore short black pants, an artist's tie and an Eaton collar. Without saying a word, he parked himself on the horsehair couch and began going through imaginary motions like *knitting*. The curious part of it was, he didn't have anything in his mitts. Whats more, he didnt pay the slightest bit of attention to Mrs. Watson or me. All he did was make his dukes go, twist his nose and sniffle. I figured his clutch was slipping or he was a little coo-coo up stairs. Finally, when Mrs. Watson caught me gunning him out of the corner of my eye, she said:

"Dont mind 'im, Miss, 'e's quite 'armless! Besides, 'e's 'ard of 'earing. Really, 'e's a cute little nipper when you know 'im."

I was afraid to crack for fear of offending, so I asked her who he belonged to.

"'Is name is Alvin," she said. "We're adopting 'im. You'd be surprized to know that 'e descends from the nobility. Oh my yes! You see, we expect 'im to *in'erit* a large fortune when 'e's twenty-one. Alvin's papa and mama were not married because 'is papa 'appened to be married to another lady. Alvin's papa, by-the-way, is



Who ankled in while we were talking but a pasty looking boy with a funny shaped dome.

the Juke of Upsandowns and 'is mama is Lady Loungeberry of Middlesex. After Alvin was born, 'is parents christened 'im Alvin Throckmorton Beaverboard in order to avoid any scandal in the Royal famalies.

"You see," she went on, "Mr. Watson is supposed to receive ten pounds each fortnight from the Juke for Alvin's maintenance, but of late, the Juke is behind in 'is compensations so we are retaining the youth for security."

Thats a hot one isn't it, Socko? Theyre evidentially putting the clamp on the boy until he's old enough to grab the new set of sugar. I happened to remark that I thought the kid was rather odd, and she said:

"Yes, 'is mama carelessly let 'im fall off a 'igh balcony when 'e was quite young which probably accounts for 'is 'ead being bent."

Oh, this place is full of knobby surprises.

Just then there came a loud knock on the door. When Mrs. Watson opened it, there stood a little dark skinned man with a large Durante screwed to his pan.

"Vare's Mr. Vatson?" blurted out the egg in a raspy voice.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Glutz," she said very meekly, "but Mr. Watson has gone to a director's meeting in Detroit. 'E'll probably be gone a week."

"Vat! Dedroydt? A veek?" the punk fairly yelled. "Vell, if a payment I shouldnt gat naxt veek,—proceedings I should start!"

Bang went the door and Mrs. Watson was ample peeved.

"Of all the uncouth, rude and loutish individuals," she remarked, flopping herself beside me, "that bounder takes the tarts. 'Ere is my poor dear 'usband running around trying to collect thousands of dollars owed 'im by banks and corporations and 'e 'as to be 'arassed by petty scoundrels."

The pay-off was, Socko, that her poor dear husband was sleeping on a couch in the next room waiting for his only pair of *sox to dry.*

You probably wonder why I'm living in such a screwey trap, old dear, but honestly, this family has me intrigued. Ive never had so many laughs since your old man fell off the fire escape and ruined the suit he won on the punchboard. Really, theyd do *anything* for me. Why, yesterday,—when I was over at the casting office—Mrs. Watson even steamed my one and only velvet evening gown and mended some of my stockings. Hows that for kindness?

Oh, and I forgot to tell you she *told my fortune.* Yes, after studying the cup, she said:

"Look, dear! I see nothing but birds around you. Lots of birds. Birds mean 'appiness and good luck. Whats more, I see a *tall, 'ansome young man.* Yes, and 'e's *coming into your life!* Look! 'Ere's 'is *initials.* They're *J. D.*"

So now, a "tall, 'ansome young man is coming into my life."

Hooray!—Brother, but if he looks like *you,* I'll part his hair with a sledge!

So long kid, I'll meet you in the Silly Symphony!

Your pal, GINGER.

The Suicide Sports Club,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Ginger:

Hey, whats all this business about the *'ansome young man* thats *coming into your life?* Listen, as soon as he comes *in,* he'll go *out* like a light! I'm the guy that pastes them, what I mean!

Another thing, youd better scram out of that dizzy dump before they measure you for a *sleeveless* gown. I know from whenced I speak.

And listen, one more crack outa you about that Silly Symphony and you'll be featuring a black eye.

Speaking of insults, you might like to know that *your brother* was frolickin around with his bosses wife. *So*—the boss opened up a branch office in *Little America* and sent him out there to run it.

Comb that outa your lashes! SOCKO.

More of the correspondence of this very outspoken couple will be published in the near future.

JAFSIE IN THE

The Episode of the Blanket Pins and the Man of Mystery—A Chapter of New, Revealing Light on the Lindbergh Case

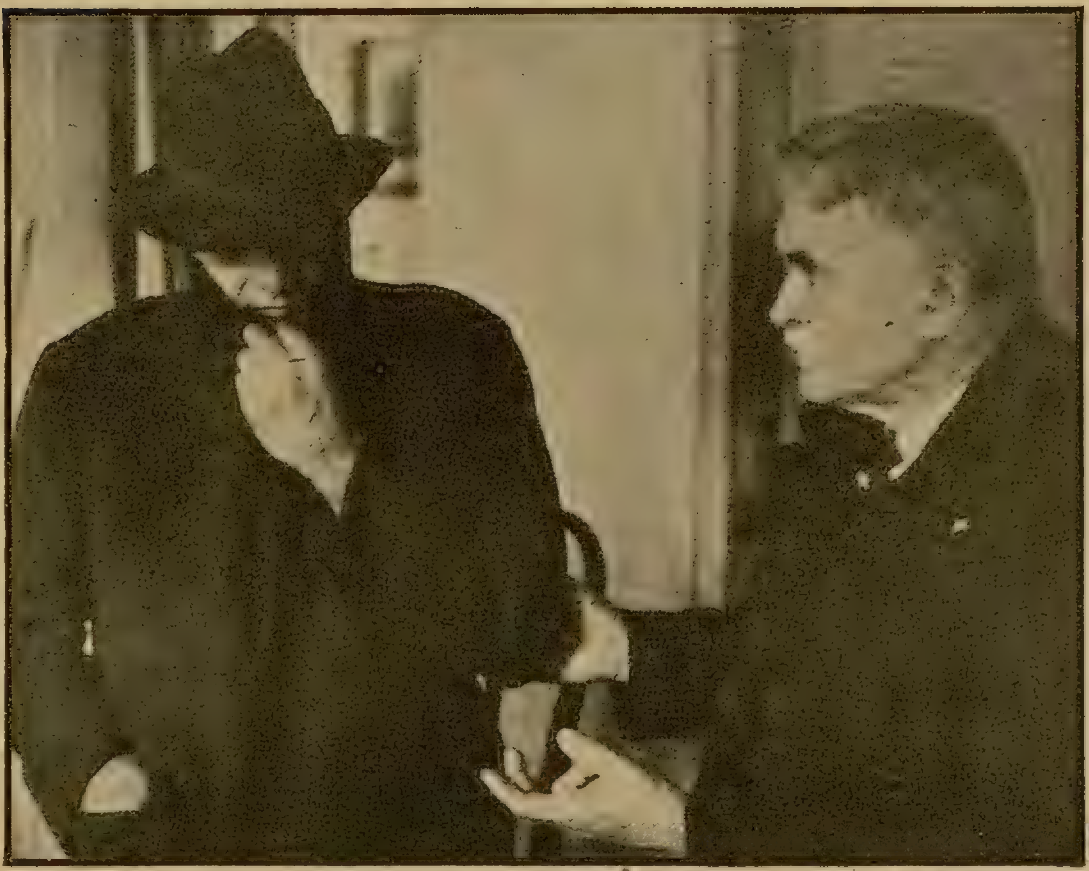
by

Dr. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WAKING in the Lindbergh nursery, Jafsie noticed on the window a smudged handprint, useless for identification but indicating, he judged, a mechanic—a painter or a carpenter. He satisfied himself that the thick rug would have prevented those downstairs from hearing an intruder, and that everything done in the actual kidnaping "could have been done by one man unaided." With Colonel Lindbergh's permission, Jafsie took away with him both the two safety pins that had secured the baby's blankets and three animal toys whose names the baby had been able to pronounce.

Having devised, in conference, his now famous pseudonym to be signed to the ad that the kidnaper wanted inserted in the New York American, he made guarded inquiries about the symbol signature. It might be, he gathered, the Trigamba, used by an Italian secret organization. The next day, March 11, a man with a German accent phoned his home and promised to call again about 7 in the evening. At that hour Jafsie and Colonel Breckinridge were there waiting breathlessly. The phone rang. "Did you get my letter with the sing-nature?"—and then, "Dr. Condon, do you sometimes write pieces for the papers?" Jafsie said he did, and heard the guttural voice say, as if the man had turned his head away from the phone: "He says sometimes he writes pieces for the papers."



Jafsie shows exactly how he held "John's" sleeve to prevent his pulling a gun. Impersonating "John" is Jafsie's friend Bill Kay.

PART THREE—"JOHN" TRAPS HIMSELF

SO there *was* more than one person involved in the Lindbergh baby kidnaping! Yet my preconceived—and, I now believe, erroneous—idea that the key man was an Italian had suffered a shock when the first telephoned words of this man with whom I was now conversing had reached my ears. For his voice was the guttural voice of a man who should be German.

"Stay in every night this week," he ordered crisply. "Stay at home from six to twelve. You will receive a note with instructions. Ect [act] accordingly or all will be off."

"I shall stay in," I promised.

Quite distinctly I heard some one say:

"*Statti citto!*"

The voice that uttered those words was not the voice of the kidnaper. And *statti citto* was an Italian phrase, the equivalent of our American "Shut up!"

"All right," concluded the man who was talking to me. "You will hear from us."

There was the sharp click that told of a severed connection. I hung up the receiver. For perhaps five seconds I stood there, my mind busy with the words that had just been spoken. Some one standing in the doorway of the living room spoke to me:

"Well?"

It was Colonel Breckinridge, gravely anxious. I motioned him back into the living room, followed him in.

"We are to receive further word soon," I told him. "Probably tomorrow night. I am to remain at home between six and twelve each evening until further instructions arrive."

The colonel lit a cigarette, sank into a chair near the piano. He extinguished the match, looked about him for a place to put it, then smiled at me wanly.

"Where's my 'eagle'?" he inquired.

Courage and bravery in any man have ever had the power to stir me. That Colonel Breckinridge, at this tense moment, should have essayed a smile and a pleasantry sent admiration surging within me. If ever God chose to bless a man with a fine friend, the Lone Eagle was blessed with one in Colonel Breckinridge.

The "eagle" he referred to was his own designation for an ash tray which I had obtained for his use. Mounted upon the tray was the bronze figure of an eagle.

Al Reich found it on the piano, placed it on a stand beside the colonel's chair.

"Thanks, Al," he said. "Now, the telephone call."

Word for word, I repeated the kidnaper's conversation with me. His swift mind fastened at once upon the one significant vital statement the man had made to me.

"His opening question, then, Doctor, was: 'Did you get my letter with the signature?'"

"Yes, except that he said it: 'Did you *gott it* my letter with the sing-nature?' Strictly German phraseology and pronunciation. Do you think he was our man?"

Colonel Breckinridge ground the butt end of his cigarette into the ash tray.

"Doctor," he said jubilantly, "that man was the kidnaper as sure as you're born."

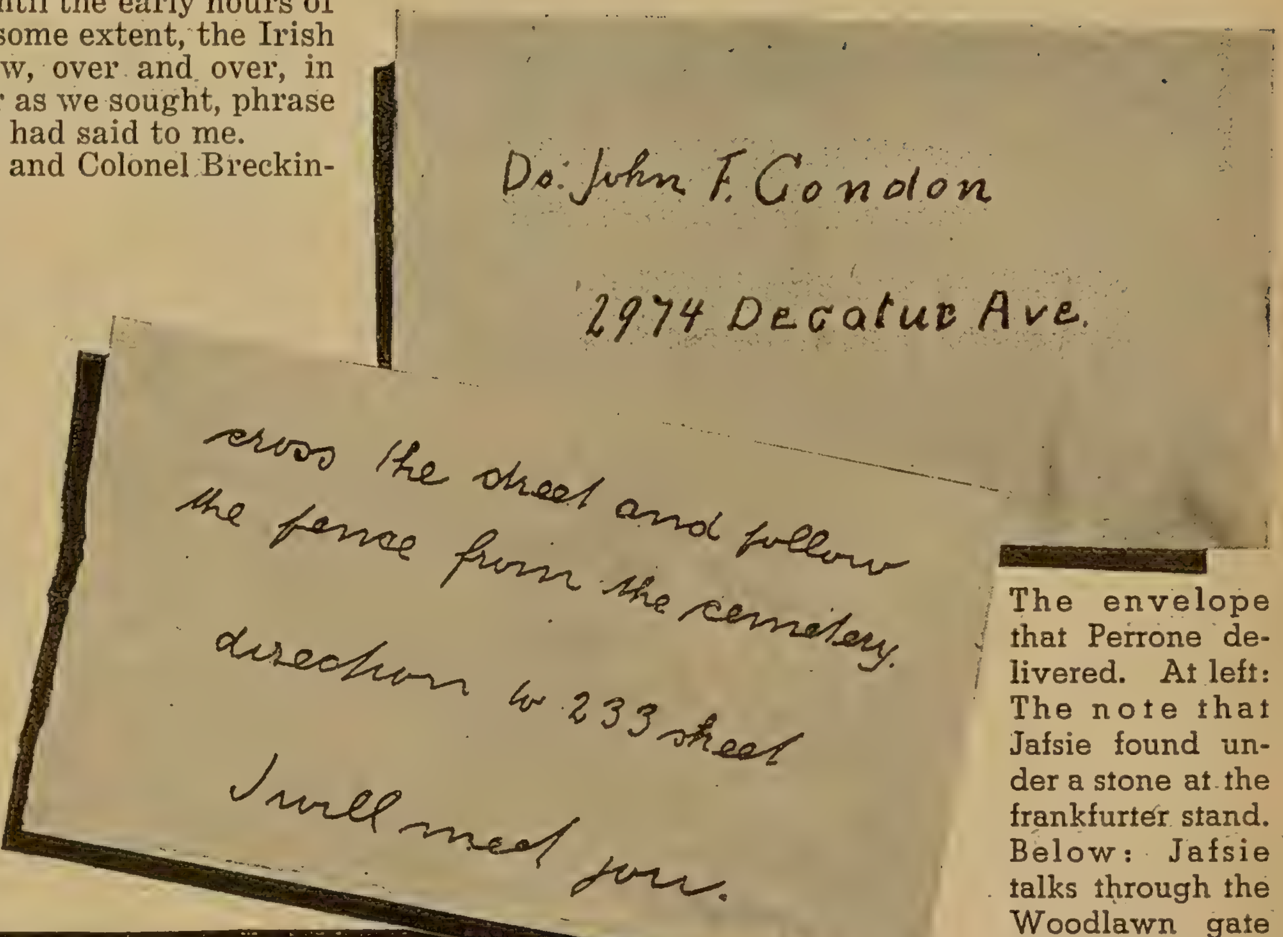
I looked across at Al Reich. Impassive of face, he husbanded his words even at this moment. He nodded.

CEMETERY

We sat there in the living room until the early hours of the morning. I have inherited, to some extent, the Irish gift of mimicry, and I used it now, over and over, in repeating the words of the kidnaper as we sought, phrase by phrase, to analyze everything he had said to me.

Eagerly I sought the views of Al and Colonel Breckinridge; eagerly discussed with them every possibility. Out of such an interchange of ideas, it has been my experience, often come truths which are not apparent to any one individual. For that willingness to discuss anywhere, with any one, anything on which I feel I may benefit by another's experience, I have been referred to as a garrulous old man. Snooty Vanity Fair, in whose editorial veins runs the weak acid of pseudosophistication, called me "a kindly old fussbudget."

I have a chin. For seventy-five years I have kept it up. And I can promise the readers of Liberty that to my dying day it shall never go down, least of all under the cream-puff blows, fair or foul, of critics and phrase-coiners.


Dr. John F. Condon
2974 Decatur Ave.

cross the street and follow
the fence from the cemetery
direction to 233 street
I will meet you.

The envelope that Perrone delivered. At left: The note that Jafsie found under a stone at the frankfurter stand. Below: Jafsie talks through the Woodlawn gate exactly as he did to the kidnaper.

THE Italian phrase, *statti citto*, renewed somewhat my feeling at that moment that an Italian was involved. Yet, discussing the matter there, I had to admit that that admonition might have been uttered by some one who had nothing to do with the case but who had merely happened to be near the telephone used by the kidnaper.

But the fact that the kidnaper had turned from the telephone to say, "He says sometimes he writes pieces for the papers," could not be explained so easily.

To me it signified but one thing—and to this moment it signifies that same:

Some person in addition to the man who has been convicted of the kidnaping had, at least, guilty knowledge of the crime before the ransom negotiations were completed.

There is no other way that I can see to interpret it.

It has been said that the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby told me many lies during my contacts with him—lies intended to make me believe that the crime was the work of an organized gang.

I have no doubt that he did lie to me; the record of those days shows, obviously, that he attempted to mislead me. But I feel sure that he was not attempting anything of that sort when he telephoned me on that Friday night of March 11, 1932. There were hundreds of phrases he could have pretended to speak in an aside to some imaginary accomplice near by; phrases which would have been significant, convincing.

Why, then, should he have chosen the phrase: *"He says sometimes he writes pieces for the papers"* ?

That phrase was irrelevant, meaningless. To this day it remains unexplained. Only the kidnaper and the person to whom he addressed it can possibly know what its significance was. That is why I am still convinced that more than one person is involved in the crime.

Whether or not Colonel Breckinridge shares my opinion on this point, I do not know. His mind, that night, was full of the kidnaper's promise to send us a note—instructions—in the near future.

"I'll stay here tonight again, if you don't mind, Doctor," he said. "Tomorrow morning I'll go in to my office. I'll get in touch with Colonel Lindbergh and let him know of the progress that's being made. I'll be back here at the house before six o'clock." He paused. Some of the anxiety that he must have felt got into his voice. "You think the kidnaper will keep his promise to send us the instructions, don't you?"

"Why shouldn't he?" I asked. "He kept his word to phone here tonight."

Colonel Breckinridge brightened.

"That's right. We'll have to get the money together quickly. I'm convinced, Doctor, that you are in touch with the kidnaper and I want nothing to delay the successful termination of this thing. Getting the money together in the denominations specified will be the task of Colonel Lindbergh. I wonder if I could assign a little task to you tomorrow."

"All you need do is name it."

"Could you arrange to have the box made according to the dimensions specified in the kidnaper's note?"

"Certainly," I promised. An idea occurred to me. "I've a plan, Colonel," I told him. "I'll have this box made according to the specified dimensions. But it will not be an ordinary box. Upstairs in my study I have a box which was given to me by a friend on City Island. It was the ballot box of the Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York in 1820. It has a lid, two hinges, and a casement lock. The box I shall have made will be pretty much a duplicate—so far as brass bindings, position of lock and lid hinges are concerned—of that ancient ballot box. Furthermore, when I order this box made tomorrow, I'll specify that it is to be of five-ply veneer. We'll use different types of wood in its construction. Maple, pine, tulipwood will be good—spruce might warp—and a couple of other varieties of wood. Five different kinds in all."

"'Sit down here,' I commanded." Jafsie demonstrates how he did it. The bench is the same one, in the same place.

Colonel Breckinridge nodded enthusiastically.

"I see," he said. "That box later could be positively identified."

"Exactly," I agreed. "I'll have that box made so it could be identified one hundred years from now."

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "You don't miss many bets, Doctor."

"I try not to," I admitted.

Al Reich got up from his chair, consulted his watch.

"I'll be going," he said. He turned to Colonel Breckinridge. "Do you want me here tomorrow night?"

"By all means, Al. Will you come?"

"Sure," said Al.

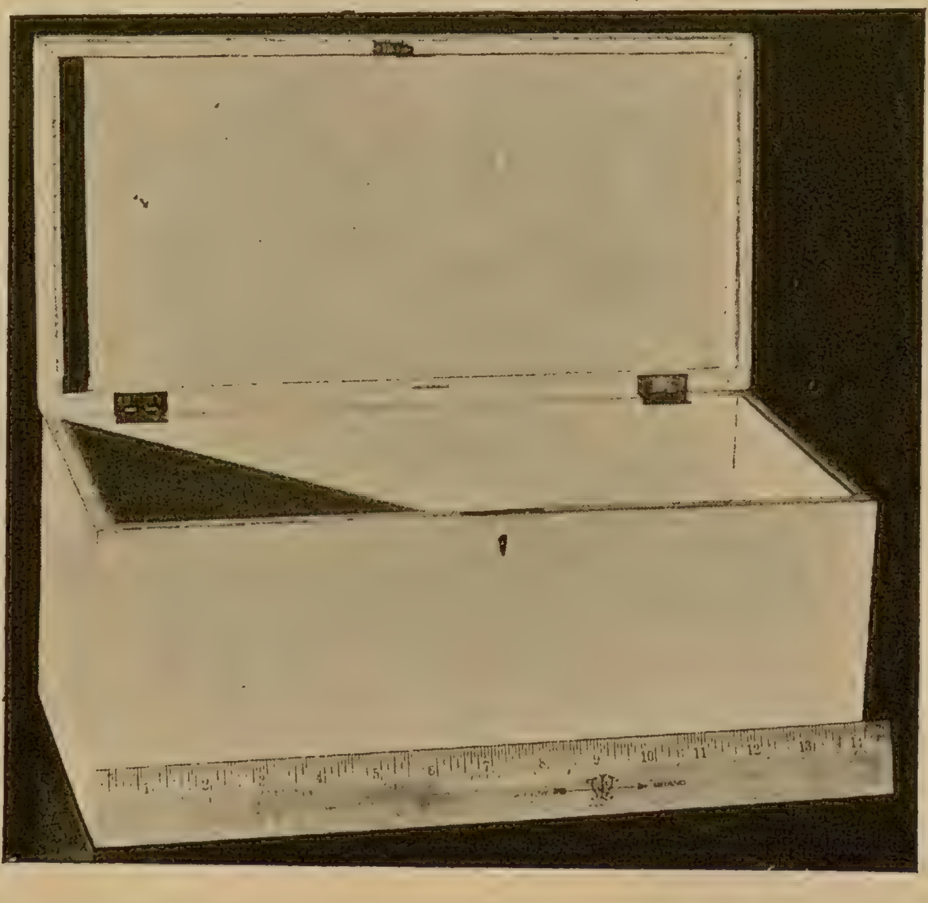
The front of my house faces west on Decatur Avenue, which runs north and south. Entering, you mount the steps to the veranda. The front door admits you to a hall from which a staircase leads to the second floor.

The first room off the hall is the front parlor, with a west window looking on to the veranda. The adjoining room, directly east of it, is the back parlor or living room. It is the room in which we conferred that night and, usually, thereafter. To the south is a bay window at the side of the house. The shades of that window were drawn that night and for many an anxious night after.

Outside the living room, in the hall, is the telephone. Behind the living room is the dining room, and on the other side of the hall, in the back of the house, the kitchen, opening on to a rear porch.

Upstairs, Mrs. Condon and Myra occupied front bedrooms, while Colonel Breckinridge and I occupied adjoining bedrooms in the rear of the house.

At all times during the negotiations, my family—with the exception of Myra—stayed either in upstairs rooms or in the dining room or kitchen. This was an expression of my own desire to keep them in the background; to keep them—particularly since they had no liking for it—"out of the case."


The box for the ransom money was exactly like this duplicate, made by the same cabinetmaker.

I left Colonel Breckinridge that night in the upstairs hallway at the door of his bedroom.

"I want you to know, Doctor," he told me, "that Colonel Lindbergh is fortunate indeed in having your services and advice. There is no doubt that you are in contact with the proper parties. And most certainly you are the man to carry on for the Colonel."

"Thank you," I replied.

"I am not unaware of the sacrifice you are making. I know—and I cannot blame them—that the members of your family do not look favorably upon your entrance into this case. But some day, I hope, you will, in at least a small measure, be rewarded for what you are doing."

"I do not expect a small reward for anything I may do," I told him. "Perhaps the reward I intend to ask is too large."

He sent me a puzzled glance. "Eh? What is it?"

"When that little baby is recovered," I said, "I would like to be the one to place him back in his mother's arms. That is all the reward I want."

HIS expression softened and his hand found mine and gripped it tightly. "You'll deserve that," he said. "And I'll see to it that you get it. Good night, Doctor."

On the afternoon of the next day—Saturday—I found a cabinetmaker who said he could make the unique type of box that I wanted. He said that it would cost about three dollars and that he could have it ready in about four days. I told him to start work on it.

At six o'clock that night Colonel Breckinridge, Al Reich, and I again settled down to await word from the kidnaper. Seven o'clock came and passed. Seven thirty. There was no word. The tension again became great. Suddenly, out in the hallway, the doorbell rang.

I hurried to the door and opened it.

"Hello, Doctor. We thought we'd drop around and find out what's new on the case. Any word?"

My visitors were Milton Gaglio and Max Rosenhain, who had made the trip to Hopewell with me.

I invited them in. Colonel Breckinridge, though he greeted them cordially, was worried. I could appreciate his feelings. If the kidnaper were hiding near by, keeping my house under surveillance, the visit of two men might frighten him away.

The frankfurter stand at which "John" left a note giving Jafsie directions.

I suggested that we talk in my back bedroom upstairs, from where our voices could not possibly carry to any one who might approach the house quietly from outside.

Eight o'clock came. Eight fifteen. Still no word.

Colonel Breckinridge took out his watch, looked at it worriedly. "Nearly eight thirty," he remarked.

"The kidnaper said between six and twelve," I reminded him.

Downstairs the doorbell rang loudly.

"I'll answer it," I said as, instinctively, all of us half-rose from our chairs.

When I opened the door, a man wearing the cap of a taxicab driver stood there.

"Doctor Condon?"

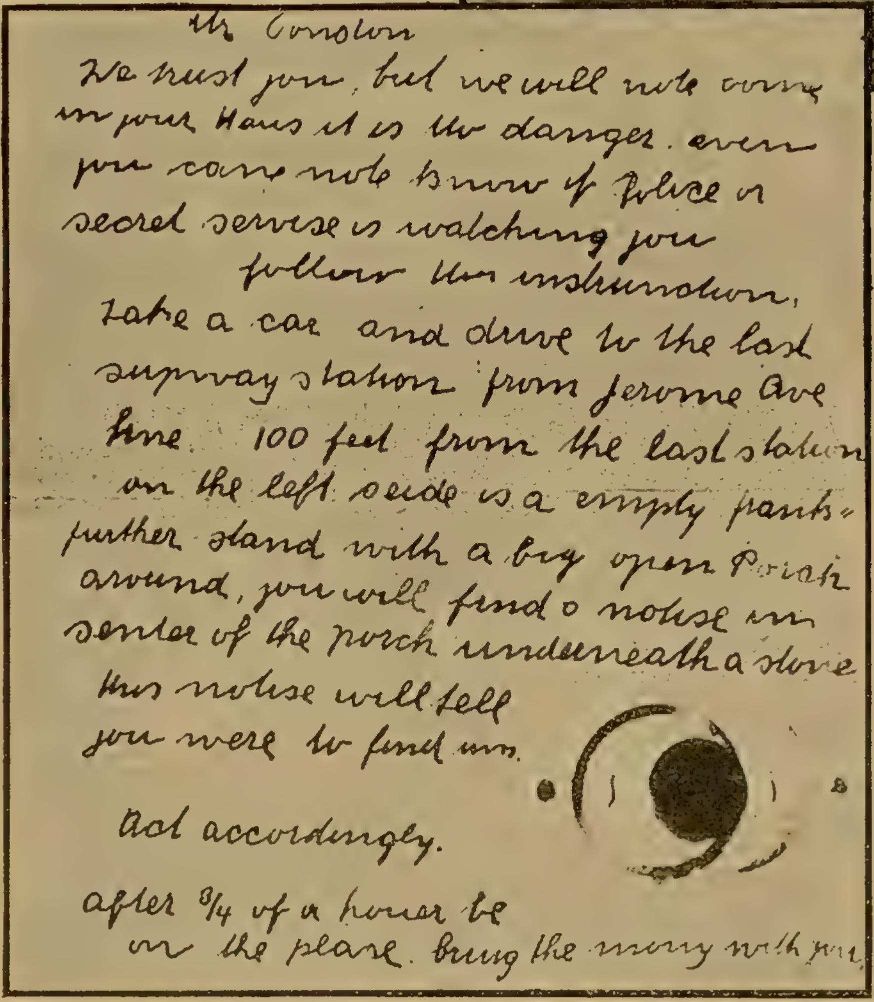
"I am Doctor Condon."

He handed me an envelope addressed: "Dr. John F. Condon, 2974 Decatur Ave."

Every one of the boldly printed letters and numerals on that envelope was instantly familiar.

"Will you come in, please?" I asked the cab driver.

I took him into the front parlor, asked him to wait. Colonel Breckinridge and the others had come downstairs and were awaiting me impatiently in the living room. I went in, nodded to Colonel Breckinridge. He was at my side as I tore open the envelope, read:



mr Condon
We trust you, but we will note come
in your Haus it is to danger. even
you cane note know if Police or
secret servise is watching you
follow this instruction,
take a car and drive to the last
supway station from Jerome Ave
line. 100 feet from the last station
on the left seide is a empty frank-
further stand with a big open Porch
around, you will find o notise in
senter of the porch underneath a stone
this notise will tell
you were to find uss.

act accordingly.

after 3/4 of a houer be
on the plase. bring the mony with you.

The note that Perrone brought to Jafsie, and (below) Perrone himself. He was later to identify Hauptmann.

Mr. Condon
We trust you, but we will note come in your Haus it is to danger. even you can note know if Police or secret servise is watching you follow this instruction. Take a car and drive to the last supway station from Jerome Ave here. 100 feet from the last station on the left seide is a empty frankfurther stand with a big open porch around. you will find o notise in senter of the porch underneath a stone. this notise will tell you were to find uss.
act accordingly.
after ¾ of a houer be on the place.
bring mony with you.

Colonel Breckinridge said aloud: "'Bring money'! But we haven't the money."

"No matter," I said. "The important thing will be to get in touch with the kidnaper, to follow his instructions, show him we are anxious to work with him. There isn't much time. I'll have to hurry."

Colonel Breckinridge looked at Al Reich. Al nodded.

"I'll drive Doc over," he said.

We went into the parlor, where the taxi driver, waiting, looked up a bit startled, and no wonder, as five men advanced on him.

"What is *your* name?" I asked him quietly.

"Joseph Perrone."

"Where did you get this?" I held out the envelope.

"Fellow hailed me on Gun Hill Road at Knox Place. He asked me if I knew where Decatur Avenue was, where 2974 would be. I told him I knew the neighborhood. He didn't say anything else. He just looked around, then put his hand in his pocket, handed me this envelope, and put his hand back in the same pocket and handed me a dollar."

"How was he dressed?"

"Brown topcoat or overcoat and a brown felt hat."

"Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"I sure would. He acted funny—even took down my license number before I drove away with the note. Say, what's it all about, anyway?"

"I'm afraid we can't tell you that just now. But believe me, Mr. Perrone, it's quite important."

Milton Gaglio stepped forward.

"Could I see your badge?"

"Sure."

Gaglio wrote down the badge number, then went out with him and checked it against the identification card within the cab. He likewise noted the car's license number before its driver, who later was to play such an important part in the Lindbergh case but who at that moment was a most puzzled man, drove away.

Al Reich and I, meanwhile, were getting into our coats. Colonel Breckinridge came over to me.

"You're quite sure, Doctor, that you want to go on this trip? It means direct contact with the kidnaper. But it may also mean danger."

"I'll be all right," I assured him.

He held out his hand, first to Al, then to me. "Good luck and God bless both of you. I'll be waiting."

Al's Ford coupé was at the curb. We got in, and Al drove to Jerome Avenue and followed it north to the last subway station. About one hundred feet farther, on the opposite side of the street, was the frankfurter stand.

I had the door open as Al, swinging his car around, stopped at the curb. I found a large stone in the center of the porch, where the letter indicated it would be. Beneath the stone was an envelope. By the light of a street intersection lamp I read the note aloud to Al:

Cross the street and follow the fence from the cemetery direction to 233 street. I will meet you.

"About a mile," said Al. "Get in."

Again he swung his car around. On one side of us was Van Cortlandt Park; on the other Woodlawn Cemetery. The kidnaper, I reflected, would have to be well acquainted with the Bronx to have selected such a remarkably deserted rendezvous. A cemetery!

Evidently Al was thinking of the same thing, for he said, "When they shoot you tonight they won't have to carry you far to bury you."

We continued along Jerome Avenue parallel with the cemetery until we had come to within perhaps fifty feet of the spot where 233d Street crosses Jerome. On ahead lay a triangular plaza, an entrance to the cemetery, barred now by locked heavy metal gates that formed a continuation of a nine-foot fence enclosing the cemetery.

"Now what?" asked Al.

"I'll go over near the gate. He may be there."

"I'll go with you," Al offered promptly.

I shook my head. "No, Al. He'll not contact me if I am not alone. You stay here in the car."

"I don't like it," Al complained. "He may try something. We could at least nab him if he did."

"But I don't want to nab him. Let the police do that—after we have the baby. It's the baby we must consider."

Al masked his solicitude with gruffness.

"I still don't like it," he growled. "Go ahead! But don't forget I'm here if you need me."

I walked over to the plaza, looked about. I saw no one. The streets were utterly deserted. The quiet of a cold night hung about me.

After several minutes I took the note from my pocket, unfolded and read it. I felt that if the kidnaper were watching me unobserved, he would recognize me by this action. Still there was no signal, no hail.

I put the note back into my pocket, strolled back and forth. That, too, drew a blank. Ten minutes later found me back at the coupé. Al opened the door.

"Well?"

I shook my head. Discouragement must have been in my face, my voice, for Al was to comment upon it later.

"I don't know what's wrong, Al," I said. "There's no one there. Are you sure we were on time?"

"We had three quarters of an hour to make it and we made it with time to spare." Then Al nudged me. "Do you suppose that could be—"

I followed his glance. A man was approaching south on our side of the street from 233d Street. I got out of the car, began walking in his direction. He passed me without a sign, passed Al's parked car. I returned to the cemetery entrance, resumed my vigil. I was standing within ten feet of the gates, slightly turned away from them, when something moving attracted my attention. I swung about.

BETWEEN the bars of the gate a man's arm was waving a white handkerchief up and down.

"I see you," I said.

I walked over to the gate. In the shadows, three feet behind the gate, stood a man. He wore a dark overcoat and a soft felt hat, its brim pulled down. He held the handkerchief before his face.

He spoke, and I recognized at once the guttural voice that had talked to me over the telephone.

"Did you gottit my note?" he asked.

"Yes, I got it."

I listened intently to every word he spoke. I wanted his inflection, his accent, his pronunciation to be indelibly impressed on my mind for that day in the future when I might again be face to face with him.

"Have you gottit the money with you?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I could not bring the money until I saw the baby or—"

Somewhere behind the bushes in the cemetery there was the pistol-sharp snap of a broken twig. The man inside the gate wheeled abruptly. He plunged the handkerchief into a pocket, glared at me accusingly.

"A cop. He's with you? You sended him?"

"No; I wouldn't do that."

With the agility of an athlete, the man seized the top of the fence, clambered up on it. His face, sallow in the light from the street lamp, looked like an inverted doughy triangle, its point lopped off. Even as he was jumping, his right hand plunged into the right pocket of his dark overcoat.

With the grace and sureness of a cat, he landed on both feet directly in front of me. His hand, as he turned to run, did not leave its place in that coat pocket.

"Now it is too dangerous," he said swiftly.

The cemetery guard whose approach threatened to destroy this, my first face-to-face contact with the kidnaper, rushed to the gate.

"Hey!" he shouted at me. "What's the matter with that fellow?"

In a voice equally loud I responded:

"He's all right. He's with me."

I started on the run after the fleeing kidnaper. His course took him in a northerly direction, away from the cemetery. North of 233d Street, both sides of Jerome Avenue form part of Van Cortlandt Park.

RUNNING was no new sport to me. Years before, when I had been attending the College of the City of New York, I had won trophies in the five-mile, mile, and half-mile races.

Though this fellow was half my age, I still felt confident that I could run him down.

"Hey!" I shouted after him. "Come back here! Don't be so cowardly!"

He ran into a little clump of trees near a shack in Van Cortlandt Park before I got close enough to him to get a grip on his left arm, just above the elbow.

I bawled him out unmercifully. For that, too, I have been dubbed erratic. But my psychology, I feel, was not at fault in that moment. By giving him a dressing down I expected to accomplish two things: First, to surprise him enough so that he would forget his fear and remain with me until I had talked to him. Second, by that same element of surprise, to take from his mind any ideas he might have about using on me the gun that he gripped in his right-hand coat pocket.

Maybe he didn't have a gun in that pocket. I didn't see one. But the moment after the guard frightened him his right hand dove into that pocket. And it stayed there every second of the time that he was with me.

I am not a coward. Nor am I a fool. I *did* want him to stay, and I *didn't* want him to shoot me. So I bawled him out.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," I scolded. "Here you are, my guest. No one will hurt you. And you wanted to leave me, a poor unarmed schoolteacher, there at that cemetery gate to be drilled by a guard."

His left hand had drawn the lapels of his coat together up over his chin, so that the lower part of his face, inclined forward, was buried between them.

"It was too much risk," he said sullenly. "It would mean thirty years."

He pronounced "risk" as though it were spelled *rizk*.

The fingers of my right hand were still clamped firmly on the left sleeve of his thin coat above the elbow, and as I stood at his side I forced his arm forward a little. Friends have told me that this would have been small protection had he decided to shoot me; but I have been able to demonstrate convincingly that it would have been simple enough for me at any time to throw him off balance before he could have pulled a gun out with his right hand and pointed it at me.

I led him to a bench near the shack. The bench faced 233d Street.

"Sit down here," I commanded. "I'll have a look about. I'll make sure that we are entirely alone."

I walked around the shack. No one was in sight. I returned to the bench and told him reassuringly:

"We are alone. It is safe to talk."

Again I took his left arm between my fingers and forced it forward gently.

"You shouldn't have run," I said. "You shouldn't be afraid. I am the one who should be afraid. And I am square with you. My word to a kidnaper is the same as my word to my own mother. You shouldn't have run as you did. Don't ever do that again."

I saw his eyes moving furtively from side to side.

"The rizk was too much. I would get thirty years if I am caught. And I am only go-between. I might even burn."

He must have felt the instinctive pressure of my fingers digging into his arm as he said "burn."

The horrible implication of his statement put an anxious note in my voice as I shot the question at him:

"What was that you said—about burning?"

"Vat if the baby is dead?" he asked dully. "Vould I burn if the baby is dead?"

I felt sick at heart. Was this, then, to be the end of my mission? So soon this awful ending? Was I to be the one who would carry back to Anne Morrow Lindbergh the tragic news that her infant son—the son I had sworn to return to her hungry arms—was dead?

Wearily I asked the man at my side, "What is the use of this? What is the meaning? Why should we be here, carrying on negotiations, if the baby is dead?"

"The baby is not dead. The baby is better as it was. We give more for him to eat than we heard in the paper from Mrs. Lindbergh. Tell her not to worry. Tell the Colonel not to worry. The baby is all right."

The very matter-of-fact way in which he told me this, in the monotonous expressionless voice he was to employ throughout our entire conversation, carried tremendous reassurance. There was no overemphasis, no overeagerness, no raising of the voice such as nine men out of ten, seeking to impart the quality of truth to an untruth, would erringly have demonstrated.

His statements, too, carried conviction.

"The baby is better as it was."

THREE days before the kidnaping, the Lindbergh baby had contracted a cold. The baby's condition had improved, though he had not entirely recovered, when the kidnaper stole him from his crib on March 1. Two days after the kidnaping Mrs. Lindbergh, concerned about the state of her baby's health, sent to the newspapers a complete chart of the baby's diet, asking that the kidnapers of her first-born adhere strictly to that chart and feed the baby accordingly.

"We give more for him to eat than we heard in the paper from Mrs. Lindbergh."

Lies! Cunningly conceived. Diabolical in their heartlessness. Yet serving well their sinister purpose to establish the impression that the child was in good health and that it enjoyed excellent care.

Sitting there on the bench in Van Cortlandt Park beside this man, who designated himself go-between for the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby, I was not unaware of the possibility that he might somehow be an impostor.

"Tell me how I am to know that I am talking to the right person," I demanded.

"You gottit my letter with the sing-nature," he replied. "It is the same like the letter with the sing-nature which was left in the baby's grib."

Though I had never seen that original ransom note, found in the Lindbergh home on the night of the kidnaping, I knew of the existence of such a note with its symbol signature of interlocking circles. And his explanation brought up a point in the case that has never been entirely explained.

He told me, at Van Cortlandt Park, that the original note had been left in the baby's "grib" (crib).

Yet, under oath, various officers of the New Jersey State Police and Colonel Lindbergh himself testified later at the trial that the original ransom note had been found *on the window sill* in the nursery, not in the crib.

MY own opinion remains that the ransom note was left in the baby's crib—the logical place for it—but that, in the confusion and excitement attending discovery of the theft of the child, some one carried the note to the window sill, where it later was found.

Eager, now, to have further proof that I was dealing with the right man, I took from my pocket the little canvas pouch in which were the two blanket pins. I showed them to him.

"Have you ever seen these before?" I asked.

His chin moved slowly up and down between the lapels of his coat collar as he nodded his head.

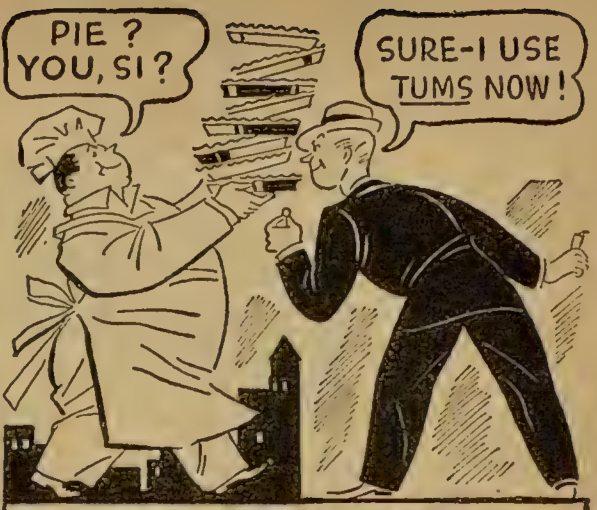
"Yes," he replied. "Those pins fastened the blankets to the maddress in the baby's grib. Near the top. Near the pillow."

"That is right," I agreed, and returned them to my pocket.

I was jubilant. There could be no doubt, now, that I was dealing with the proper person. But, in addition to that assurance, another thing became immediately obvious. In his eagerness to convince me that I was dealing with the right man, this fellow on the bench had entrapped himself beyond escape.

For, by identifying and giving the exact location of those two blanket pins, this man established positively one glaring fact: He, in person, had been present in the Lindbergh nursery on the night of the kidnaping!

Drama rises to still more breathless heights as Jafsie, continuing to question "John," demands and gets a full view of his face—the face of Bruno Richard Hauptmann! This first conversation between the two in the cemetery has been variously reported and interpreted; in Liberty next week Jafsie himself, for the first time, will disclose its real significance and clear up unanswered questions concerning it. And don't forget—most sensational NEW EVIDENCE will be presented in a later installment!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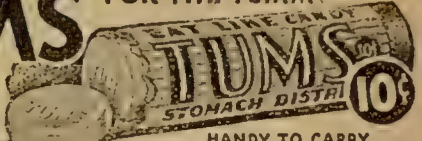

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Snowed Under

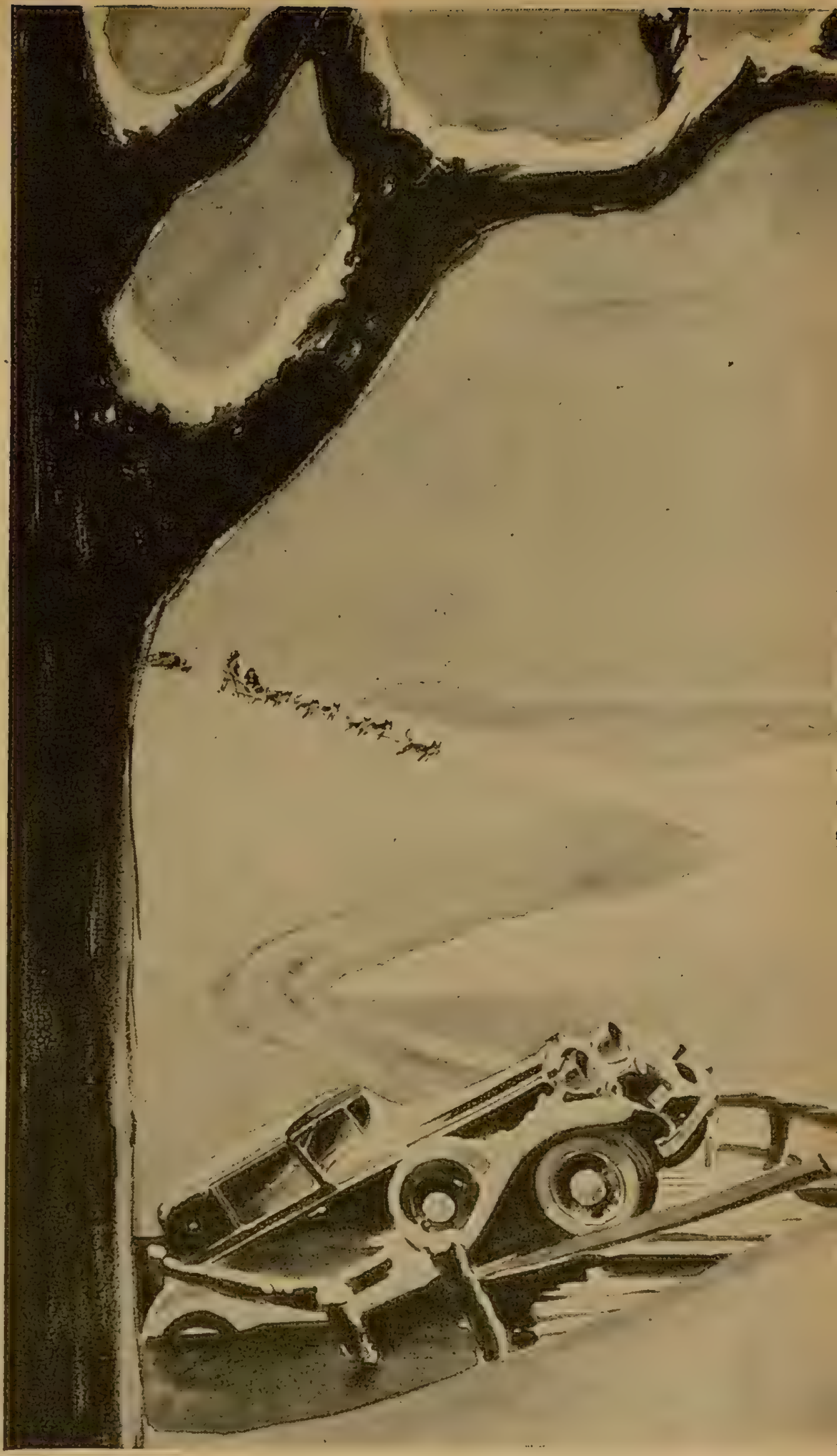
One Kiss, and Presto, the Wife Becomes the "Other Woman"!—A Strange Mix-up Enters This Lively, Exciting Love Story

by

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



WHILE struggling to finish his latest comedy, Josh Tanner, Broadway playwright, is suddenly cut off from all the world by a heavy snowstorm in his Connecticut studio. Oddly enough, it is the very time chosen by unexpected visitors to pounce on him. They are Alice Merritt, his first ex-wife, Daisy Lowell, his second, Becky Quinn, his present "flame," a local deputy sheriff, Orlando Rowe, and Robert McBride, a lawyer retained by Miss Lowell, who wants her back alimony of $1,200.

Tanner's funds are slim, and it looks like jail for him, when Becky wrecks her car on the little bridge which affords the only egress to the main road. Between that blockade and the blizzard the six of them are completely isolated. What is the next move?

If Josh could only finish his baffling play and get enough advance royalty to pay off Daisy, it would save him from the disgrace of going to jail. So, asking the co-operation of Alice, his first ex-wife, who has helped him before in his literary work, they begin burning the midnight oil.

Rage at overhearing a conversation of which he is the subject causes Josh to vanish without explanation into the howling storm. His "guests" are nonplused. However, Alice goes on with the revision of the script alone, until dawn.

The search for Josh by McBride proves fruitless. Before noon the following day Arthur Layton, the producer who is going to put on Tanner's new comedy, is on the wire demanding to talk with the playwright. Explanations are made, and it is agreed that Josh's script, as completed by himself and Alice, shall be dictated over the telephone.

Then Josh appears. He had sought refuge with Yankee neighbors and completed the script of the play on his own! Furious at him, Alice tries to burn her script, and in trying to save it he blisters his hands badly.

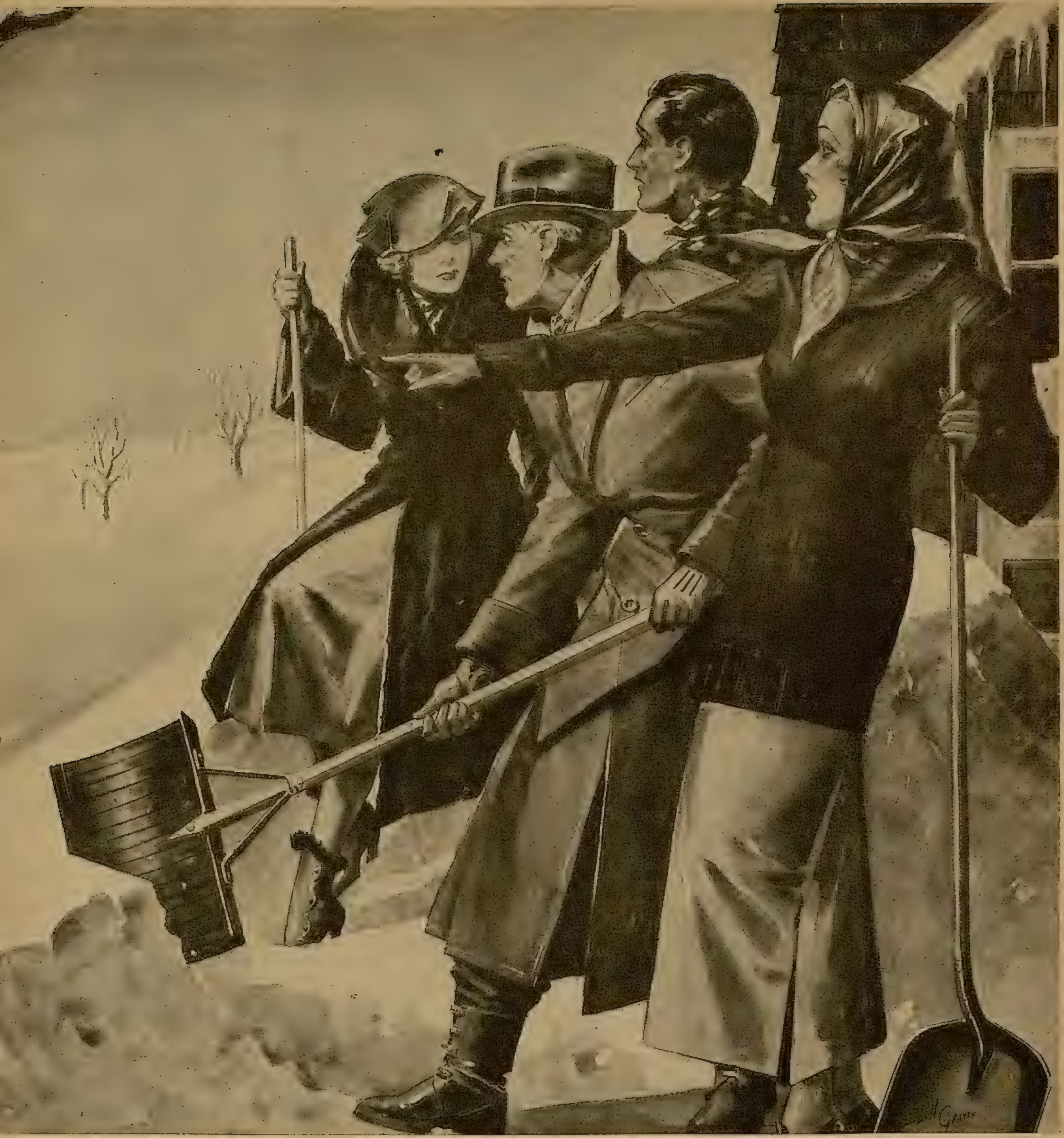
Again Layton telephones. He is on his way to the studio in spite of blocked roads and halted traffic. Still indignant at the whole humiliating situation, Alice declares it her intention to take refuge herself with those Yankee neighbors. She and Josh have a tussle and accidentally she knocks him senseless with a poker. A scream rings through the room, and Alice whirls around.

PART SIX—THE BATTLE

THAT Quinn girl was standing by the open front door, staring across the room, her mouth open, her eyes wild. She put her hand up to her face—pitched forward on to the hooked rug. Alice thought: How funny! She's so modern and contemptuous of the Victorian, and now she's fainted! I cannot touch Josh. I cannot! He's dead! I can't lift him. But he's too near the fire; his wool shirt is scorching.

She dropped to her knees and with all her strength hauled him out to the floor. Booted feet were running toward her across the floor. Everything was black.

Brandy burned her tongue. She choked; sat up, coughing and sputtering. She was on the divan before the fire in the living room of the small house at High Hollow, leaning against a woman in a broadtail coat. She had just killed her husband. She had fainted.



Alice straightened her weary back. What on earth was that, on top of the snow over by the State Road? "Look!" she gasped.

She looked around wildly into the blue eyes of Daisy Lowell, her husband's second wife, and thought: How odd of God to have her here when this happened! Then she looked fearfully, furtively, down at the hearth.

They had taken away Josh's body.

Some one with rough palms was chafing her wrists and hands. A deep voice said: "Let her lie back again." So she hadn't dreamed all of this.

"Josh!" she gasped. "Where is he? Are you sure he's dead?"

Miss Lowell snorted behind her ear. "Dead? Not that hardheaded mutt. But you ought to see the lump over his left ear."

Alice clutched her. "Is he badly hurt? Tell me!"

"Don't be a damn fool," said the second Mrs. Tanner. "He's all right. He's out getting fresh air. Tell her, Orlando. She'll believe you."

"Take it easy," Orlando said. "He's O. K. You fell into the fire, but he rolled out of it. If Mac and I hadn't been right here when you fainted—I don't like to think about what would have happened to you! How did he fall? He must have hit both andirons, because there's cuts and lumps on both sides of his head."

Some one was coming in through the entry. Robert McBride.

"How is she?" he sang out.

"Coming around. How's Tanner feeling?"

"O. K., he says. He's still pretty white."

"And Becky?" Robert McBride's voice softened.

"She came out of it fighting. She wanted to come in and—I had quite a time with her."

Some one else coming in stumbled over a piled-up hooked rug.

Josh! Alice took one long look at him, her heart in her throat. He was alive. He was walking unaided though slowly.

"Alice," he said, across the room. Worried about *her*.

He was standing over her now, leaning over her. She could smell burnt hair.

"I'm all right," she said almost inaudibly; her throat was as dry as parchment. "Water, please."

She heard Daisy's heels crossing the floor toward the kitchen. Josh sat down on the divan behind her head. He stroked her hair back.

"Poor baby," he said. "Burned its pretty hair."

She sat up, put both hands to her hair, felt all over it.

"Just singed it on top," he said. "Thank God you didn't fall a foot farther."

Daisy was approaching with the water. She gulped the icy draft greedily, gasped her thanks.

"Just how did it happen, Mr. Tanner?" the sheriff asked. "That is, if you feel like talking."

"I'm all right. Head aches, and I'll have to ask some one to dress these cuts. Why, it was just one of those things. Alice and I were scuffling—just horseplay. I picked her up off her feet in front of me"—he illustrated with his arms—"and I was staggering along with her over to this divan. I was going to lay her across it and spank her—you can blame yourself for that, Orlando. And she got hold of the arm of that chair as I passed it, and threw me off balance and we went down in a wild tangle, staggering around, and knocked over the fire set, didn't we? And then I hit something first on one side of my noggin and then on the other—and the next thing I knew, somebody was rubbing snow on my face, outside. Who carried me out?"

"You walked out, holding on to me," Orlando supplied. "Mac was taking care of Miss Quinn. Then I ran back in here, as soon as I seen you were all right. Dai—Miss Lowell was trying to bring Miss Merritt around. So I got the brandy."

"Imagine me not thinking of the brandy," Daisy put in. "May I have a shot now, sheriff? My nerves!"

"One," he said. "I think you and I'd better go out and see about Miss Quinn."

Alice thought, He wants to leave you alone with Josh. You don't want to be left alone with Josh. You'll cry and make a fool of yourself, or tell him you love him and make a worse fool of yourself.

SHE twisted around inside Josh's supporting arm.

"How long was I out, Orlando?" she asked. "Come back! I want to know what happened. And I want to tell you what really—"

Josh was squeezing her arm hard. "Shut up!" he said.

"Three or four minutes," Daisy called back from the door. "Come on, Lothario. I want free life and I want fresh air."

"I'm going to tell them the truth, Josh," Alice said as the door closed. "I thought I had killed you. I didn't mean to hit you—I was only trying to scare you off. But you came rushing in—"

Josh clapped a hand over her mouth. He still had on those absurd silk evening gloves that he had put over the carone oil on his burned hands. The gloves were wet, now, from the snow.

"Stop it!" said Tanner. "Our domestic affairs are our own business."

"So I've noticed," Alice twitted him. "But I'm telling the truth and taking the blame, and you can't stop me."

"There's this way," said Josh, and slid a hand under her neck, pulled her up, caught her in his arms and kissed her. She struggled a little, a little less, then not at all. She murmured, "Don't." He stopped. She twisted in his arms to sit up straighter, and turned her face back, put up her lips. She closed her eyes. A voice across the room had said, quite distinctly: "Mr. Tanner!" And it was the voice of that girl, Becky Quinn.

Mr. Tanner seemed annoyed. "What is it?" he asked sharply.

"I want to talk to you." Cold and haughty.

Miss Merritt got out of her compromising position with what dignity she could muster; she retreated to the farther wing chair. Miss Quinn advanced on them.

"I'll come outside," Josh said. "Miss Merritt isn't feeling—"

Becky cut him short: "She seemed to be feeling all the way down to her toes when I came in. I want to talk to both of you." She sat down on the edge of the other wing chair.

JOSH looked to Alice for his cue. At last, Alice thought, I'm the other woman who has been caught in his arms. Goody!

"Talk," said Alice. "We're listening. Light me a cigarette, will you, darling?" She looked up at Josh, standing by her; smiled provocatively. It was a deliberate challenge to the girl, down to the last syllable of the drawl in which she said it.

When Tanner had lighted a cigarette, handed it to Alice, Becky Quinn said, with slow poison in her tones: "It doesn't mean anything to you that he's hurt—that his head is cut in two places. He has to fetch and carry for you."

"Why, yes, it does," said Alice easily. "I'm going to dress the cuts as soon as you're through talking. Is it important?"

"It's important to me. I don't understand what's going on here. I had a talk with this woman—" She was addressing Josh now.

"Miss Merritt, please," said Josh.

"—that first night, and she seemed to think it was all right for me to marry you. I thought she was my friend. And this noon I walked in here to ask you about how the producer felt about your play, and you were carrying this —her—over to the divan—I don't know what for—and she got away from you, and hit you in the head with a poker, right before my eyes. And now Orlando comes out and says you said you slipped and fell, or something. And I came in here to—to ask you some plain questions—and you—you were—I saw you— She wasn't kissing you a bit more than you were her!"

If she's going to cry, Alice thought, it will be another messy situation. Why must love descend to melodrama, heroics?

"What are your plain questions, Becky?" Josh asked.

"I want to know what this woman is to you," Becky blurted out.

"You know perfectly well. Why be melodramatic about it?" Alice answered her.

Miss Quinn ignored her, waited.

Josh was looking at Alice with mixed possessiveness and suspicion.

"This woman to me is practically indispensable, Becky," he said, as though it amused him to admit it. "I've found that out."

"Well, you'll have to dispense with her or with me," said Miss Quinn. This, Alice thought, is just too bad—to hurt that child. How far *had* Josh gone? She no longer hated Becky, because Becky had lost him. Before eighteen such losses were not necessarily ruinous.

Josh needed help. His eyes asked for it.

"Becky," said the first and indispensable Mrs. Tanner, "will you answer a plain question for me? It's really important."

Becky merely glared, her young bosom rising and falling under the ski suit, between the gaping toothed edges of the zipper in her chamois windbreaker, which had replaced the raccoon coat for snow-shoveling.

"I simply want to know whether Mr. Tanner promised to marry you, and when and how. If I'm the other woman in your life, don't you think I ought to know? I do."

The glare melted into something softer but still cold, as though rain had fallen on the ice. Miss Quinn got to her feet, batting her long lashes over the great brown eyes, and with simple dignity walked out. Her ski boots clicked on the hardwood floor between the rugs; the front door whined on its hinges; it closed without the expected bang.

Josh stood where he had risen from the divan as Becky had got up, his head turned to watch her go out. He looked around, then, with a complex expression on his face, in his eyes. Shame or sorrow, embarrassment or chagrin, but no anger.

"Josh," said Alice, "tell me the truth about this." She tried to keep reproach out of her voice.

"Becky," said Josh, looking down at the rug, "is one of the romantic Irish. I do love her, Alice. You will too, when you know her better. Her father brought her up to be honest. It's not easy to tell an honest child that—that she'll have to pay a high price for the privilege of being honest in this world. I never did ask her to marry me, Alice. She asked me."

"Of course," said Alice, with only a gentle touch of sarcasm, "you didn't encourage her. You never did make love to her."

"Of course I did. It started out as a big-brother-and-little-sister relationship—" He stopped. "It's hard to explain."

"It's easy to understand," said Alice. "You found out that little sister was a big girl now."

"But I never did take advantage of her." His earnestness was almost comic.

"Now let's be practical," said Alice. "Is her father going to make a row about this?"

"I can't imagine her telling him. She's a very proud child."

"And she came up here Monday night to throw herself at you?"

"What makes you think so?" he demanded. "Why couldn't she have come up here just to see me? She wrote me very sweet but not at all mushy letters from school. She was here with her father and some young people over the Christmas holidays. It was one of those come-and-go house parties, and she had a dozen swains, and I thought she was cured. She didn't have five minutes alone with me."

"AND you were glad that she was cured—that she was excited about boys of her own age."

"They don't excite her; that's the result of living with her father. She dances and flirts with boys but she doesn't take them seriously."

"But you were glad to see her being her age?" Alice persisted.

"To tell you the truth, it made me feel middle-aged and—a little sorry for myself."

"Naturally. I'm glad you've caught some of Becky's honesty. You don't think her father suspects that she has this—this fixation on you? Or call it infatuation if you prefer the old-fashioned tag."

"I don't think he'd take it seriously if he did. He's a very fine, very shrewd and understanding human. If he were worried about Becky and me, would he have started around the world in January?"

"Hardly. Now let's see—I'm trying to put myself in Becky's place. She's exposed herself to humiliation here by that announcement that she was going to marry you. McBride knows it, but she has him under control. The sheriff is a gentleman by instinct. Will Daisy talk?"

"Not if you ask her not to," Josh said.

"Then what about her hostess—her roommate's mother whom she was visiting?"

"Becky called her up this morning—and this will amuse you. I was in here reading your third act and I heard her. She said the car had skidded into a ditch on the hill here, and she was snowed in with Mr. and Mrs. Tanner."

"THAT lie," said Alice, "will catch up with her fast enough. There is sure to be a story in the papers about this—this warrant of Daisy's—and they'll find out that there have been two Mrs. Tanners but there isn't any now."

"Then Becky has only to explain that she was snowed in with Mr. Tanner and both Mrs. Tanners. That should be chaperonage enough even for Ethel's mother, whatever she's like. Becky says she believes anything Ethel tells her, and Ethel seems to be a born fiction writer."

Alice pondered, her chin on her knuckles. Had she anything for which to reproach herself? No. Little girls fell in love with fascinating older men; little girls got hurt falling out; little girls got over it. At least that was the belief of their elders.

Her swift thought was interrupted by Mr. Tanner. "Of course," Mr. Tanner was saying, not so smoothly or casually as he hoped, "there is one way for you to make Becky an honest woman."

"How?"

Some one was stamping off snow in the entry. It reminded Alice of the Chinese theater, where the entrances of characters were heralded by various noises offstage.

It was Robert McBride this time—unsmiling.

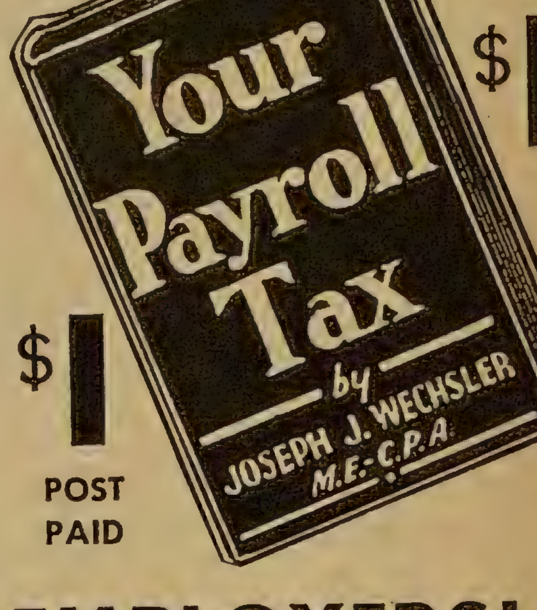
"Mr. Tanner," he said, "may I have a word or two with you? Good morning, Miss Merritt." He was polite but very formal. About Becky, of course.

"Take a chair," said Josh. "If you want to talk about Becky, I'd like Alice to hear it. I've just been explaining to her—what you probably want to know."

"I don't want you to think that I'm meddling," McBride said, coming over to the fire and taking off his gloves to warm his hands, "but I am concerned. I don't know whether any one has told you that I knew Becky—that our fathers are good friends—"

"Not really?" said Josh. "The remark about the world's being a small place after all is now in order."

"Anyway," said McBride, sitting down on the edge of a chair and holding out his hands toward the blazing logs, "when Becky intimated the other night that she was going to marry you, I had a talk with her. I must say I didn't get far with it; she



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snubbed me unmercifully. But since then we understand each other better." He hesitated.

"She's out there in her roadster, crying as though the world had come to an end. Miss Lowell saw her come out in tears, and she walked up to the bridge. But Becky wouldn't talk to her. So I went up there, and Becky wouldn't tell me what was the matter. She was almost in hysterics; she disturbed me a great deal. All she would say was: 'I want to get out of here. Get me out of here!' I told her we were doing our best—and then she got out of the car and ran back to the front entry and got the skis. I wouldn't let her have them, and she got very angry. So I left her putting them on. She won't get far; I'll go after her. But I don't know how to handle her, because I don't know what the trouble is. Can you give me an idea, quickly?"

Josh was flushing up to the roots of his hair. There was matted blood above his right temple and a larger patch over the left ear, in the shorter hair.

"I'll go after her," he said quietly. "Thank you, McBride."

"But, Josh!" Alice rose. "You can't until I dress your head. You can't put on a cap."

McBride was on his feet. "I think it would be better if I went—if you'll only tell me, quickly, what happened, so I'll know what to say to her."

Josh was hesitating. Alice stepped in. "I'll tell you. Mr. Tanner never asked Becky to marry him; she was being romantic and seventeen the other night. She walked in, a while ago, just in time to see me hit Mr. Tanner with the poker—which I didn't mean to do; it was only horseplay. She fainted, as you know. Then, after she came to, she followed him back into the house and surprised us in—in our big kiss-and-make-up scene, which wasn't horseplay. So she went into a movie scene—you must choose between me and this woman. And Josh had to—to remind her that he wasn't bound to make any choice. So she washed her hands of him, and walked out, under control—"

A smile had spread slowly out to the corners of McBride's grim mouth as she told this; now it was a delighted grin. As she ended he was moving toward the door, looking back at her. Alice couldn't resist adding:

"Tell her she's far too good for Josh; tell her I'm a snake in the grass; tell her you adore her; tell her anything—only don't let her cast herself on the mercy of the neighbors and blurt this out."

"She won't. Thanks!" The door slammed as he darted out.

ALICE exhaled explosively. "Now I'm going upstairs for bandages, iodine, and a razor, and you're in for a painful session, mister. Get me a basin or a bowl, and lift that kettle of hot water off the crane."

While she was shaving the hair away from the gashes, Josh tried to resume the conversation where McBride had interrupted it.

"I was going to tell you how you could make an honest woman of Becky," he ventured.

"You are not going to talk to me while I'm doing this," she said crisply. "Hold still. This is delicate."

Shaving hair from those discolored bumps under the gashes was no fun for the patient, he admitted. The only way to cover the cuts was to wind a bandage around his head; she couldn't use tape without shaving off too much of his curly locks. He protested; was overruled. He must not get dirt into those cuts, nor catch cold in them. This was too important a juncture in his career for him to risk being disabled. The cuts were not deep, but he'd lost a lot of skin where the poker had hit him. His arm had taken the force of it, he said.

When she had finished, with all the gauze bandage in the house wound around his head in what she maintained was a very becoming turban, he wanted to kiss her.

"Please, Josh. Don't. It doesn't seem decent, with Becky—"

"That's all dead and buried," he growled.

"Dead, maybe, but not buried. It's like what Georgie Jean once said in the old Smart Set: 'When love dies, there is no funeral; the corpse remains in the house.' You can't have the funeral until the roads are open. Now you clean up all this mess, young man. But first get me your third act. I've been dying to read it. Then you're going to put on your coat and cap and go out and shovel snow. Poor Orlando is all alone, and it's not fair. Make an effort at least."

He grinned for the first time since she had hit him with the poker.

"Poor Orlando," he said, "is not alone, and I doubt he's shoveling much snow. I really think you ought to warn him that she means him no good."

"Don't be absurd," Alice scoffed. "She'll be a liberal education for Orlando. They're probably talking about increasing the milk flow in cows or how to make hens lay."

"I hate to break up a scientific conference," he said, "but my hands are not very painful now. That carone oil is magic for burns."

WHEN he'd gone out, Alice curled her legs under her like a Turk, sitting on the divan; read his third-act script. The curtain scene brought tears to her eyes, a lump to her throat. She read the whole act again, and it was just as moving the second time.

It was now a little past two o'clock. No one had thought about lunch. She didn't want a family gathering around the table; she was too self-conscious. So she made four Western sandwiches and fresh coffee, took a tray out to the snow shovelers. They were through the barway into the meadow now. Josh met her halfway up the snow trench, took the tray from her.

"It's about perfect," she said. "Your ending made me cry. It's beautiful, Josh—and I read it twice and cried again. I wish I hadn't let myself be stampeded into phoning that amateur effort of mine. Yours is—"

"Don't belittle yourself," he said testily. "I'm going to use a lot of your lines. Mine may read better, but yours might sound better in rehearsal, and you know it. And whose plot was it?"

"You improved on my plot a great deal. Robert and Miss Quinn haven't come back?"

"They said he couldn't catch her on the snowshoes. She's expert on skis, and there's a good crust, thanks to last night's cold."

"Which way did she go?"

"Toward the Canterburys'; it appears to be the house of refuge. Maybe I should go after her—but Mac has the snowshoes."

"You stay out of it, Josh—unless you've changed your mind. It's best for her to think you're a louse—saves her pride. She'll forgive you, by spring, and laugh it off. She's not the brooding type. McBride will take care of her, even if she refuses to come back. And Luke's oxen will get her car off the bridge. These sandwiches are getting cold."

They set the tray on the snowbank at the head of the tunnel, ate a buffet luncheon, as Daisy said. They were very gay. Orlando ignored the episode of Becky's flight.

After Alice had taken the tray back to the house, she decided to try shoveling snow. She wasn't dressed, underneath, for this cold; it was five below zero now, at least forty degrees below the temperature when she had left New York; but anything was better than staying in the house and waiting. She put on two old sweaters of Josh's, which came down to her knees, wrapped her head in one of his old mufflers, like a Russian peasant, and went out. They greeted her with shouts of laughter; but Orlando said she'd be useful helping Daisy clean up the bottom of the trench behind the two men.

At a quarter to four, when the red sun was dropping low behind the treetops on the ridge beyond the brook, Alice decided that she'd have to quit. Her legs were numb to the knees, and her feet, in thin rubbers, two lumps of ice. She straightened her weary back, looked resentfully at the unbroken snow still ahead of them.

What on earth was that, on top of the snow over by the State Road? "Look!" she gasped, pointing.

What now is coming into the already overwrought situation? It seems as if being snowbound were a signal for the world to beat a path to your door. Read the next issue of Liberty for the final touch to the whole merry extravaganza.

HOMELY, HARD-BOILED, HILARIOUS

Miss Shirley Becomes a Star in a Film of Unpretentious Charm; Miss Harlow Goes Zestfully Roughhouse Again, and Some Tuneful Madness Engages Messrs. Oakie and (No Duck) Penner

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ CHATTERBOX

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, Phillips Holmes, Edward Ellis, Erik Rhodes, Margaret Hamilton, Granville Bates, Allen Vincent, Lucille Ball, George Offerman, Jr. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Story by Vincent Carb.

CHATTERBOX is a homely, bucolic, and completely wholesome affair, one of those pictures the studios call family entertainment. It unfolds the simple but touching story of a farm lass who sneaks away to New York to become an actress.

Performing with the appeal of a younger Hepburn or a less cloying Janet Gaynor, Anne Shirley is a delight as the overarticulate dreamy adolescent whose life is changed by a company of barnstorming players. When, against her grandfather's orders, she leaves the house for an evening at the country theater, and when later, with even more daring, she hides in a car that takes her to the metropolis, she sets the stage for much pleasantly unpretentious comedy and pathos.

For that matter, it is the unpretentiousness of the entire picture—in its sensitive writing, its fine direction and fitting sets—that gives Chatterbox its disarming charm. It is played sincerely but lightly, with really grand work being done by Margaret Hamilton as the landlady whose corset hides a heart of gold, and by Granville Bates who plays Phillips Holmes's father.

Anne Shirley and Phillips Holmes in a tender scene from Chatterbox.

The big or rather the best scenes occur after Miss Shirley, to every one's surprise, gets a role in a professional play. The play, a revival of an old melodrama, is produced for comic entertainment—a fact which the rest of the cast keeps from the gesturing Miss Shirley until the opening night. How she reacts to the guffawing first-night audience comes as an effective and pathetic twist in backstage doings.

Hardly a picture to inspire loud cheering, Chatterbox brings many well satisfied sighs. It has, in its small way, much of the nostalgic allure of Anne of Green Gables and Little Women; and since Anne Shirley is given competent support by Phillips Holmes and Edward Ellis, we think you'll enjoy her first starring effort.

VITAL STATISTICS: Phillips Holmes, Princeton and Cambridge bred, and a Taylor Holmes made actor, is home from Italy, where Mussolini supervised him in a spaghetti drama: The Divine Spark. Found it hard to see Mussolini for the yes men. Says Italy's movies are suffering from lack of adequate propmen and equipment, Screenarist Sam Mintz lit'ry-hoaxes you with Virtue's Reward, old-fashioned melodrama within Chatterbox. Rather than borrow from an old play and be sued, Mintz invented an old hearts-and-flowers tear jerker. Very cagey, since many Hollywood previews are followed by plagiarism suits. . . . Film opens 'neath branches of giant sycamore tree at Malibu Forest where Joaquin Murietta hanged a couple of rivals. Today only Hollywood writers are hanged there! . . . Anne Shirley wants those who struggle on a boondoggling fifty dollars a month to come to her and she'll tell them what it felt like to get along on ten dollars a month. Anne's the youngest adult star. . . . Allen Vincent runs a dairy farm and sells firewood on the side. Hopes to own a mountain above Palm Springs some day—likes the solitary life among his livestock there. . . . Granville Bates made screen debut in Essanay verzh of Ruggles of Red Gap, starring Taylor Holmes; Lucille Ball has the easiest figure to look at in Hollywood; Margaret Hamilton went from kindergarten teaching to Hollywood—which isn't as big a jump as you'd think, you cynics! Edward Ellis insists a chatterbox is really a two-legged radio. . . . Picture cost around $250,000.

★ ★ ½ RIFFRAFF

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Una Merkel, Joseph Calleia, Victor Killian, Mickey Rooney, J. Farrell MacDonald, Roger Imhof, Juanita Quigley, Paul Hurst, Vince Barnett, Dorothy Appleby, and others. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Story by Frances Marion.

THERE is a little too much of everything—even of the good elements—in this roughhouse study of life among the tuna fisheries of the West Coast.

Though it falls somewhere between being an honest portrait and an out-and-out commercial thriller, Riffraff has many spots of lusty ribald entertainment. Jean Harlow, whose platinum tresses are toned down, gives a good shouting and vigorous performance as the cannery worker who falls for the boastful Spencer Tracy, the best fisherman in the community.

Their knock-down-and-drag-out romance is complicated by Mr. Tracy's getting involved in strikes, and by the fact that their mutual boss—played in vaudeville style by Joseph Calleia—has a yen for the shapely Miss Harlow.

The story includes more developments than can be set down here. There are fights and brawls; a jail sentence and a baby for Miss Harlow; and a sojourn in the hobo jungles and a triumphant return to the fishermen's union for the battling Spencer Tracy.

All this is told with an earthy humor that has patches of muscular suspense. Excellently photographed and given many deft characterizations by Frances Marion, ace of the screen writers, Riffraff is a lively though over-

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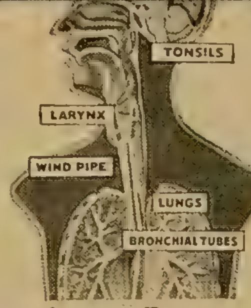

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long visit with an interesting bunch of roughnecks.

Generally well played throughout, there are especially effective performances by Mickey Rooney and Una Merkel, who help to make this something for your more strenuous evenings.

VITAL STATISTICS: Strong labor pressure on studio from without caused picture theme to be softened from antilabor sentiments to "Gee, it's great to have the old union card, after all!" (uttered by Tracy). . . . Real radical news: Harlow dipped her platinum locks in mud for this. She's become a brownette! Said platinum locks focused mind on her hair, not on face beneath. Besides, platinum's no color for working-girl role called for. So Hollywood will now go off platinum standard. Harlow's getting more serious every day; wants to be known for her sophistication. She's considered a peach all over Muggum plant. Kissed her well-wishers resoundingly on day before Christmas, when all Hollywood plants go on a tear, drop inhibitions. Don't be surprised if Jean marries Alexander Woollcott. He visited her set, liked her, is an expert who could help her with her epigrams. . . . Muggum has copyrighted Sea Queen tuna, mentioned in film, to spare lawsuits. The whole world is willing to get what it can from movies; hence there is often legal collusion. If Riffraff flops, Muggum may go into canning biz. . . . Director J. Walter Ruben's a Columbia U. man. Is known for his vigorous handling of the megaphone, using it as if it were a machine gun. . . . Many felt that picture bears down too heavily—especially in Harlow bearing a babby—a leetle innocent babby—in prison. There were arguments to remove such harrowingness. But stuff stays. . . . Anything at Muggum, which made this, costing less than a million is considered a quickie. This is no quickie.

★ ★ ½ COLLEGIATE

THE PLAYERS: Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks, Frances Langford, Betty Grable, Lynne Overman, Betty Jane Cooper, Mack Gordon, Harry Revel. Story by Alice Duer Miller.

BASED somewhat haphazardly on Alice Duer Miller's everlasting hit, The Charm School, Collegiate is one of those completely nutty pictures. In Collegiate, Jack Oakie inherits a school for girls and brings along Joe (No Duck) Penner, Lynne Overman, and Ned Sparks to help keep the pupils in hand. With this setup anything is likely to happen. Most of it does, and most of it is very funny indeed.

The boys take over the staid old institution of what is hopefully called higher education and convert it into a factory for turning out fetching chorus girls. Never once does Collegiate pause to make sense; but it supplies a good deal of abandoned goofy humor as it bounces about its mad course.

It's full of songs and dances, with an eyeful of young and tender things flitting about the background. Frances Langford does very well by the songs which hit makers Gordon and Revel supply her; and a new dancer, Betty Jane Cooper, scores in two tap routines. But the picture belongs almost entirely to Mr. Oakie and his hard-working stooges. And they indulge in so much hilarious nonsense that we don't see how you can sit through Collegiate without laughing practically all the time.

VITAL STATISTICS: Slightly undersized, slightly stout, afraid to meet people, yet not wanting to avoid them for fear of offending, duck seller Joe Penner Pinter is of Nagy-Becskerek, Hungary, and Detroit, U. S. A. Joe never gradded public school—which is no reason why he cannot typify genuine Yale man on screen. First comic assault was unwitting. Snared a bag of frogs with boy uncle; stopped with them in movie house on way to market. Frogs got loose in dark, hopped up legs, down backs, causing a riot. Started as pro equally unwittingly. Got chance in burlesque, and before opening performance tried to get together with burlesque-hardened straight man, who told him to forget the lines—that he'd make Joe funny! Debutting night found Joe worried. Straight man fed him line. Joe didn't know the answer. S. M. gave it again, then again, then again. No answer. S. M. lost his temper, approached Joe, leaped on him, dashed him to the stage floor, ripped his shirt, beat him up in real temper, then kicked Joe off stage. The audience died with laughter. Joe took terrific bows. Later straight man stepped up to Joe, said: "I told you I'd make you funny!" Joe travels everywhere with nine writers arranged in pyramid formation with Joe as apex. This gives him build-up, courage, gags. Joe's radio tops was $2,500 a performance; once earned about $22,000 a week, when he was the fad. Got $75,000 for last picture, $100,000 for this. Joe's happily and seven-years married to Eleanor Mae Vogt, dancer in one of Joe's shows. No longer uses his duck in person but sticks to his old friends. . . . Jack Oakie, having run more yards for dear old Paramount than Shakespeare did for dear old Flighty Irish, and considered therefore the All-Time All-America back, appeared on Collegiate set in full football regalia. Almost dropped dead when Collegiate proved to have nary a porkhide in entire script.

★ ★ ½ TWO IN THE DARK

THE PLAYERS: Walter Abel, Margot Grahame, Wallace Ford, Gail Patrick, Alan Hale, Leslie Fenton, Eric Blore, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Erik Rhodes, J. Carrol Naish. Directed by Ben Stoloff. Story by Gelett Burgess.

IF you see Two in the Dark, it is very important that you get to the theater in time for the beginning. Otherwise the film may be merely incoherent instead of baffling. This is a truly novel murder mystery whose complicated doings build swiftly to a tense pitch of suspense and it will keep even the sharpest of sleuthing fans both interested and guessing.

The picture opens with a bleeding man (Walter Abel) wandering aimlessly late at night in a deserted park. The man does not know who he is. The slug which he has received from some unremembered enemy has made him a victim of amnesia. From the marks of identification which he finds in his suit, it appears almost certain that he is involved in a recent murder, perhaps even guilty of it.

Two in the Dark follows Abel from there on as, clue by clue, he tries to find out who he is and who did the murder. This brings on many exciting chases, and the tangled complications lead to a sharp and surprising denouement. Ben Stoloff's direction retains the dark, brooding feeling of the film's eerie introduction, and Wallace Ford as a snooping reporter brightens it all with some telling comedy.

One of the most unusual mystery films of the season, Two in the Dark is given excellent performances by Walter Abel and Margot Grahame, who aid greatly in making it a "must" item for movie detectives.

VITAL STATISTICS: Wally Ford makes Hollywood's worst puns. Kept asking for milk of amnesia to help him get spirit of this one. . . . Erik Rhodes has shaved off his 'stache to untype himself. He doesn't wish to get into his own hair. Erik is Hollywood's most furious swimmer, a ten-mile crawl from Malibu to Ocean Park being a mere dunk to him. He boxes, polos, tennises, clay-models for relaxation. What he does to relax from relaxation I've not been able to find out! . . . Charles Vidor says Margot Grahame has more femininity than any other actress (or actor) in Hollywood. She attributes it all to roast beef, Yorkshire pudd, macaroni and cheese, walks on the beach, happy marriage to Francis Lister. . . . Gelett Burgess, who wrote Two O'Clock Courage, from which this, is of Boston, 1866; ex-editor of the Lark, of Frisco; recently became expatriate, Paris style. . . . Perennially the butler doesn't bother Eric Blore. Thinks being a good butler is harder than being a good leading man, and insists he gets different shades of character into his different buttlings. Despises his friends who say: "I'll have a scotchie-wotchie and sody-wody!" Erin O'Brien-Moore, despite the shillalah for a handle, has never been to Ireland. She was born in that bit of old sod, Los Angeles. . . . Gail Patrick might have become a lawyer except her beauty would have doomed justice. She has yet to smoke; longs eagerly for stardom; needs momentum. . . . Walter Abel's extremely serious, capable, a bit arty, wants to win the movie audience, a mere 700,000,000. . . . Alan Hale is terribly superstitious. Always follows same route to picture he traveled opening day One day on this, road was torn up. Hale insisted on driving through. Got ticket. Saved superstition. . . . Marriage to Ann Dvorak and ranching close to nature's been so happy for Leslie Fenton, it's getting harder for him to simulate gangster cutthroats. So he welcomed the sophisticated role herein. . . . Wally Ford refuses to join Hollywood at Palm Springs these days. Thinks it's stupid to go to the desert to dress up in order to relax. When he goes he roughs it. . . . Addison Randall drove across the continent in four and a half days to make the opening of this one.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—Helen Hayes.
2—There is an Oshkosh in both states.
3—When hard cider is distilled, it becomes apple brandy or—as it is commonly known—applejack.
4—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
5—A toy.
6—"Gummo" Marx.
7—June 30.
8—A boy of fifteen.
9—Fifteen dollars a week.
10—Thirty-five years old.
11—Scend (the upward movement of a ship in a moderate or rough sea).
12—No; according to insurance-company statistics, physicians die earlier.
13—The cat's whiskers.
14—Because the six comprised the original Floradora Sextette.
15—It is a variety of ingrain carpet.
16—John Fitch, whose Philadelphia carried passengers between Philadelphia and Trenton in 1790, is now credited with being the pioneer among "inventors of the steamboat." Robert Fulton's Clermont was not launched until 1807.
17—A tariff measure must originate in the House of Representatives.
18—Small pieces of bread, which, after use, were tossed to dogs waiting at their masters' feet.
19—All, except Nathaniel Hawthorne.
20—O. H. Perry
(Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry.)

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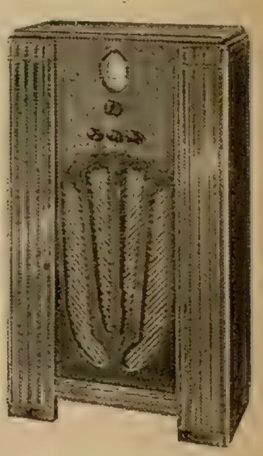

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by

MAXWELL STILES

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

The crowd will see a ghost—the ghost of the Dempsey that I shoved forward at Toledo.—JACK KEARNS, September 21, 1926.

IT is the dismal night of September 23. The great Sesquicentennial Stadium in Philadelphia steams with the breath of 130,000 worshipers at a pagan shrine.

Under the soft tattoo of leather and the dreary drip of rain the champion of the world is being beaten into a purplish pulp. His face, mangled, swollen, bleeding, begins to assume a sallow puffiness in the incandescent glare, and his legs to sag below his battered body.

The crowd is seeing the ghost of Dempsey, as Kearns had said it would. The name of a new champion is being etched in blood and rain into the memories of a genuinely startled sporting world.

Nothing that Dempsey can do can keep those darting gloves of Tunney out of his face. Of all that Dempsey once was, only the heart of a champion remains. Heart alone keeps this fearful specter erect.

Merged with the sharp commanding thoughts within his brain that he must go on and on in this wash of water and welter of blows, there comes the sickening surge of regrets. One by one they drop with heavy thuds upon his consciousness.

If only he had it to do over again!

"I never would enter the ring under such mental and physical handicaps as were mine that night," he said years later. "I would wait until a time when my mind was clear, my body fit. I am not bringing up an alibi . . . mind you . . . for Tunney licked me as fairly and squarely as any man was ever licked. But if I had it to do over again—"

Too late, as were they all.

Not one of them—except Bobby Jones, who made no great mistakes—realized the error of his ways, or what in later years seemed to him to be things that should have been left undone, until too late. Now, with new wisdom or at least a different point of view, many of the great athletes of the world tell us what they would do, or would not do, if they had it to do over again.

"I would have two managers instead of one," confided Dempsey. "The first—Kearns—would manage my fistic affairs. The second would handle my finances. And each would hew to his own line.

"And I wouldn't marry while actively fighting. I don't believe a fighter should marry until he is actually through with the ring."

Dempsey says that he would study law while fighting and, like most men who know law, become more reserved.

"If I were going over the trail again, I certainly would wise myself up to a lot of curves and angles. I've spent close to a million for lawyers out of the five million I made out of boxing."

Dempsey wouldn't draw the color line. He would fight Harry Wills, something he regrets that he didn't do.

"I never drew the color line on my own hook," he explained.

The former champion said that he would take less "time out" between fights—not for the money but to keep in shape. "I loafed too long between fights," he concluded.

Dempsey's layoff before the first Tunney fight was one of three years. James J. Jeffries had not been in the ring for six when he was called back, a "white hope," and persuaded against his will to meet Jack Johnson. The battle was fought at Reno on the Fourth of July, 1910. Johnson stopped Jeffries in fifteen rounds.

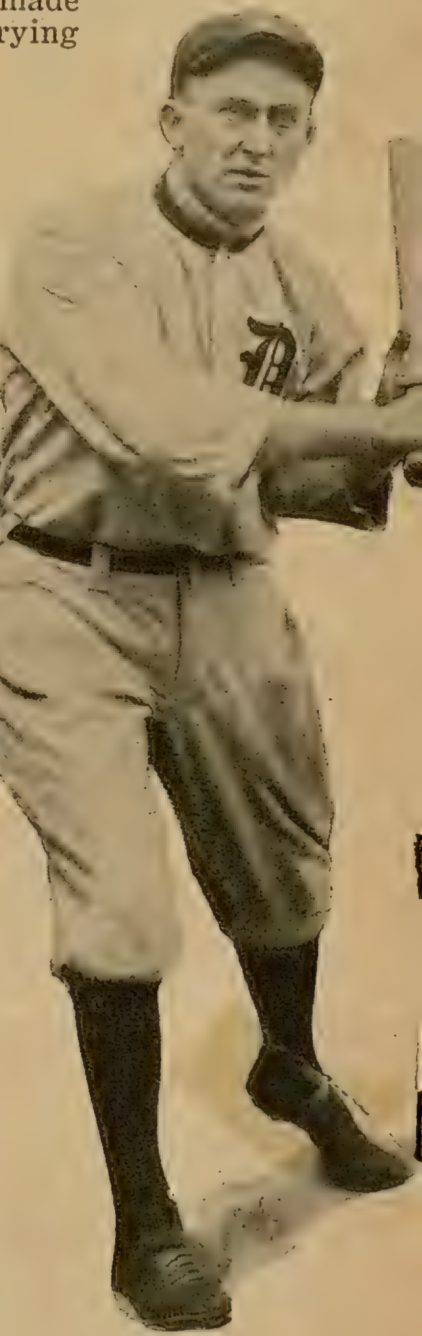
Now Jeffries, at his ranch home in Burbank, California, looks back upon that fight with Jack Johnson with a sort of sheepish grin.

"What mistakes did I make in that fight?" Jim grunted. "The mistake I made was to fight that fight at all!"

"Stay out of the promotional end of the game." That is the advice to young All-Americans given by Red Grange, one-time Galloping Ghost of the Illini.

"If I had it to do over again," says Grange, "I would leave school exactly when I did to clean up in professional football. As a player, I mean. My one big mistake was made when I went in with Charley Pyle, trying

Given another chance, Red Grange would steer clear of promoting.



Ty Cobb wouldn't take baseball quite so seriously as he did.

DO IT OVER . . ."

to promote. We lost our shirts. I wouldn't make that mistake again."

The late Tod Sloan, perhaps the most famous jockey who ever lived, held an exact opposite outlook on life to that held up before us by the gentlemen who preach thrift. To Tod there was no future—only a mad today.

"I blew in a cool million dollars gambling, and having a good time," Tod told me before he died, penniless. "And I would do it again!"

"There is only one thing in my life that I might change," Tod said. "I say that I might, because if I really had it to do over I probably wouldn't. There was a twenty-year annuity of $100,000 that I almost took out in 1900. I didn't take it out because somebody told me that I would never get the $100,000 myself if I should happen to die within the twenty years. That seemed like too much money to leave for anybody else to play around with, so I chased the salesman out of the house, and lost the money in two weeks betting on horse races.

"I had no business brains of any kind," he added. "But I had a lot of fun!"

Bobby Jones enjoys continued prosperity and popularity because he made practically no mistakes. Earlier in his career he would substitute toast and tea for a luncheon of pie à la mode between rounds of a national championship, and he admits the possibility that he might sink a few short ones that he missed if he had those putts to make again.

"And probably miss some long ones that I sank," he adds philosophically.

"Would you give up competitive golf when you did?" Bobby was asked.

"Most certainly I would," he replied. "That motion-picture contract was too big to turn down."

Major Goodsell, one of the greatest of the Australian oarsmen, for four years was the professional single-sculls champion of the world. If he had it to do over, he would row as an amateur. He would turn professional only as a coach. Asked why, he said:

"I have several reasons. The first is that a professional rowing man does not get enough races. The biggest thing a man gets out of an athletic career is competition. The amateur oarsman gets it; the professional seldom does.

"Another reason is that I could make more money as an amateur than I made as a professional! I don't mean that I would be paid off behind my back," Goodsell hastened to explain. "What I mean is that the amateur oarsman, provided he has the personality, makes many influential friends. These friends see to it that he has a good job with a good salary. The professional makes money only when he can land a race, and then only if he wins."

If Ty Cobb had his baseball career before him now, he wouldn't be quite so rough and tough.

"If I had it to do over again I wouldn't take baseball so seriously," the Georgia Peach said. "In my playing days I was bearing down all the time. I guess I was pretty rough and tough.

"There were some mighty fine fellows playing in my day. We battled our way through baseball. It was a fight, tooth and nail. I could have cemented some wonderful friendships in those days with fellows who would be real friends today. But I didn't. I believe that I made a great mistake there."

And so on down the sports parade they would do things differently if they had them to do over again.

Johnny Weissmuller, Tarzan of the films, says he would trade his leopard skin for a swimming suit any day.

"I wish I had never given up my contract with a company that manufactures bathing suits," Weissmuller complained. "I had a chance to go to the top in the manufacturing of bathing suits. I chucked it all for this haywire racket, and I wish I hadn't."

Charles William Paddock, for whom the "fastest human" label was first coined, tells us that if he had it to do over he would not run in the Olympic Games, in the national championships, or in intercollegiate races.

"I would stick to intramural athletics and to my writing," Charley asks us to believe. "Running brought me back to health, but it set me back in my literary career."

George Von Elm says that he would become a "business-man golfer" immediately after winning the national amateur championship in 1926, instead of waiting until 1930.

Frank Wykoff, who succeeded Paddock as the fastest human, would not run as many important races in high school as he did. Helene Madison, greatest of all women swimmers, would attempt to lower some of her own world records before turning professional. Ellsworth Vines would turn professional exactly when he did.

Perhaps there is something in these widely diversified statements to start *us* thinking. Were we too all-knowing, too supremely confident, to accept outside advice?

By the way, sister—or mister—what would *you* do if *you* had it to do over again?

THE END

Jack Dempsey: "I would have two managers and would fight Wills."

James J. Jeffries wouldn't repeat his mistake of fighting Johnson.

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ○ 5 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

M*AKING democracy safe for society.*

That was what came to my mind as I talked with Eve Symington, blonde Park Avenue beauty who braved the wrath of the Social Register to sing professionally in a Broadway night club.

"No," she said, "none of my friends on the avenue have snubbed me because of my new career. They accept the fact that a society girl can be a cabaret singer and still be a society girl."

In private life Eve Symington is Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, wife of a young industrialist (W. Stuart deals in rust-proof iron), and she is the mother of two small sons. Her success as a professional entertainer has taught her a number of feminine tricks worth knowing.

EVE SYMINGTON

"I can't wear garters when I sing," she said. "The strong light they put on me makes everything show. I have to wear stockings with elastic bands sewn into the tops. I can't go to afternoon parties any more, because my afternoons must be used for rehearsal. Rich food is bad for my voice, so I eat only one meal a day—I dine very simply with my two boys before going to work."

Says her hardest job has been learning to pay no attention when she hears remarks made about her from night-club tables. Loud talkers make her vocally pugnacious. When their loud talk disturbs her singing she lets her voice out to the last notch. "Sing 'em *down,* Eve," she tells herself. "*Sing* 'em down!"

● A reader asked me if I knew any way she could train herself to remember people's names. Said she forgets names almost as soon as she hears them, which embarrasses her dreadfully. Having no idea how to help the poor soul, I called up the Pelman Institute, where memories are developed for business efficiency. The head man there confessed he didn't know any way people can be taught to remember other people's names, but he passed me on to a Columbia University professor who specializes in that kind of psychology.

"It's funny you should ask me right now," laughed the professor, Boris Bakhmeteff. "I was just trying to remember the names of some people I met last night."

He went on to say that good memory depends very largely on the condition of our nerves. If we are tired or nervous we forget. When you want particularly to remember some one's name, he suggested, try taking a few deep breaths, then relax.

"It doesn't often work," he added rather mournfully—which made my whole investigation seem pretty hopeless.

I guess we either are born with the blessed gift of remembering people's names or else we're born the other way.

● Tissue-paper tips: To keep them white, wrap white furs, old lace, white satin blouses, and white kid gloves in *blue* tissue paper. *Black* tissue paper for wrapping lamé dresses, gold and silver slippers. *Red* tissue for brocade pocketbooks. Polish coral or crystal with *white* tissue.

● George Bernard Shaw, in private conversation, was describing an English lady of great personal charm—a delightful lady who nevertheless cooks up, somehow, a broth of bitter and continuous trouble among her friends.

"She's a very good *sort,*" said Shaw, "and a very *bad* lot."

Don't we all know ladies like that!

● Manager of a big storage warehouse telling me what a strange business his is. Here's one of his stories:

A wealthy woman put all her household belongings in storage, went abroad to live. Recently she died abroad. Her heirs instructed the storage-warehouse manager to open her trunks, desks, etc., keep anything of real value, sell or destroy the rest. And *what* do you think he found?

Liberty bonds and uncashed dividend checks from large national industries amounting altogether to $287,000. More than a quarter of a million! Old shoe boxes containing a fortune in jewels mixed with half-used cakes of soap. Hundreds of the most expensive gloves, all brand new, but only left-hand gloves!

"Was the woman a lunatic?" I exclaimed.

"We don't know a thing about her," replied the storage-warehouse man. "In our business we get so many mysteries that we never try to figure them out."

A strange business indeed!

● In the dim past of a decade and a half ago, Warner Fabian wrote Flaming Youth. That book incubated much fiction aimed more or less skillfully at us *modden wimmen.* Now Mr. Fabian has written another novel just for us. Widow's Oats, he calls it, and it's a good one. (Published by the Macaulay Company.)

● Braised oxtail for dinner on a raw winter's day. Try this old English recipe:

Cut 2½ pounds oxtail in 2-inch pieces, plunge 15 minutes in warm water, rinse and dry. Roll in plenty of flour, sear well in hot butter, place in deep pan with 2 sliced onions, 2 sliced carrots. Add 3 cups boiling water, a bay leaf, blade of mace, 2 cloves, peppercorns. Cover pan. Cook slowly 1½ hours. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, black pepper, 4 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Serve piping hot on bed of plain cooked macaroni.

P.S.—She Did Not Get the Job

Liberty's Short Short

by LEONARD LYONS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WALTER BENNETT pushed away the sign that read, CITY EDITOR, rested an elbow on that cigarette-burned spot, and laughed.

"Hey, Paul," he shouted across the room, "remember that girl who was in here for a job yesterday?"

"Uh-huh," his assistant grunted. "The one who said you were prejudiced against women in the newspaper business. That one?"

"Yeah," Bennett replied, "that one. I told her that women were sloppy and careless on a story. I also told her to write me a letter listing her qualifications, and I'd put it on file. Well, here's the letter. Listen:

"'DEAR SIR: In pursuance of your suggestion, made at your office yesterday, I am submitting my qualifications for a reporter's job with your newspaper.

"'You will admit, Mr. Bennett, that I have the proper lead, conforming to the reporting elemental of Who, What, Why, When, and Where? I am confident that the following will dispel from your mind any lingering doubts that a woman can write a newspaper story without being sloppy or careless.

"'I was graduated from Bryn Mawr three years ago, and edited the school paper in my junior and senior years. The Columbia School of Journalism awarded me a silver medal for the perfection of that paper during my tenure as editor. I taught English at the Pittfield High School for six months, then tired of pedagogic work and decided to become a reporter.

"'I decided, also, that only a novel entree could get me that job. And so I hitchhiked, by truck, to the offices of the Bergen Courier, walked through the city room of that paper until I found an unoccupied desk, sat down and wrote a story entitled, How I Got My Job with the Bergen Courier. The city editor to whom I handed the manuscript read it, delivered it to a copy boy, and told me I was hired.

"'You must admit, Mr. Bennett, that this was devoid of sloppiness.

"'I am not without resourcefulness, either. That quality first was displayed when I received my first important assignment—to cover the Hauptmann trial in Flemington. Our rival paper, the Bergen Mail, also had assigned a woman reporter, and it became a question as to which one of us would receive the single coveted spot that remained in the seating arrangements at the courthouse. I sent the sheriff a box of Corona-Coronas, and signed the name of my paper to the gift box. Then I sent the sheriff another box of cigars—of the three-for-a-dime quality. To that I signed the name of the Bergen Mail. P.S.—I got the coveted seat. Do you call that sloppy or careless, Mr. Bennett?

"'I've covered the police courts and conventions, divorce trials and political powwows, and even filled in on rewrite. And it is with a feeling of what I am sure you'll agree is justifiable pride that I record here one more accomplishment: The Bergen Mail has its offices across the street from the Courier. I was one of those assigned to sit up on the death watch, waiting for the flash of Huey Long's death. We stood at our windows that night, watching the blazing lights in the Mail's city room and wondered how we could beat them to the story if and when the flash came.

"'I suggested, after two hours' wait, that we put out our lights, pretend we'd all gone home, and trust that the Mail would bite. They did. Ten minutes after our lights were doused, they closed up across the street and went home. A half hour later the flash came, and the Courier was the only paper to carry the story.

"'Do you call that sloppiness or carelessness on a story, Mr. Bennett? Furthermore, here are added evidences that I trust will offset any of your prejudices. I have been in New York only thirty days. During that period I have visited every courthouse, hall of record, and point of interest this city boasts. I have acquainted myself with every street, personage, and detail necessary for a comprehensive knowledge adaptable to newspaper assignments here.

"'All that I have done in preparation for the job I hope to secure with your newspaper. I know that your statement that you will file my letter was a polite rebuff—a common form of dismissal. I know, also, that were I a male—with these qualifications—you would employ me immediately.

"'I trust, therefore, that the foregoing will offset the antipathy you have against women in the newspaper profession, and hope that I have convinced you that given a newspaper story to write, a woman can handle the assignment as competently as any man.

"'Do I get the job, Mr. Bennett?

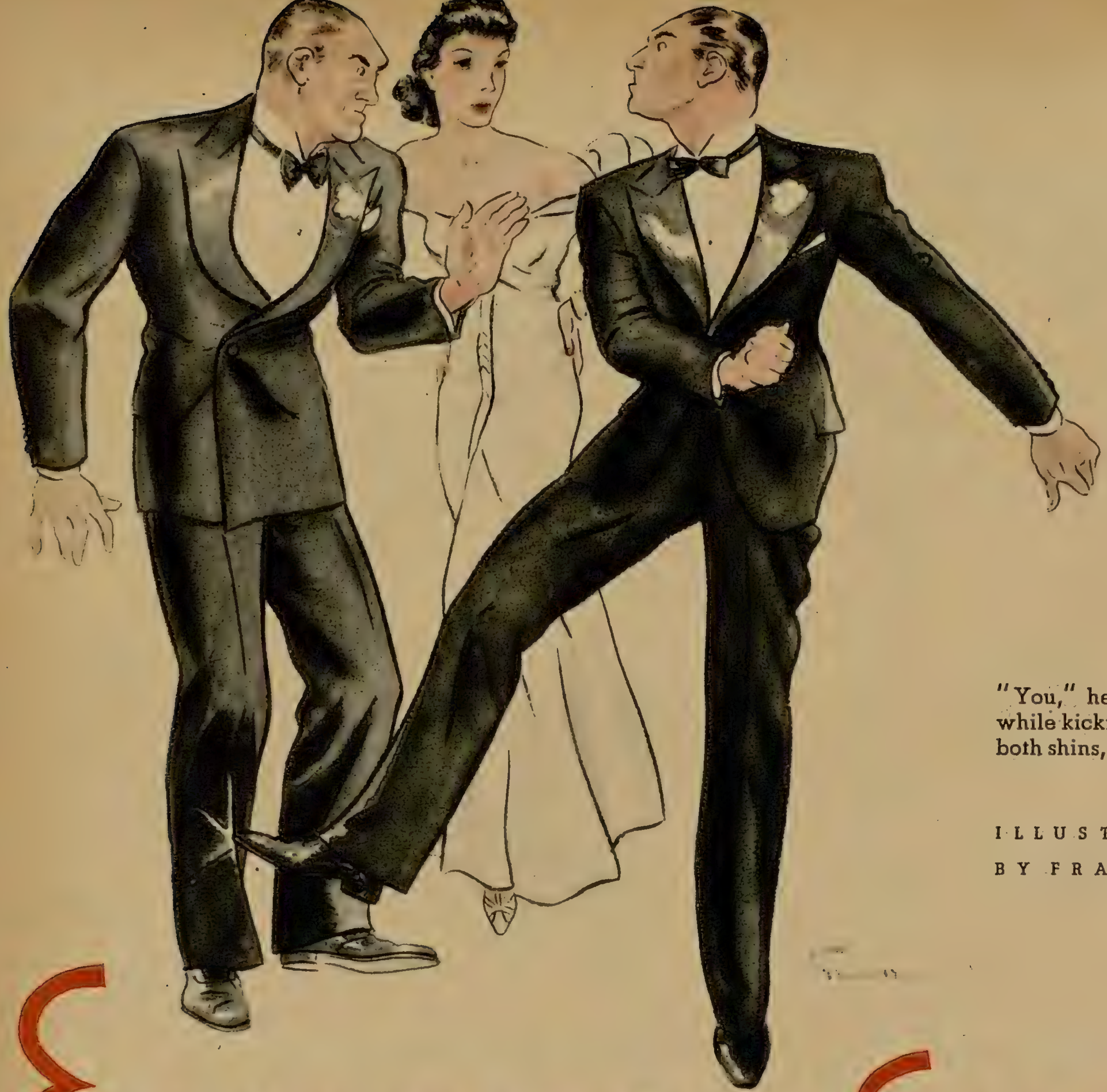
"'Very truly yours.'"

The assistant city editor grinned while Bennett folded the letter neatly, tore it again and again, and then dumped the pieces into the wastebasket.

"You're sore, and wrong, Walter," the assistant ventured. "Now there's my idea of a girl who has the makings. You're sore because she proved you were wrong."

"I'm not wrong," said Bennett. "Her story's great—but she forgot to sign her name!"

THE END



"You," he said distinctly, while kicking the Champ in both shins, "make me sick!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

EURIPIDES SMITH and the Beautiful Lulu

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

A GIRL could get over just one little jilt. But twenty-two jilts!

"It is too much, Irving!" she announced bitterly. Irving's damp towel halted with surprise in the middle of the bar.

"I can easily pour some of it out," he offered, reaching for Evelyn's highball glass. "Ouch!" he added with a howl, for a steel edge of the girl's modern evening bag rapped smartly against his knuckles.

Evelyn paid no attention.

"Might give a girl a complex or something," she morosely observed. "Might make her think she was slipping like!"

Now, Irving wore his hair parted in the middle and he was a ladies' man. This in front of him, as any one might see, was a honey. She had a figure which could wear black ruffles in circular tiers, sewn tightly down. Therefore she was wearing black ruffles, and silver fox flung back from her shoulders. She had chestnut hair and smooth shoulders and a young look. Right away you glowed with a very protective feeling, particularly if by strange chance she happened to be alone.

Irving glowed. "Maybe you'd prefer a Manhattan," he suggested cordially.

Evelyn loosed a deep sigh. "The most beautiful man," she declared, "that you ever did see!"

Suddenly Irving saw a light.

"I catch on," he said. "You are not talking about your drink but about love."

"Quick," Evelyn said, turning the eyes on. "I'm becoming very fond of you, Irving, account of you have such a quick mind."

Irving nodded sympathetically. "Ladies generally talks about love," he observed sagely. "Especially in cocktail lounges."

"Twenty-two jilts," Evelyn said. "A girl can hardly overlook twenty-two jilts, one right after another."

"Impossible!" Irving said, and looked up the bar for support. "Gentlemen, I leave it up to you."

The bar stool next to Evelyn was unoccupied, but upon the next two sat a couple of male citizens in very new and expensive dinner clothes. The first of these had a triangular swarthy face out of which his peculiar eyes peered with the unblinking intensity of a hostile fish. He was drinking whisky. His companion, however, had only a glass of milk, which he contemplated with a discouraged expression.

"What?" said Squinch Volpone.

Irving said, "Consider the case of this lady. It is impossible."

Squinch said formally, "We have not been introduced to the lady."

"So you're gonna be like that, eh?" said Irving.

Squinch's companion shifted his glance down the bar. When it met Evelyn, an astonishing change came over him. He trembled. He was young and powerful and his face, normally lean and placid and very clean, became an electric red.

"Yes," said Squinch frigidly, "we're gonna be like that!"

"Good heavens, Irving!" said Euripides Smith in alarmed haste. "Please pay no attention to Squinch. Lately he's got delusions of grandeur in the head. We will be very glad to consider this young lady's case, indeed!"

Squinch turned on his stool. "Listen," he told Rip. "Are you the manager or am I the manager?"

"You are the manager," Euripides admitted. "But, good heavens, Squinch, can you not see what a lulu is the young doll in question?"

"That's beside the point," Squinch said. "You are going to be world's champ, and a champ has got to watch himself!"

Irving said, "Oh, all right, all right!" He turned. "What is your name, lady?"

"Miss Evelyn Adams," she said demurely.

"Very well, then," Irving said. "Miss Adams, may I present Mister Squinch Volpone and Mister Euripides Smith?"

"How do you do?" Squinch said elegantly.

"Gosh!" said Rip—"Evelyn!"

IRVING sneered directly into the teeth of Squinch Volpone. "Are you satisfied now—now that everything is strictly on the up and up?"

Squinch sneered back. "Yes," he said. "Go ahead."

"The lady has been jilted—or so she claims."

"Twenty-two times," Evelyn said.

Irving said triumphantly, "See? Obviously there cannot be no twenty-two guys alive which could jilt this lady. No twenty-two guys could be that nuts."

"Oh, but you gentlemen don't understand," Evelyn informed them. "It isn't twenty-two different men. It's twenty-two jilts all from the same man—the beast!"

Euripides found he was sweating profusely. It seemed to him that here was something he'd been looking for all his life, and Euripides Smith was a man of action.

"I would be glad not to jilt you even once, lady," he said through a tight astonished throat. "I would be glad to marry you myself right away!"

"Hey!" howled Squinch. "You can't do this! You're in training! I object! You can't afford no wife! You—"

"Shut up!" Rip snarled. "Maybe I am dumb like you say. But I'm not dumb enough to skip a lulu like this one, once I've been lucky enough to meet her, without anyhow a try!" He crouched against the bar to peer past his manager's shoulder. "Miss—Miss Evelyn," he said, rolling the name reverently off his tongue, "will you?"

"Oh, my, no," she replied. "Anyway, you'd change your mind, like all the others, if you met mama. And, anyway, I'm in love with the most—"

"I know," Irving said. "The most beautiful man we ever did see! Phooey!"

"Just a second," Euripides put in. "Miss Evelyn, do I understand that this beautiful guy you now love is the same guy which chucks you over twenty-two times?"

"Yes," she said.

"And you still love him, irregardless?"

"I'm crazy about him!"

"Uh!" said Euripides in a stricken small voice.

"Then tell us," Squinch proposed, "how come?"

"This man," said Evelyn, "is so beautiful that all the girls in the far-flung world chase after him all the time. So that he cannot keep his mind on poor little me long enough to get married!"

Many a fighter had wrecked himself with the same dying-calf look now visible upon Euripides's face. Therefore the cause of the look must become quickly married—to somebody else. "In that case," said Squinch Volpone with businesslike efficiency, "the case is very simple. We will simply do this guy over for you, lady, and then all the other dolls will quit running after him."

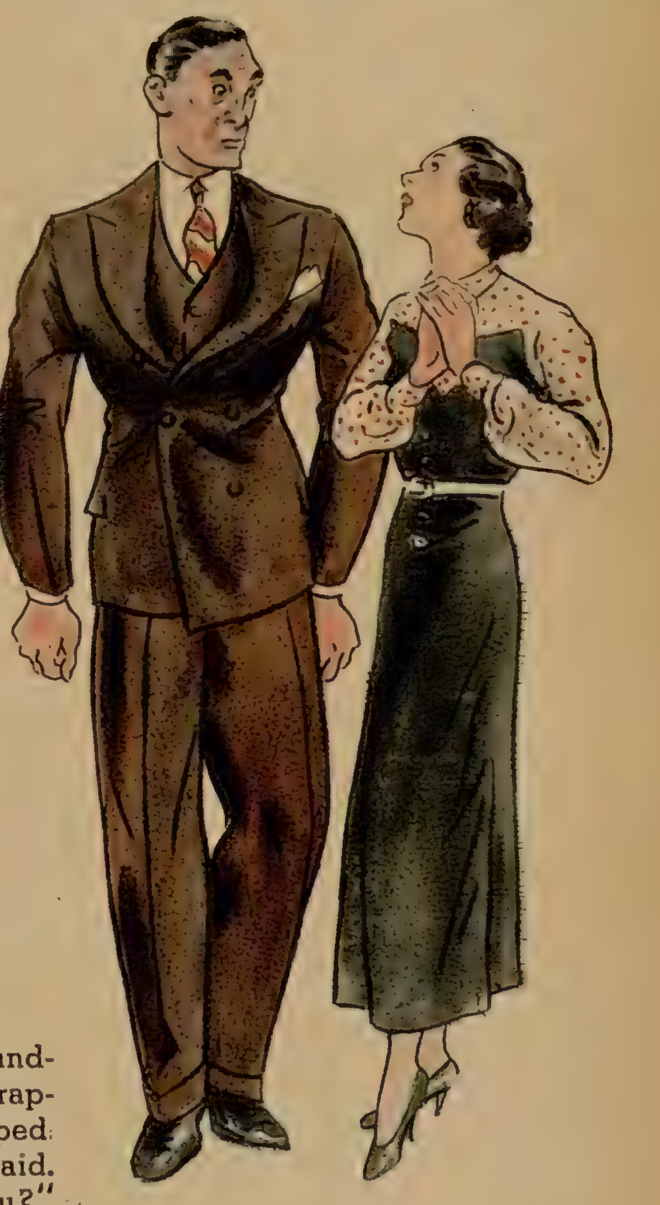
"Now that," said Irving admiringly, "is a very sound suggestion!"

Euripides said, "I don't like it!"

"But listen!" Squinch argued. "The lady is in

Laughs! As Goofy a Tale as You'll Find in a Month of Sundays—The Story of a Gorgeous Girl and a Champion Chump

by ROBERT NEAL LEATH



Evelyn was standing, her hands rapturously clasped. "Rip!" she said. "Is it really you?"

trouble! A lady which you, personally, love dearly at first sight! Am I right?"

"R-right!" Rip admitted.

"Well, then," Squinch said triumphantly, "she don't love you back, account of she loves somebody else. Therefore you gotta be big. We all three gotta be big! We must get this guy for the lady!"

"I still think it's screwy and I'd much rather drop the guy off a dock permanent," Euripides said. "But O. K. Just give us this beautiful rat's name, Miss Evelyn, and we will do him over."

The girl's eyes were wide.

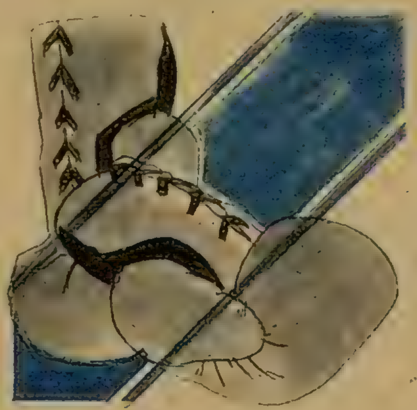
"You m-mean—"

Squinch said soothingly, "It won't hurt him much. Not after the first day or two."

"Oh!" Evelyn gasped. "You're planning to beat him up?"

"Well, not exactly that," Irving said. "Just change him around a little bit here and there."

Evelyn gave them a brief dewy smile.



"It wouldn't be practical," she said.

"And why not?" Euripides demanded.

"Because—" Evelyn began, then paused as a blast of sound and fresh night air swept into the lounge. A bulky young man was coming in with high wide gestures, a big smile, and a gorgeous slinky brunette. "Because," said Evelyn, "that's him now, two hours late!"

Her three cupids turned, stared, and slightly gulped. The male newcomer's arms were very long and his hands were a couple of hams on the ends of his arms. He wore a double-breasted dinner jacket which bulged at the shoulders to an incredible width. His face was swarthy. One ear was bent rakishly to starboard and his nose was flat across the bridge and tilted at the tip toward the heavens. But his eyes were black and they had that gleam of ribald hilarity which women cannot resist, no matter how bitterly they claim the contrary.

"But," Squinch objected, clutching at a straw of possible error, "that's the Champ!"

"Exactly!" Evelyn said ecstatically. "The beautiful, beautiful Champ!"

"Nevertheless," Euripides Smith firmly said, "I, personally, will do him over, since you guys want to back out!"

Squinch hastily wiped his damp forehead. "That's the old fight!" he whispered. "Just stick to that story when we get in the ring!"

"When?" Irving whispered scornfully. "You mean if!"

Champ Slaughterhouse Haines, having greeted every one within a ten-foot radius, suddenly spotted Evelyn. One of her small feet was tapping against the bottom of the bar. Her eyes glittered.

Abashed, the Champ hesitated, then forcefully increased the voltage of his grin and came alongside the bar, and the slinky brunette couldn't have been any closer to his side.

"HYAH, baby?" said Slaughterhouse largely.

"Two hours late, and don't you baby me!" Evelyn bitterly observed. "Who is this person?"

"Oh, her," Slaughterhouse said, patting the brunette's hand. "She's Sari Larue—a little girl from Hollywood I been wanting you to meet. You two girls are gonna be just crazy about each other!"

"Doubtless!" Evelyn sneered.

"Doubtless!" Miss Larue agreed, narrowing her eyes and languorously shuddering. "I'm always going crazy about other girls who call me who is that person!"

Evelyn executed a neat half circle on her bar stool. "Irving," she said sweetly, "a bottle of whisky, if you please."

Irving quickly put a bottle and a small glass on the bar. He was adding a chaser of seltzer but Evelyn did not wait for that. She grasped the bottle by its neck and again pivoted.

"Now, Evvie," Slaughterhouse said in alarm, "don't take on! Little Sari didn't mean anything outa line!"

"She can apologize," Evelyn said.

The Champ said, "Apologize, Sari."

"What for?" Sari said, surprised.

Slaughterhouse snarled hastily, "I said apologize! Honest, honey," he pleaded, "it would be much better! You don't know how rough a family this girl comes from!"

"Quick!" Evelyn said, wagging the bottle.

"Well!" Miss Larue gasped. "Well! I—I apologize!"

Squinch said, "Good!"

The Champ turned on him. "What have you got to do with this, mister?"

Euripides Smith explained: "He's my manager."

The conversation, to Sari Larue, didn't seem to be getting any place. "Let's eat," she said.

"Ain't Sari cute?" the Champ said delightedly. "She is always eating but she never gains no weight!"

Evelyn looked them over again. "Bah!" she said.

"All right," Euripides Smith said, "let's eat."

THE Champ's forehead became a washboard. "Who," he demanded sarcastically, "invited you?"

"Well," Rip pointed out, "if I don't tag along, it will be one man with two girls and the girls will not like it."

"No, no!" said Squinch Volpone. "Suppose we run into some reporters! It will look very bad indeed—the Champ on a party with the most prominent contender for the crown! It will look just like a frame-up!"

Slaughterhouse grunted. "Huh? Contender? Who's a prominent contender?"

"Me," said Euripides.

"Name, please," Slaughterhouse said.

Squinch said impressively, "Euripides Smith! Otherwise known as Smith the Ripper!"

Slaughterhouse said cheerfully, "Never heard of him, so everything's all right!"

"Wait!" Evelyn said furiously. She adjusted her furs, put her nose haughtily up, and drew her lungs adequately full of air. "If you," she told the Champ, "think for an instant I'm going to dine with that—that p-person—you're insane!"

"But, Evvie—"

"Weasel!" she bit out, even if her underlip had begun to tremble. "Imper-pertinent p-p-palooka!"

The Champ decided to turn dignified. She would get over it. "All right," he said coldly, but abruptly abandoned the whole idea in new alarm. "Where are you going, Evvie?"

"Home!" she said, halfway down the room.

"Now," Irving observed reprovingly, "lookit what you done, Champ!"

"Can I help it?" he inquired.

Euripides Smith bounced off his bar stool. "Good heavens!" he yipped. "She's all by herself! Out so late she'll get kidnaped or something!"

"Not her," the Champ said calmly. "Any snatchers so foolish would bring her back quick, in self-defense."

For one fleeting instant Euripides paused. He looked Slaughterhouse Haines wonderingly in the eyes. "You," he said distinctly, while kicking the Champ expertly and viciously in both shins, "make me very sick!"

Then, with a rabbit's celerity, he had disappeared.

Slaughterhouse moaned, sat down, and grabbed his painful shins. "I will get that guy," he promised darkly, "later!"

Euripides Smith reached the curb and shot into the taxi just before its driver slammed the door.

"You? Again?" Evelyn inquired morosely.

"Yeah," said Rip, and added plaintively, "me."

The lulu, he figured, probably wasn't feeling so well. She needed quiet and sympathy. He shut his mouth and perspired sympathy from every pore.

"Kin I hold your hand?" Euripides managed at last.

"Why not?" Evelyn said. "What's a hand?"

She gave him not a hand but a small fist to hold. Euripides felt embarrassed, mute.

"I never been so good around women," he offered finally.

Evelyn said nothing.

"One time I go hiking," Euripides said in a sudden halting rush, "and I come upon this little pond in the forest with moonlight on it, and a duck kind of floating around pretty like in a silver path where the moon shines down. You," said Euripides, drawing his breath in, "make me think about this pond and the little duck!"

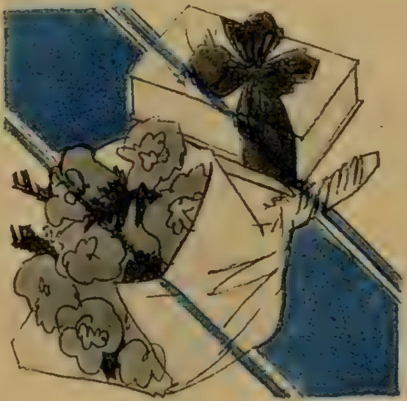
Evelyn turned her head and looked at him. She seemed so beautiful that Euripides nearly died. "Driver!" she said loudly. "Stop!"

The cab stopped.

She told Euripides, not unkindly, "You're getting out here."

Euripides got out. But he memorized the license number of the cab and he kept repeating it to himself till he found a drugstore and bought a pencil and a notebook and wrote the number down.

He located the cab again at three o'clock the next afternoon. Five dollars changed ownership and Euripides Smith had Evelyn's address. . . .



The house had a flat face but it shone in the lamplight with fresh white paint. There were dainty curtains at all the windows and flower boxes below. Euripides at last left the post and marched himself across the street and up the eight brick steps. He adjusted the candy under his left elbow, firmly gripped the roses with his left hand, removed his hat, and pushed the bell button. He was very clean and his hair was brushed and brushed.

"So!" boomed a voice. "Another one!"

Before him, in the open doorway, stood a frivolous organdy tent. The tent housed an enormous female with bulging biceps and bosom, with indignant blue eyes and with a large brown lighted cigar.

"I wish to see Miss Evelyn Adams," Rip blurted.

"She's not in."

Euripides considered this. "Madam," he said finally, "I have been parked across the street since four o'clock P. M. this afternoon. Miss Evelyn Adams arrived home at five fifty-six P. M., because I saw her. It is now eight o'clock P. M., and she has not gone out the front door, and I believe it is very unlikely she would exit by way of the alley, for young ladies do not generally do this."

The blue eyes became icily hostile. "So I'm a liar, am I?"

"Let's say you just kind of told a fib," Euripides suggested with diplomacy.

Evelyn's mother set her jaw and slowly nodded.

"Are those things flowers?"

"Yes," said Euripides.

"And is that a box of candy?"

"Four dollars' worth."

"Come in, young man," Evelyn's mother said.

THE reception room was cool and paved with red tiles. A white graceful staircase went up one wall. There was a bench against another.

"Sit down!"

Rip sat down, and Evelyn's mother stood in front of him.

"Am I wrong," she inquired, "or have you come a-courting, young man?"

"You betcha!" Rip said.

"And are your intentions honorable?"

Rip said, embarrassed, "My intentions is—are—so honorable they hurt me here." He indicated a point in the middle of his hard chest.

Evelyn's mother studied him and evidently found the sight acutely nauseous.

"Evelyn is my daughter—my only child."

"No!" Rip said.

The large female in organdy blew out a cloud of smoke and pointed toward a painting of an extraordinarily tough individual with black handle-bar mustaches and a blacker scowl. It was a large oval painting in a very gilt frame, and Evelyn's mother pointed to it with both fondness and pride.

"And that," she said, "was Evelyn's dear departed father!"

"Dead, eh?" said Euripides.

Evelyn's mother said with satisfaction, "My dear daughter has been jilted thirty-nine times, young man."

"Only twenty-two, madam," Rip said severely.

"Oh, those!" she said. "Skip 'em. Dear Slaughterhouse is just a little impressionable when it comes to other girls, but he will get over all that and he'll make my Evelyn a very good husband. It's the others that I'm talking about now. Except Slaughterhouse, every one of them was a bunch of sissies and I discouraged them," Evelyn's mother said.

"Oh."

"Would you care to know how, young man?"

"No," Euripides said.

"Stand up!" Evelyn's mother snapped.

STARTLED, Rip stood up, which was an error. For, with the lightness and agility which some elephantine persons astonishingly possess, Evelyn's mother moved out of Rip's field of vision. And suddenly he felt himself seized by the seat of his pants and the collar of his coat. He felt himself rising till only his tiptoes touched the floor. And he found himself moving hastily toward the door. Miraculously Evelyn's mother got the door open, and Rip flew neatly through the air and landed upon the lamp-lit sidewalk in a painfully sitting position, somewhat elaborated by chocolates and red roses.

"There!" said Evelyn's mother, dreamily brushing her hands together. "Number forty, not counting dear Slaughterhouse!" Dreamily she drifted into the house.

Somebody came out of shadows near by and stood thoughtfully inspecting Euripides. This somebody had a dandy coat of summer ermine and an absolutely silly hat.

"I figured you'd be out presently," Evelyn observed. "Do you still like me?"

"Oh, my, yes," Euripides said. "I—"

"Nothing can come of it," Evelyn said. She was very mad at Slaughterhouse, but, just the same, she couldn't help still loving such a truly beautiful man. The situation called for help.

"I'll lick him!" Euripides suggested.

"Nobody could do that. He's the Champ. He'll stay Champ. We can't stop girls from goo-gooing at Slaughterhouse, but we might stop Slaughterhouse from goo-gooing back. We must make him jealous. Would you like the job?"

Comprehension broke over Rip's head like a champagne bottle.

"You betcha," he said enthusiastically.

"We," Evelyn said, "will go places where the Champ will see us. Every night. Starting tomorrow."

Rip's face became a desolate desert. "Tomorrow night I got a date."

"Oh!" Evelyn said with sudden frigidity.

"In the Garden. A fight," Euripides told her hastily. "But it won't take me long. Cross my heart!"

. . . . . .

"Ten!" the referee said, and flung Euripides Smith's right hand aloft.

The hall was uproar. Bat O'Connor, who nearly always knocked his opponent out, or at least stayed the limit, tonight had stayed only forty-six seconds. And Squinch Volpone was inside the ropes methodically pounding Rip.

"We did it, kid!" Squinch yelled.

"Out of my way," Rip said pleasantly, rubbing his nose with the back of a glove. "I'm in an awful hurry!"

Behind double soundproof doors, the next evening, certain giants of boxing conferred. Talk ended with a cordial thoughtful handshake. Squinch Volpone then went home. He was waiting up, trying to read a magazine, when shortly after midnight Euripides Smith came into the apartment which they shared together.

"A fine time?" Squinch said.

"Yes, thank you," Rip said in a pleased way. "We looked all over for the Champ so's to make him jealous, but we couldn't find him any place."

"The Champ," Squinch announced scathingly, "is probably already training for the fight he's gonna have three months from now—with you!"

Euripides plopped back to earth and a peculiar perilous smile began to creep across his regular features. "Huh?" he said.

Squinch clipped his news out fast: "The contract is signed, sealed, and all you gotta do is deliver. We get a guaranteed hundred grand, half of it payable twenty-four hours before the fight. The Champ gets three times that. There will also be a cut on the gate receipts, but the Champ will take it all. I never threw a fight in my life," Squinch said, "but this is different. The Champ will retire as soon as this particular fight is over. He's going into the movies—Hollywood. He must retire undefeated, because otherwise the movies won't keep on wanting him. The retirement is guaranteed. Also a betting syndicate is interested. The syndicate will pay us one hundred grand extra. The Champ don't know anything about this. He thinks he can cut you down easy, but the syndicate don't believe in taking chances."

Euripides stared.

"You mean I'm actually promised to lay down when I meet that rat?" he demanded.

Recipes in Rhyme

Mishe! Minced meat, pine nuts, and spoonfuls two
Of butter; quarter pound of rice mix through,
Then season. Scoop the hearts from opened end
Of eggplants six—one to each guest will do.

Stuff them with meat, pine nuts, and rice; then place
Them side by side within the pan; the space
That lies between fill with tomatoes red;
Then let a pint of water add its grace
Of purity. Cook slowly.

—Mrs. A. Ayres.

"A hundred grand extra and the championship after Slaughterhouse retires," Squinch snapped, "and am I the manager or are you the manager?"

"You are," Euripides agreed, but uttered a sudden short ugly laugh.

"Don't give me that!" Squinch snarled. "The fight's a frame and you're taking orders! Understand?"

"Oh, yes," Rip said; "I understand completely." And pulling off his shirt he went away toward his bedroom.

BUT during the next three months relations between Squinch and Euripides became definitely strained. They moved into a country training camp, yet every evening found Rip decked in dinner clothes and heading for the city, whence he returned seldom earlier than midnight. To this Squinch objected only with difficulty, considering that Euripides was not expected to win the fight anyway. But during daylight Rip trained like a man possessed. Also he listened to advice.

"The Champ's head looks like a tractor run over it," Rip's chief trainer told him. "You wanna know why? It's account of the Champ covers his body, see, and leaves his head wide open! And you know what that means to you, Rip, ol' kid? 'At means you skip them body punches, see, and shoot for the head!"

Meantime, according to the newspapers, the Champ also might be training, but not for a fight. Slaughterhouse made no secret of his Hollywood plans, and each night found him where the cigarette smoke was thickest and the music hottest, invariably accompanied by some visiting honey from that same Hollywood. When the newspaper scribes also noted that the contender, Euripides Smith, likewise was making the hot spots and sometimes was actually included in the Slaughterhouse party, they muttered, "Frame-up!"

"It don't look right!" Squinch howled, waving a newspaper. "You might anyway consider how it looks!"

"I," Rip said, climbing out of bed and heading toward an icy shower, "am in love!"

Squinch Volpone visited certain bookmakers and made definite commitments involving the fifty grand which, as Rip's manager, he would receive prior to Rip's entry into the ring. He received two-to-one odds, because the newspapers, having smelled a frame-up, as usual had failed to guess which way the frame-up might be framed. Squinch bet fifty grand on Rip to win, against a hundred grand. Lose or win, he wanted money.

For he saw that Rip was indeed dreadfully in love. What he didn't sense was Rip's despair. What Squinch didn't know was that each night when Euripides Smith went places with Evelyn the lulu, Evelyn talked of nothing save the ecstasy she felt for the beautiful Champ, and she sought nothing except situations which would make it necessary for Slaughterhouse to include herself and Smith the Ripper in the Champ's party.

If Slaughterhouse became jealous, he didn't show it. He only remarked that he remembered the episode of the kicks in the shins and promised to settle that score with Euripides Smith as soon as they heard the bell.

"I would do it now," he insultingly grunted across a table for two in the King Cole Room, "except nobody here has paid admission for watching the slaughter!"

"Nuts!" Rip said. "Nuts!" he repeated when he came out from his corner into the middle of the Stadium ring, a bathrobe of horrendous red hanging from his shoulders.

HE listened, glaring at Slaughterhouse Haines, while the referee mumbled something about no hitting below the belt. He went back and sat on a campstool.

"Remember!" Squinch commanded. "Take it!"

But Rip heard the gong and he came out fighting. He came out full of despair, because his heart's desire still was convinced the Champ was beautiful. And if the Champ had beauty, nothing short of a steam roller could damage it further. Nevertheless, Euripides Smith figured he might have a chance if he licked the Champ.

The Champ had a lovely crouch. He kept his elbows in tightly and closely, and past his arms you couldn't have shot a punch to his body with a machine gun. But above his arms and above his gloves his head really stuck out like an invitation to a massacre.

Rip charged, shooting for the Champ's head. He discovered, however, that the Champ could roll with any punch almost faster than you could see. Nevertheless, Rip's jabs began to land.

He settled down for a long pull. He felt wonderful. He must whittle the Champ down to a point where Slaughterhouse couldn't roll so fast. He feinted with his left and hooked the Champ on a wide-open ear—and the bell rang.

Slaughterhouse looked surprised and went back to his corner shaking his head. He had been taking it easy. Rip rushed him again, starting the second round, but he wasn't taking it easy any more. He rolled in and put his right heel on the canvas and feinted, and then his fist exploded.

Euripides Smith waked up on a rubbing table, gasping through his mouth because his nose seemed permanently stopped up.

"Gimme a mirror!" Rip said, and "Oof!" when the mirror appeared. Where Rip's nose had been was now a broken, flattened, red-and-blue bulge. One ear would never be the same again, he lacked a couple of front teeth, and his eyes were two narrow slits in two black mushrooms.

Rip moaned, relaxed, and let himself be taken to a hospital. The hospital didn't do much good. His nose remained spread across his face and his damaged ear definitely retained a vegetable quality. And to make everything just dandy, a nurse brought him a newspaper.

A short item on the front page smacked Euripides Smith squarely on the heart. It read:

Slaughterhouse Haines, heavyweight champion of the world, today announced his engagement to Miss Evelyn Adams, his childhood sweetheart, and declared the marriage will occur within the next three weeks.

This statement was issued at Sacred Heart Hospital, where the Champ was registered for reasons which would not be divulged by hospital authorities.

However, Champ Haines previously has announced his intention to retire permanently from the ring, and today his statement added optimistically that he will quit fighting on his wedding day.

Miss Adams, who lives with her mother at . . .

Rip demanded his clothing, paid his bill, and left his own hospital. How long he wandered the streets of the city he never afterward was certain. He thought it was months, but subsequent evidence shortened the time to a couple of weeks.

He had plenty of money—Squinch had collected the hundred-grand bribe. But at last Rip could not remain away any longer, and each evening he resumed his original vigil under the lamp across the street from the house where Evelyn the lulu resided.

Undetected, he saw her come and he saw her go. But it wasn't till another week had passed that he observed a white Rolls-Royce draw up at the opposite curb. It could not possibly belong to any one save Champ Slaughterhouse Haines.

Rip's heart went dismally *clunk.* The conquering hero had come to claim his bride—or, at least, to set the wedding date. The conquering hero, in fact, left the Rolls and disappeared into Evelyn's house.

Rip crossed the street, grabbed another lamppost and climbed up it. Through an unshaded window in Evelyn's living room he saw the back of the Champ's head. Evelyn herself came in—and stopped in bewilderment. Rip saw the Champ rise and move toward the lulu with his arms open. He saw Evelyn's wide-eyed revulsion, and he heard her sudden terrified scream.

Himself also bewildered, Euripides Smith nevertheless let go the lamppost. He alighted sprawling, and a fraction of a second took him up Evelyn's steps. One urgent shoulder knocked the lock off the door, and then he too was inside the living room.

"Eek!" Evelyn screamed, pointing. "Throw him out!"

She pointed at a dapper sturdy figure in a dinner jacket. A young man with a swarthy skin—but with perfect, classic features. In one omniscient moment Euripides realized that Champ Slaughterhouse Haines had had his face completely remodeled for movie purposes. He thought, also, that the lovely lulu had not recognized the Champ.

"Get out!" Rip snarled. "Evelyn says beat it!"

Slaughterhouse recovered hastily from his own astonishment and rumbled and got his big fists up. "Beat it yourself!" he roared.

Euripides bore in. He feinted and slugged for the Champ's classic remodeled nose. He thought he could sock it, because the Champ always left his whole head wide open. But he didn't sock it this time, because the Champ's defense had changed. He was desperately protecting his precious expensive face.

Slaughterhouse slugged Euripides Smith on his own nose, but the impact on Rip's flat nose didn't hurt much. He rushed again and feinted at the Champ's protected head and brought a right up from his knees into the Champ's wide-open middle.

"Aawk!" Slaughterhouse said, and doubled over.

No wonder the Champ used to leave his head wide open. His head was pig iron. But his belly was—glass!

Rip gave a delighted chortle and drove the Champ into a corner. He aimed deceptively for the Champ's nose and brought the Champ's guard good and high, and then he sank both fists into the Champ's glass belly and knocked him cold. He opened a window and picked Slaughterhouse up and tossed him into the street.

"See here!" said a grim female voice. "What's all this?"

Evelyn's mother was standing in a doorway, her cigar cocked toward the ceiling. "Who is this man?"

"I," Rip exploded, "am Euripides Smith, next heavyweight champion of the world, and my intentions regarding your daughter are still strictly honorable!"

"So!" said Evelyn's mother. She advanced.

"Madam," Rip sharply snapped, "look behind you!"

STARTLED, Evelyn's enormous mother turned her head. And that was an error. For Euripides moved hastily to her rear. He stretched his hands forth, and Evelyn's mother found herself seized at odd points and moved hastily out. Through the hall she went. The front door somehow opened, and she sailed through the air with the greatest of ease, missing all the steps, and alighted upon the sidewalk.

A pedestrian paused. "Quite neat," he decided.

Euripides bolted the front door and returned to the living room. Evelyn was standing there, her hands rapturously clasped.

"Rip!" she said, examining his ravaged face. "Is it really you, Rip?"

"You bet it's me!" he said. "And I'm disgusted!"

"With me, Rip?"

"Loving," Rip snorted, "a rat like that!"

"Did you see what he'd done to his face? A movie actor's face! Ugh! I don't love him any more, Rippy."

"In that case," Euripides Smith said largely, "you may kiss me, lulu."

Another door cautiously opened. It gave into the dining room, and the well fed face of Evelyn's mother appeared in the crack. Evidently she had gone round the block to the alley and into the house by its rear door.

"Rippy darling," she whispered, "would you like some blueberry pie—later?"

"Yes!" he roared. "Get out!"

Rapidly the door to the dining room closed.

Euripides Smith held Evelyn away some four inches. Severely he demanded, "Are you rich, lulu?"

"No, Rippy," she said, adoring him.

"Then how come you've got fur coats and no papa and live in a swell house like this?"

"Mama works to support us both, Rippy."

"And what does mama do?"

"She sells steam rollers, beautiful," Evelyn said, "and I wish to give you another kiss!"

THE END

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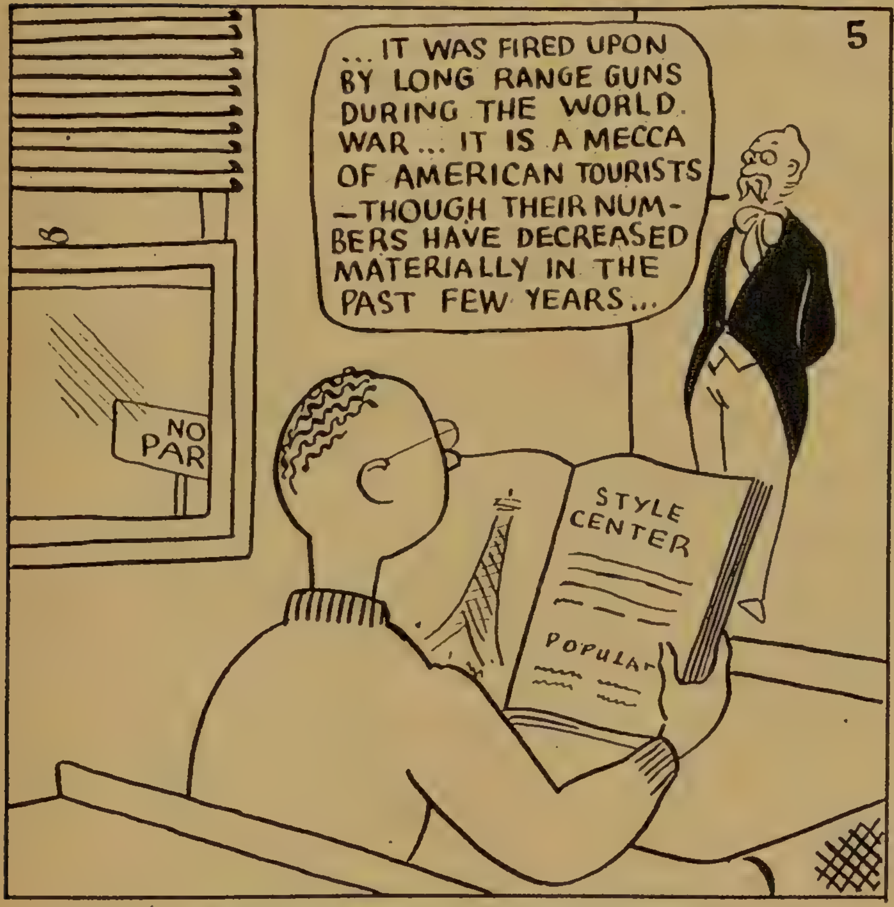
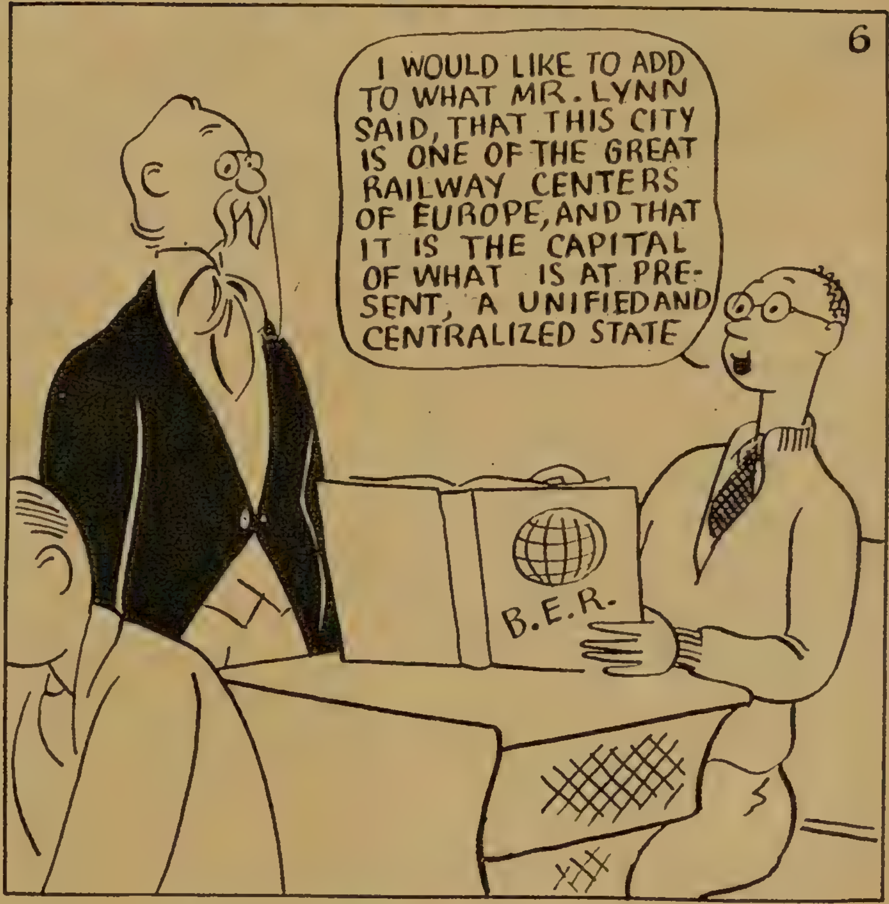

5
... IT WAS FIRED UPON BY LONG RANGE GUNS DURING THE WORLD WAR ... IT IS A MECCA OF AMERICAN TOURISTS —THOUGH THEIR NUMBERS HAVE DECREASED MATERIALLY IN THE PAST FEW YEARS ...
NO PAR
STYLE CENTER
POPULAR

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


6
I WOULD LIKE TO ADD TO WHAT MR. LYNN SAID, THAT THIS CITY IS ONE OF THE GREAT RAILWAY CENTERS OF EUROPE, AND THAT IT IS THE CAPITAL OF WHAT IS AT PRESENT, A UNIFIED AND CENTRALIZED STATE
B.E.R.

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

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SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace, or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN! DON'T NEGLECT THIS BIG CHANCE

THE international geography class will please come to order! This week we will consider two more places that are prominent in the international news of the times. Can you tell what place is indicated by Drawing 5? Good! Then you are well on your way toward one of the cash awards, even though you may not have entered the game until now. Next, consider Drawing 6. What prominent location is indicated in this one? Save both answers until the end of the contest.

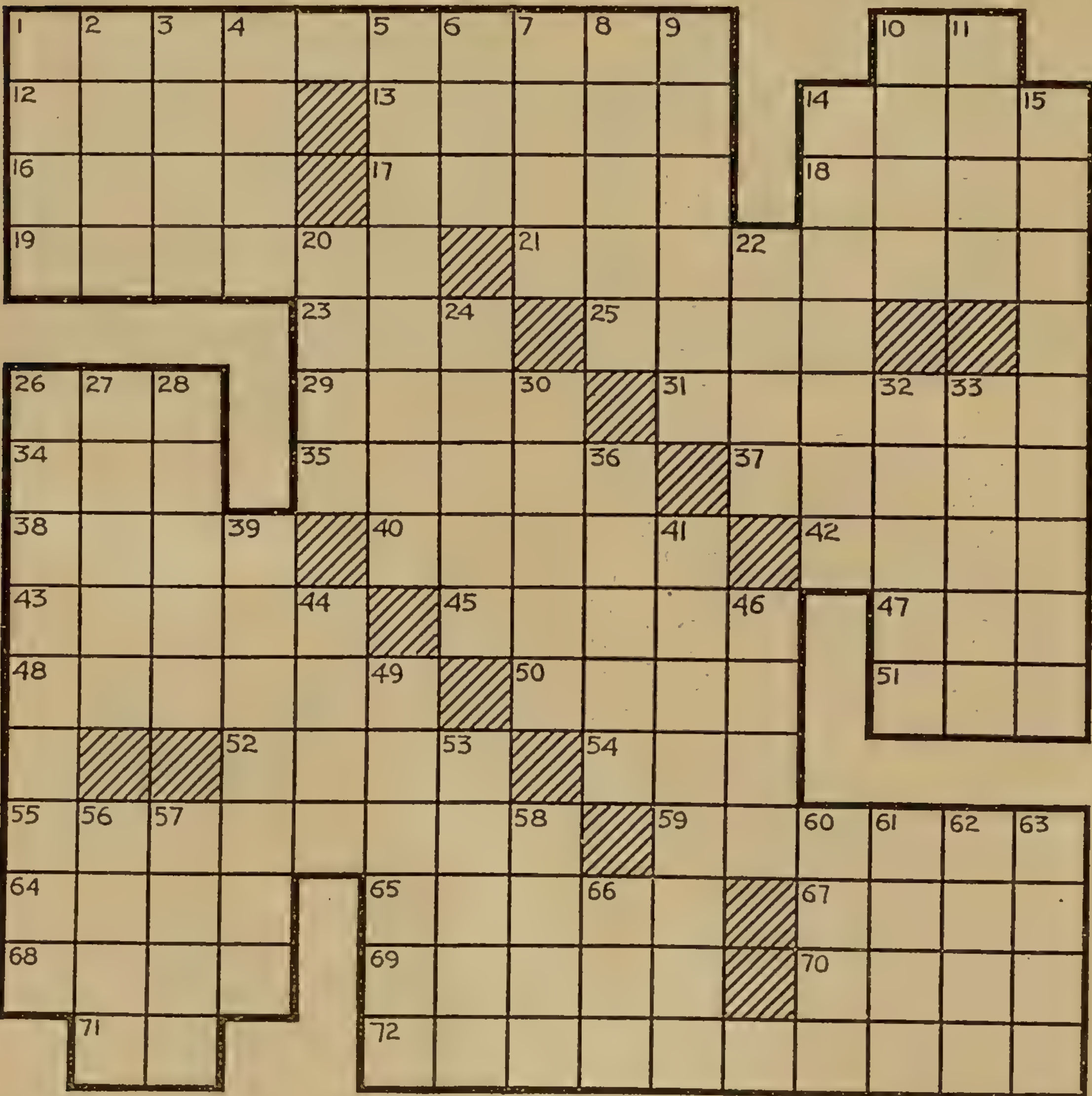
LATE ENTRY!

If you need either of the first two sets to bring your entry up to date, send for free reprints. Address your note or post card to the contest address in Rule 6, stating what drawings you require. They will be sent without delay.

SET NO. 4 OF THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK!

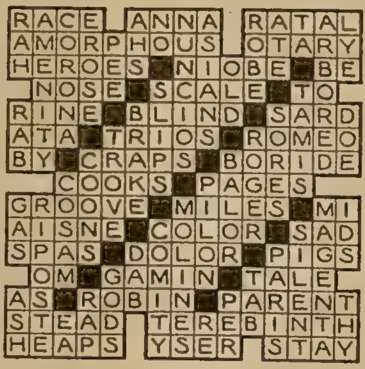
Cockeyed Crosswords

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What Hoover dammed
10 Steel caviar (sing. abbr.)
12 Kind of wire that'll shock you but can't be sent
13 The measure of a Frenchman
14 A blowout in the comic section
16 It's a precious little thing
17 Very sticky French things
18 One of the first subs
19 What Joe Louis carries around in his sock
21 Pink things seen by soused cavemen
23 Tonsil showers
25 Knocker offers from
26 An empty thing often carried around on an empty thing
29 What Willie does with marbles
31 Town in Old Garlicia
34 Amalgamated Motor Wictims (abbr.)
35 Soft berths
37 An orange that's been disappointed in life
38 This is the lowest of the low
40 What the three old maids went out for in the woods, much to his embarrassment
42 A capital spot in Europe
43 The common life of the artist
45 60 killing fellows—do they horse around!
47 Peep-peeping towm
48 Gin and sin (plural)
50 To be around France
51 First Garbo sees of scenery
52 Contempt, designed and executed on Park Avenue
54 Make it last



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RACE ANNA RATAL
AMORPHOUS OTARY
HEROES■NIOBE■BE
 NOSE■SCALE■TO 
RINE■BLIND■SARD
ATA■TRIOS■ROMEO
BY■CRAPS■BORIDE
  COOKS■PAGES  
GROOVE■MILES■MI
AISNE■COLOR■SAD
SPAS■DOLOR■PIGS
 OM■GAMIN■TALE 
AS■ROBIN■PARENT
STEAD TEREBINTH
HEAPS YSER STAY
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

55 Raised in relief
59 The hottest spot in the world
64 Stratosphere juice
65 What Ben Turpin doth with his eyes
67 Space between a bird's eye and bill
68 Bakes the torso at Miami
69 She's hinspiration for Grik Hambrassador's poetry
70 Tease
71 One of the plugs on the line (abbr.)
72 You can hammer and hammer, but they'll only make beautiful sounds

VERTICAL

1 What the Republicans would like to do under Tugwell
2 Caesar's bank
3 What cucumbers think the shape of things to come will be
4 Stock order
5 The Jimmy Durante of the animal world
6 This is tearable
7 You'll find one on every list
8 Obsolete Scotch expression
9 They have a nodding acquaintance with the boss
10 When he got this, it made him sore
11 Part baloney, part mush
14 This king could never be depressed!
15 What Groucho Marx says doctors do to prevent disease
20 Grassy plant of the genus Avena, enjoyed by the genus Eohippus (plural)
22 What the giants made of eight or ten little boys
24 Ethiopian-tinged
26 What most of us greeted the New Year with (plural)
27 A Prince of Xwordia
28 Adenoise
30 One of these will make you extra-tired (sing.)
32 Acts forgetfully
33 You'll never get a woman to act with this or admit she doesn't
36 Bopped mightily
39 Chateaux with bars
41 Ethiopian pheasant (sing.)
44 Evenings with Shelley
46 Upper-class man
49 Gracie Allen's heard of males and females but not of this sex
53 Sounds like an ale fellow well met
56 Paw and mar
57 Crosby
58 Dish out the papes
60 A low woman
61 Where those who do things in a big way go
62 Big puddle
63 Soaks, but not necessarily the rich
66 To stuttered to fill

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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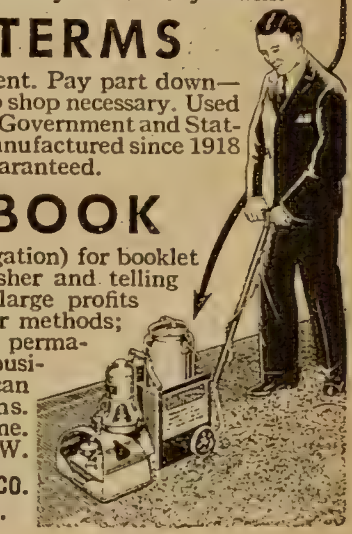

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Vox Pop

"SEVEN-COME-ELEVEN!"

LADONIA, TEX.—You ask for stories from us vets. Here's one of mine:

While serving in the Army of Occupation in Wittlich, Germany, after the World War, a buddy and I were assigned to special duty downtown while the greater part of our company saw duty at our quarters—a penitentiary a mile from town.

Buddy and I had a habit of loafing at a little store which sold stationery, souvenirs, trinkets, etc. There were two reasons for our frequenting this place. One was a blonde and the other a brunette, sisters about eighteen and twenty years of age.

Katy, the blonde, was becoming very proficient in her use of English, picked up, of course, from the soldiers. All of the boys in our organization were not aware of this.

One day during our daily visit a tall strapping soldier with a poker face entered the store. He was met by Katy, who inquired in German what he wanted. He tried, with all the signs at his command, to tell her that he wanted a pair of dice. Katy just couldn't understand.

Finally in exasperation he turned to me and said, "How in the hell do you ask for a pair of dice in German?" Imagine, if you can, the blank look on his face and the slow smile that followed it when Katy said sweetly, "Oh, seven-come-eleven!" and produced the desired article.—*Albert L. Bartley.*

A NURSE NOT "THE GREATEST MOTHER"

WILLARD, N. M.—The latest Red Cross poster of a nurse was all right—if "Still the Greatest Mother" had been left off. That is a lie. As a doctor, I never have known a nurse to volunteer free service, never saw one go in to clean up a miserable shack and bathe a child or mend a torn dress for nothing. She might hand a pill out every two hours, provided it didn't annoy her.

What does a mother do? She suffers pain in giving birth; she goes through storm and mud and danger to protect and defend her children; she will go to a neighbor's and take care of the family for weeks, cook dainties for small children and wash the clothing. A sister of the Catholic faith will do more genuine good in home or hospital; she will sacrifice for God's sake and humanity, and no money expected. As a rule, a nurse is a dangerous item, especially if old in service.—*Dr. Charles D. Ottosen.*

NO "WHOLESALE MURDER" IN ROCHESTER

(Vox Pop's Own Safety Campaign—No. 2)

ROCHESTER, MINN.—With a resident population of about 20,000 and a transient population of, I believe, about 5,000 people who are afflicted in one way or another and whose safety on its streets is a real problem, this city has solved the problem of safety for its pedestrians and motorists. I'll tell you how they do it:

According to news items in the daily press and publicity via radio, a local judge is enforcing the city's traffic laws without fear or favor. Fines of $100 or more are being imposed on drunken and reckless drivers, and for ramming into another car from behind, and lesser fines imposed for minor offenses. The fines are paid in cash or worked out in jail for as long as sixty days. There are no courtesy tickets to be honored and no political influence can be advantageously used. *And it works.*

I was here four days before I saw a traffic officer on a congested corner, and there are no "stop and go" lights in operation. They have been abandoned as unnecessary. I talked to a policeman who told me there was no traffic problem here. All they had to do was to check up on parking violations once in a while!

There is no traffic problem here. It is a thing of the past. It's just a matter of no lenient judges or special privileges to a class of automobile drivers who are impatient of any restraint.—*George H. Crocker.*

[Other readers' letters on this great public question will follow from time to time, and we want Vox Poppers to watch for them.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LET'S HAVE A SPORTS PUZZLE

DENVER, COLO.—Why can't we have a puzzle for men made up of facts and figures in the world of sports? I'm sure this would be met with favor by men puzzle fans. And as my wife won't be able to work it (as she works Ted Shane's) I will get a semblance of respect. By doing this you will restore peace in many a home.—*Harland Harris.*

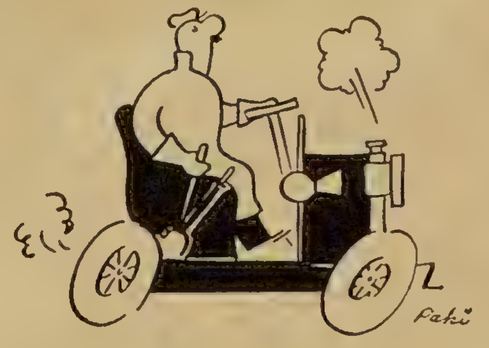
LIBERTY INTO GOLD MINE

EL CENTRO, CALIF.—Liberty pays. Five years ago I walked into California dead broke—not even a match. I found a brass nozzle in the road. Sold it to junkman for a nickel.

Paid two cents for old copy of Liberty. Entered Liberty contest and mailed entry with other three cents. I won two dollars.

Bought a banjo. Traded banjo for bicycle. Painted bike and traded for old Ford. Painted Ford and traded for old Buick. Painted Buick and traded for Cadillac. Traded Cad for small house. Painted house and traded for farm. Farm for gold mine.

I struck solid gold, and am now shipping off two carloads of pure gold each day. Am so rich the bank is now baling my money down at the cotton gin to save space.



Enclosed find two cents for another old copy of Liberty—not too far back, please. I want to see if I can do better this time.—*Lowell Drake.*

DOESN'T KNOW HIS STAIRS?

BERWYN, ILL.—Wish to call your attention to Not One in a Thousand Knows in October 26 Liberty, in which E. G. Conklin, in describing what a horsepower is, makes various comparisons.

He states that if a man weighing 150 pounds could run up a flight of stairs at the rate of 43 inches per second he would expend the energy of one horsepower.

He further states this would require the taking of three (3) steps at a time three (3) times per second.

I would advise Mr. Conklin to confine his comparisons to things with which he is familiar, and stairs is *not* one of them.

Who ever saw a flight of stairs where three (3) steps or risers totaled 43 inches? This would make each step or rise 14.33 inches high.

For a correctly proportioned stairway 43 inches should have at *least* five steps, and in most cases would have six. Furthermore, in the sketch which illustrates the article the stairs shown are entirely out of proportion to the dimensions given.

It would seem that articles dealing with technical subjects should be carefully checked for errors before being published. You will find this the rule in all engineering offices of any standing. —*A. W. Rightmire.*

["Three steps up three times a second equals nine steps," replies Mr. Conklin. "Nine goes into forty-three inches a little less than five times. A five-inch step is perhaps slightly shallow, but not quite so shallow as the thinking of Mr. Rightmire in this instance."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

YOUTH'S REAL PROBLEM

MARION, OHIO—Three good and lusty cheers for One of Them (December 14 Vox Pop). Articles such as Uncle Sam: Enemy of Marriage (October 5 Liberty) and Youth Afraid of Love [Marriage?] (December 14) certainly must make any young man or woman boil, for we think that you could use your magazine for better purposes. For instance:

Why not send Jay Franklin or Will Irwin around the country and let them see why youth is dissatisfied?

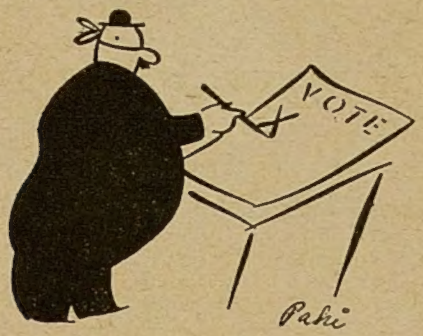
Articles on the following would be worth reading:

1. How to Spend Your Savings on a New Car.
2. Why Is the Big Boss Too Busy to Give Anybody a Raise?
3. What Will We Do with the $800 a Month that Our Parents and In-laws Will Be Getting?

That is our problem today—not to help youth but to let the old birds get all the breaks.—*One of the Boys.*

DO YOU THINK THIS IS THE "AVERAGE AMERICAN"?

CORPUS CHRISTIE, TEX.—A product of a capitalistic public-school system begins life at sixteen, and from then on the newspapers control his mentality.



His intelligence, outside of a trade he may learn, is limited to a knowledge of kings of baseball, stars of football, boxing champs, rassling mugs, and other idols of sports based on the physical. He may know of a few screen idols.

Mentally he's a flop. He doesn't think for himself; the affairs of his country don't worry him; nor does he know what government is all about. He is perfectly satisfied with three "squares" a day, and his big aim in life is to get on a pension list.

On election day he goes to the polls, a blindfolded mental blank, absolutely ignorant of political or economical issues, and casts his vote for the best mudslinger.

When defrauded, he hasn't the guts to squawk, and, if gypped out of house and home, brags about being able to "take it on the chin."

He belongs to the famous white-collar class, meat for racketeers—just a plain sucker—and he doesn't know it.

Who in hell wants to be an "average American"?—*Frank Reymann.*

MAD DOGS ON BOTH SIDES

CHICAGO, ILL.—In reference to Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Damn It! Let's Keep Out of This War, in December 21 Liberty, I wonder if Mr. Macfadden sees the point.

Supposing Mr. Macfadden were on a fence with a mad dog on either side, which way would Mr. Macfadden jump if he had to? That is exactly the situation the good old U. S. A. is in at the present time. We are on a fence. If we jump to the left we will be with Italy, and if we jump to the right we will be with the League of Nations. So what? —*R. J. Riley.*

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—I had never read the editorials of Bernarr Macfadden, but after continually seeing letters in Vox Pop lauding them I decided to read them too. So after reading the editorial of December 21 Liberty I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Macfadden is worthy of this praise.—*Walter R. Fox.*

CLARKSDALE, MISS.—Mr. Macfadden wrote a fine piece about keeping out of this war. What he says about Europe wanting us to pick hot coals out of the furnace is correct.—*Ike Pickens.*

CASH FOR FIGURES NOW, CLARA

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Clara Beranger said in her July 6 Liberty article that I would work on the figures of girls wanting to get into the movies, even if they had no money to pay me, until a contract was signed.

That was true until I found out that 95 per cent of such patients forgot to pay up when they got jobs. So I had to go on a strictly cash basis.

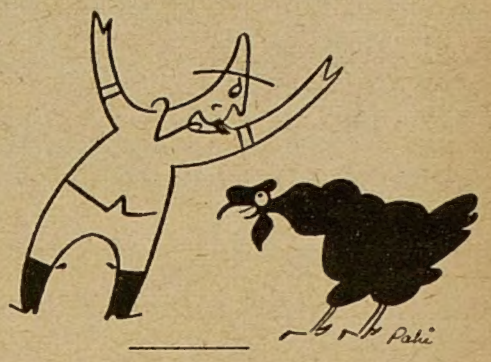
Girls from all over the country have come to me after reading what Miss Beranger said in your magazine; and while I felt very sorry for them in having to dash their hopes to the ground, I had to refuse the credit they wanted.

For a while it made a crying sanitarium of my place and distressed me very much.

I hope other girls planning to take the same road will see this letter and save themselves and me a hard interview.—*Anna Atkins.*

THE NEW DEAL . . . HEN'S EGGS

DENVER, COLO.—You can't speed the progress of the rider by hindering the horse, and you can't increase prosperity by decreasing production, and you can't increase employment by hampering business. For the New Deal to try to force business to employ more men by taxing it is about as stupid as trying to force a hen to lay more eggs by starving it.—*H. T. Pershing.*

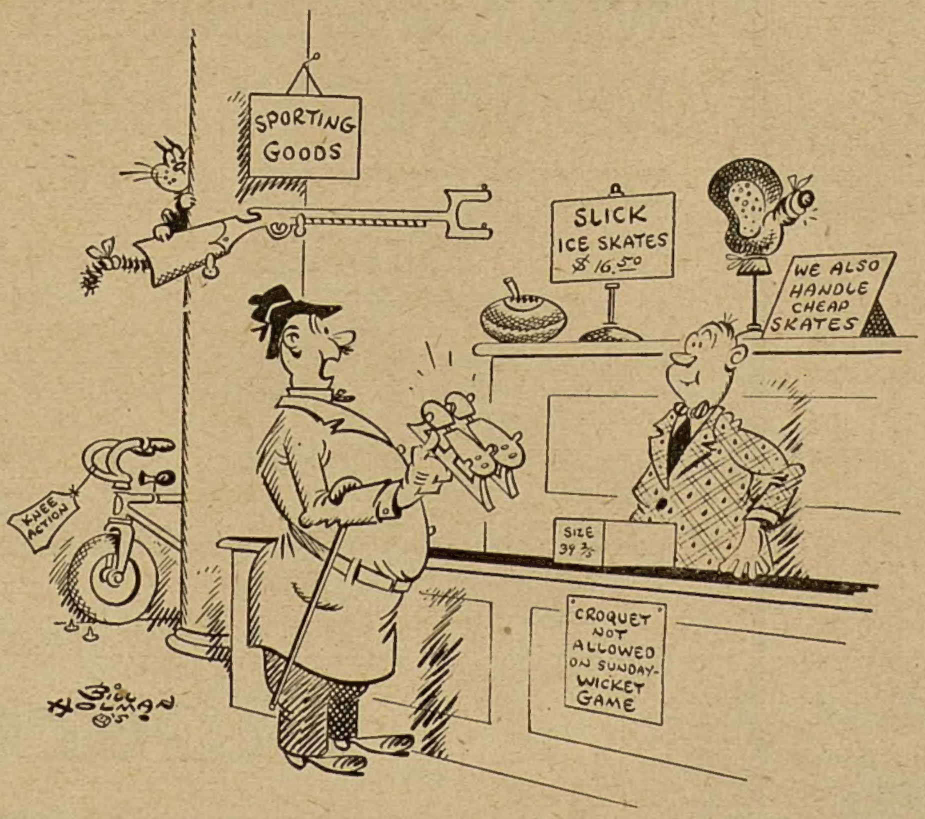


SENATOR BRANDYWINE LOOKS UPON AN ABYSS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There will be no hope of world peace until the American and British peoples realize that the Italian attack on Ethiopia—like the Japanese attack on China in 1931 and the coming German struggle—is not a war but an organized bread riot. If we substituted for the words "Pact for the Outlawry of War" the truth, "Pact for the Outlawry of Bread Riots," we would see the abyss toward which we are rushing so nobly.

There are only three so-called economic rights worth having: the right to acquire and develop property by purchase or investment; the right to sell your labor, goods, and services; the right to buy the labor, goods, and services of other people. Broadly speaking, the good people of this country in practice allow Italy, Japan, and Germany only the third and least important of these rights. International trade, investment, immigration, etc., are all clamped down by tariffs, immigration laws, quotas, exchange measures, and special laws of all sorts.

If we are going to escape another terrible world war we have got to prove to hungry Italians, Japanese, and Germans that we can help them make a living without resort to warfare. —*Senator Brandywine.*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Bill Holman

"And I'll take a pair of water wings also!"

IT HAPPENED IN...

CHICAGO, ILL.—Bruce Bacon, a farmer from Michigan, married a Chicago girl after a brief courtship. Following the ceremony he left her side for a few hours, and lost her completely—because he couldn't remember her first or last name, her address, or her father's name.

"No," he told police; "I don't remember her name. It was hard to pronounce. I just called her Honey."

Bacon then set out to wander about the city in hope of finding some landmark that would recall the location of his bride's home.

LENINGRAD, U.S.S.R.—A woman worker in a Leningrad chocolate factory was sentenced to death for stealing chocolates.

NORFOLK, VA.—Andrew Dickson, aged Negro, was arrested for making counterfeit silver dollars. Federal agents who made the arrest said Dickson used pure silver in his operations and there was more of the metal in the coins he turned out than in those made by the government.

PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND—Malcolm Blair was charged in police court with driving an automobile while intoxicated. He stood on his head and drank from a cup of water.

The magistrate dismissed the charge.

•

Lucky Omens

The Arabs had a saying, "The gift of a knife is unlucky, but it is fortunate to find one." A similar belief exists in all countries. Of course it is especially unlucky to be given a knife—in the back by an enemy.

The number 13 is always lucky to those who began the day with a good deed or who have been kind to the less fortunate.

Mistakes in dressing are lucky; the longer these mistakes are undetected, the greater the luck. These mistakes include putting on shoes or garments wrongly, omitting necktie, collar, or other necessary part of apparel; going out of the house without hat, gloves, handkerchief, etc.

•

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Hell is paved with good intentions, and the United States is paved with PWA appropriations.

—The Taxpayer.

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

WHAT IS BEHIND THE
MINNEAPOLIS MURDERS
WRITTEN ON THE SPOT by WILL IRWIN

What sinister forces have pulled the strings behind the scenes in the murders in Minnesota which were climaxed with the slaying of Editor Walter Liggett? Is organized gangdom the outlaw executioner? Is state politics and interstate politics guilty? Or is it a cabal, representing both outlawry and crooks in politics, that is putting its enemies on the spot? Will Irwin, directly on the scene in Minneapolis to dig out the truth of the sordid butchery, gives you a straight-from-the-shoulder report of the startling things he has found out, next week in Liberty.

ALSO—LABOR HAD BETTER WATCH OUT—OR IT WILL LOSE EVERYTHING by Matthew Woll; BLUE PEARLS AND THE TERRIBLE NIGHT by Beatrice Grimshaw; FIRST CRUSH by Richard Wormser; A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON ETIQUETTE by Dorothy Day; WHAT MOVING PICTURES DO TO AMERICAN WOMEN by Thyra Samter Winslow; SPORT, PLUS TORTURE by Albert Payson Terhune; and other articles, features, and stories.

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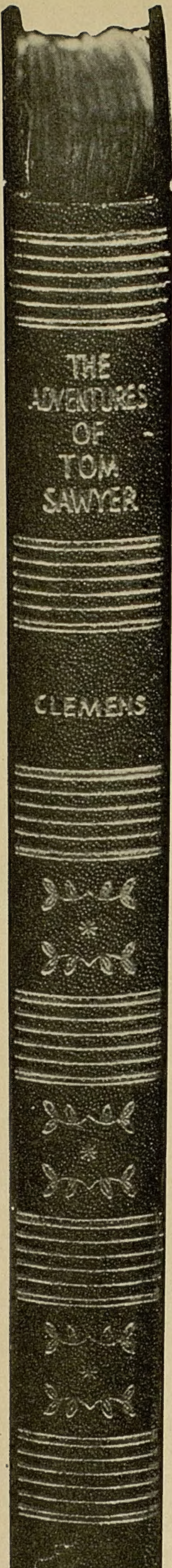

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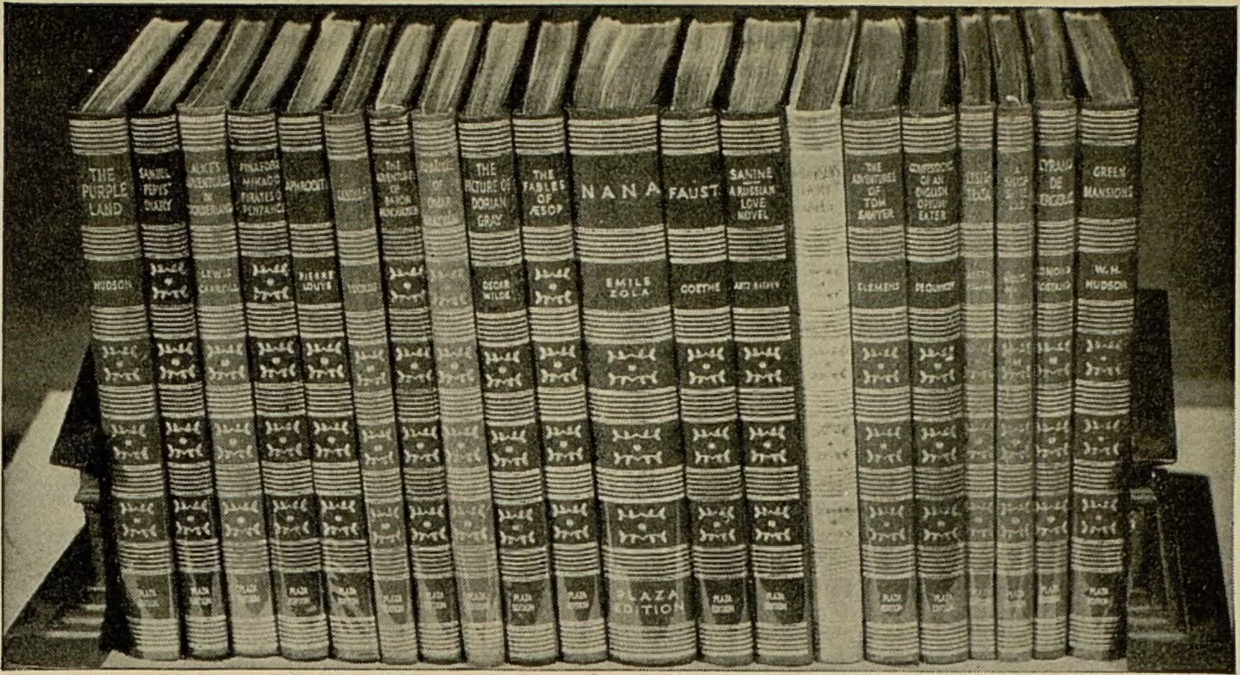

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D—THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN
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E—SANINE, by Artzibashev
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G—A SHROPSHIRE LAD, by A. E. Housman
His poetry is eternally satisfying. This collection is a favorite.

H—THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, by Oscar Wilde
Strange realism and weird fantasy are combined in this famous novel.

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The supreme masterpiece of one of the greatest minds in all literature.

J—RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM —Edward Fitzgerald translation
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K—SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY, Edited by Willis L. Parker
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M—GREEN MANSIONS, by W. H. Hudson
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O—NANA, by Emile Zola
A graphic picture of the life of a French courtesan and the pleasure-mad society in which she moved.

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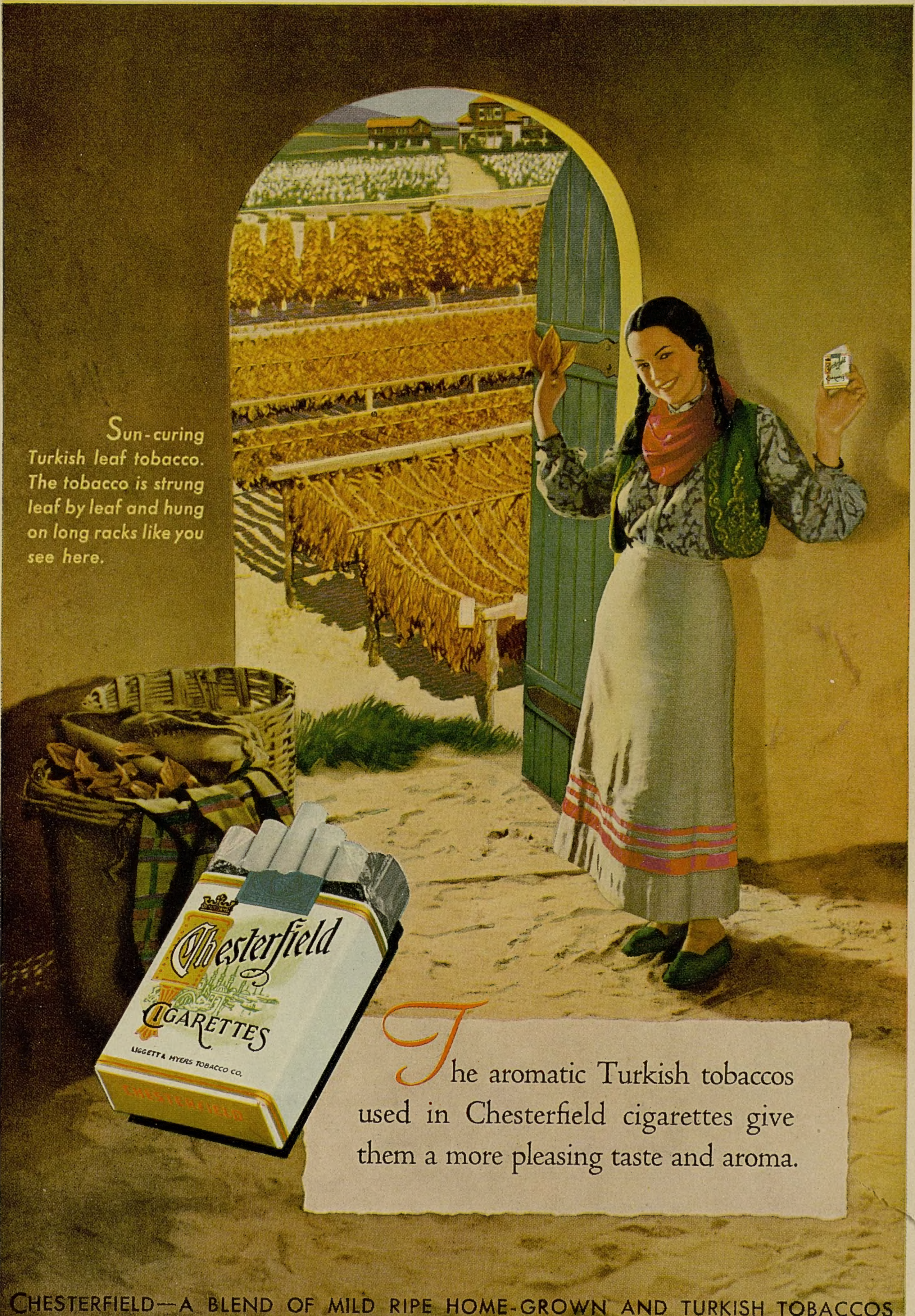
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